THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Ten Tales of O. Henry

THERE came to this office the other day a letter suggesting an article about the late Sidney Porter's association with a certain city in a certain State at a certain period of his life. "Perhaps," the writer of the letter went on to say, "after the papers in THE BOOKMAN last summer and autumn, you are sated with the subject; but I feel sure that in the opinion of a great many American readers you have not begun to print enough." We are not sated with the subject; far from it. If we were it would make no difference, for we are keenly conscious of an attitude on the part of our readers toward O. Henry material that corresponds to Oliver Twist's attitude toward the porridge. There is hardly a mail that does not bring in letters calling for the back numbers containing those "Little Pictures of O. Henry." We are hard put to it to supply this demand. As a matter of fact, there are very few numbers of the magazine for the past twelve or fifteen months that are not scarce numbers; a condition to be regarded with mingled emotions of embarrassment and satisfaction.

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We confess that a few years ago we were half of the opinion that O. Henry's appeal was likely to be ephemeral. We were afraid that he had in many tales builded too much on a passing personality, a mood of the moment, the slang phrase of a day. For example, to illustrate, there were "The Enchanted Profile" and "The Rose of Dixie." These tales startled and delighted our own generation, but will they not be more or less enigmatical for the reader of a quarter of a century hence? And as personalities pass, and the bit of *argot* or the malapropism that tickles the fancy to-day will be to-morrow forgotten so cities will change and the "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway" of *The Voice of the City* and *The Four Million* and *The Trimmed Lamp* and the Coralio of *Cabbages and Kings* may be to the New Yorker or the Central American of 1940 almost as remote as Nineveh and Tyre.

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To nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand of his readers O. Henry has been a buffet lunch and not a solid repast. In other words, they have been nibbling at him, a story or two at a time, as the stories appeared in the magazines during a period of six or seven years. Of course, the slightest tidbit from this buffet was more satisfying than most full course dinners at other tables, but the fact remains that the method of the sampling of the nine hundred and ninety-nine has had the effect of blunting the palate to the real quality of the cuisine. Recently we have had the opinion of the thousandth reader. This reader is a woman who disclaims any literary pretensions. To her O. Henry came as a repast, and a repast in which she found infinite delight. The ten volumes of his

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stories were before her, she was being introduced to them for the first time, and for a month, day after day, she gave herself over to the two hundred and fifty odd tales of the modern Scheherazade. When she had finished the last story we asked her to jot down the ten that had most appealed to her, in the order of their appeal. Her choice was in many ways so surprising that it suggested this symposium. Here it is, the selection of the Thousandth Reader:

1. A Municipal Report.
2. The Pendulum.
3. A Blackjack Bargainer.
4. A Retrieved Reformation.
5. The Furnished Room.
6. The Hypotheses of Failure.
7. Roads of Destiny.
8. Next to Reading Matter.
9. The Enchanted Profile.
10. Two Renegades.

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To the list of the Thousandth Reader we decided that we would add nine other lists. The original plan called for five opinions from readers who were themselves conspicuously successful writers of short stories, and we called upon Jack London, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, George McCutcheon and Owen Johnson. But Mr. Davis and Mr. London, being in Mexico, were inaccessible. So we were obliged to be content with the opinions of the other three. To these we have added the opinions of the Thousandth Reader (before mentioned), the One Who Knew Him Best (Mrs. William Sidney Porter), his biographer and publisher, one of his editors, the literary agent, his literary discoverer, and THE BOOKMAN'S selection. We asked these contributors to send us the names of the ten stories by O. Henry that had had to them the most appeal, not necessarily his ten best stories. The result of this canvass has proved astonishing. A similar canvass as to the most popular of Kipling's short stories, for example, would unquestionably show almost unanimity of choice. Every one of the lists would contain "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Finest Story in the World," and "The Brushwood Boy." It is doubtful if ten lists of ten titles apiece would mention more than fifteen different Kipling stories. But with O. Henry every opinion differs radically from every other opinion.

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To begin with the opinions of the three men who are themselves spinners of tales. The first of these lists to come to us is that of Mr. Booth Tarkington. Commenting upon it, he says, "The ten are not his best stories. I don't know which his 'best' ones are, of course. These ten are what you ask for—the ten I have enjoyed most. There is one I wanted to include. The boy who went to war after the girl flouted him and came back the town hero and said to her (she was married then): 'Oh, I don't know—maybe I could if I tried!' But I couldn't remember the title and couldn't find it." (The title of the story Mr. Tarkington has in mind is "The Moment of Victory.") Mr. Tarkington's list:

1. The Ransom of Red Chief.
2. The Harbinger.
3. The Passing of Black Eagle.
4. Squaring the Circle.
5. Past One at Rooney's.
6. The Handbook of Hymen.
7. Strictly Business.
8. The Clarion Call.
9. Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet.
10. The Memento.

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The following titles represent the choice of Mr. Owen Johnson:

1. An Unfinished Story.
2. A Municipal Report.
3. The Rose of Dixie.
4. A Lickpenny Lover.
5. According to Their Lights.
6. Mammon and the Archer.
7. The Defeat of the City.
8. The Girl and the Graft.
9. The Shamrock and the Palm.
10. The Pendulum.

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Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's list:

1. The Tale of a Tainted Tenner.
2. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.
3. A Fog in Santone.
4. The Lost Blend.
5. The Duplicity of Hargraves.
6. The Marquis and Miss Sally.
7. The Gift of the Magi.
8. A Cosmopolite in a Café.
9. According to Their Lights.
10. The Making of a New Yorker.

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Naturally the greatest interest will attach to the opinion of The One Who Knew Him Best, and we are quoting, in part, from a very beautiful letter we have received from Mrs. Porter. To her the stories *are* Mr. Porter. She finds it hard to name them in a list in order. But immediately one story comes to her mind. That is "A Municipal Report." "After all," she writes, "I am not sure that it is the story—good as it is—for O. Henry's own face lifts from a Nashville 'roast' that was given that story and I hear his puzzled, 'Why did it offend? Do you see anything in it that should offend?' 'The Fifth Wheel' —and we stand together on Madison Square in the deep snow, or the biting wind, looking at the line waiting for beds. When we turn away ten men have found shelter. The recording angel must have seen us there some of the snowy nights of 1908. He must have known that when we turned homeward there were times when O. Henry had not a dollar fifty left in his pocket." One story in Mrs. Porter's list that is likely to surprise readers is "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches." But Mrs. Porter tells us that that story figured largely in her own life. In the spring of 1905 her mother came home from Greensboro and said to her: "Your old friend Will Porter is a writer. He lives in New York and writes under the name of O. Henry." "O. Henry! In my desk lay 'Madame Bo-Peep' and I loved her. I wrote O. Henry a note. 'If you are not Will Porter don't bother to answer,' I said. He bothered to answer. The letter came as fast as Uncle Sam could bring it. 'Some day when you are not real busy,' he wrote, 'won't you sit down at your desk where you keep those antiquated stories and write to me. I'd be so pleased to hear something about what the years have done for you, and what you think about when the tree frogs begin to holler in the evening.' Thus after many years a boy and girl friendship was renewed. Last in my list, but first in my heart, is 'Adventures in Neurasthenia,' the new title, 'Let Me Feel Your Pulse'—the publishers gave. It brings back the little office in Asheville, the pad, empty except for the title and the words: 'So I went to a doctor.' So often at the last the pad was empty. The sharp pencil points in their waiting seemed to me to mock the empty pencil, the weary brain. The picture is too vivid." This is Mrs. Porter's list:

1. A Municipal Report.
2. The Fifth Wheel.
3. A Lickpenny Lover.
4. A Doubledyed Deceiver.
5. Brickdust Row.
6. The Trimmed Lamp.
7. The Brief Début of Tildy.
8. An Unfinished Story.
9. Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches.
10. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.

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In this symposium we certainly want the impressions of the man (incidentally he was a close friend of the late Sidney Porter) who has read, accepted, and rejected more short stories than any other man in the world. That man is Mr. Robert H. Davis, and among the accepted stories were many of the stories of O. Henry. Prefacing his selection, Mr. Davis expresses the opinion that "The Last Leaf" will become more impressive as he grows older, whereas at the present time "A Tempered Wind" and "An Unfinished Story" entertain him greatly. There are times when he laughs inordinately at "The Handbook of Hymen" and "Hostages to Momus." "It is rather remarkable," writes Mr. Davis, "that a man of his temperament could do so many good stories under the high

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pressure of necessity. He was buoyant and lazy in prosperity, depressed and productive in adversity. How few of the millions who read him know what it cost O. Henry to make them laugh!" These are the ten tales that have been caught in the meshes of Robert H. Davis's memory:

1. A Tempered Wind.
2. The Last Leaf.
3. An Unfinished Story.
4. Hostages to Momus.
5. The Trimmed Lamp.
6. Friend Telemachus.
7. The Handbook of Hymen.
8. The Moment of Victory.
9. The Ethics of Pig.
10. A Technical Error.

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Those "Little Pictures of O. Henry" to which allusion was made in the opening paragraph of this Chronicle were the work of Mr. Arthur W. Page, who drew largely from the material collected by Mr. H. Peyton Steger before Mr. Steger's death a year ago last winter. Mr. Page's opinion represents not only the opinion of Sidney Porter's biographer but also, in a measure, the opinion of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, Mr. Porter's publishers. Here is the list sent in by Mr. Page:

1. The Rose of Dixie.
2. The Gift of the Magi.
3. The Cop and the Anthem.
4. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.
5. An Unfinished Story.
6. A Municipal Report.
7. The Guardian of the Accolade.
8. Witches Loaves.
9. Hearts and Crosses.
10. The Fifth Wheel.

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There have been many persons who have claimed to have been the discoverers of O. Henry. Some of these claims have come from sources that filled Sidney Porter himself with astonishment. But the man who was responsible for O. Henry going to New York, who persuaded the publishers of a magazine to send the money that made that journey possible, is Mr. Gilman Hall. So among all the claimants Mr. Hall has the best title to recognition as O. Henry's discoverer. Here is his list:

1. An Unfinished Story.
2. A Municipal Report.
3. Roads of Destiny.
4. The Buyer from Cactus City.
5. The Furnished Room.
6. The Passing of Black Eagle.
7. The Gift of the Magi.
8. From the Cabby's Seat.
9. Brickdust Row.
10. A Retrieved Reformation.

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We have had the opinions of those who write stories and of those who buy stories. What is the point of view of those whose business it is to sell stories? To find this out we called upon the three literary agents in this country in whose judgment and discrimination THE BOOKMAN has the most confidence. Naturally the list is a composite one.

1. A Harlem Tragedy.
2. Mammon and the Archer.
3. A Lickpenny Lover.
4. The Furnished Room.
5. The Marry Month of May.
6. The Gift of the Magi.
7. The Enchanted Profile.
8. An Unfinished Story.
9. The Last Leaf.
10. The Thing's the Play .

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In conclusion, here are the impressions of the writer of these paragraphs:

1. The Defeat of the City.
2. Mammon and the Archer.
3. The Furnished Room.
4. The Shamrock and the Palm.
5. The Halberdier of the Rheinschloss.
6. The Lost Blend.
7. A Lickpenny Lover.
8. A Municipal Report.
9. Two Renegades.
10. Thimble, Thimble.

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Curious, indeed, is the story told by these lists. It illustrates strikingly the

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wide range of O. Henry's appeal. Ten lists of ten tales apiece, and sixty-two different titles, most of them appearing on but one list. A few favourites there are: "A Municipal Report" (the narrative which probably shows its author at the highwater mark of his powers) with six mentions; "An Unfinished Story" with seven mentions; "A Lickpenny Lover" and "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Furnished Room" with four mentions; and "Mammon and the Archer" and "Let Me Feel Your Pulse" with three mentions. On the basis of these lists the New York stories have had the greatest appeal. Some of the individual selections are significant. For example, Mr. Tarkington picks as his first choice "The Ransom of Red Chief," a tale to be found in no other list. Perhaps that is only the expression of the mood of a moment, the liking of a man who during the past two or three years has invented Hedrick Madison and Penrod Schofield for a delightfully diabolical boy.

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Paris Book Stalls

The French, if one may judge by the books exposed on the open stalls of Paris, must have curious ideas of American writers. A careful and recent examination of the authors to be found in the gallery under the Odeon Theatre showed Poe and William James hobnobbing with Andrew Carnegie and Nick Carter. The student's attention was also attracted by a novel entitled: *Le Crime de Gramercy Park,* by Anna Katherine Green. The volume was profusely illustrated both from photographs and with original illustrations, among which the Gramercy apartment and a number of clubs on the southern side of the Park were easily to be recognised. The book turned out to be the one made familiar to Miss Green's admirers under the title of *The Affair Next Door.* An attempt to find Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* in the French led to a surprising discovery. Dickens is well known in Paris and one can pick up most of his novels in any bookstore. But the mention of *Le Conte de Deux Villes* met with no response but a shrug. No one knew anything about it. When finally a brief synopsis of the plot was given, it was learned that that particular romance was known as *Paris et Londres.* Moreover it is not to be had. The French do not like it, and it is no longer translated. Just why it was impossible to discover.

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PIERRE SALES

A French Popular Novelist

Another French popular novelist of the last generation died recently. This was Pierre Sales, who achieved a success in his field equal to the successes of Emile Richepourg, Xavier de Montépin, and Emile Gaboriau, the last of whom certainly has been widely read in the United States. And the popularity of Sales was not due to any cynical apology for the heroes of police court dramas but to his exaltation of generous and noble sentiments. Among his best works were *Le Sergent Renault, La Fille de Don Juan,* and *Le Puits Mitoyen.*

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American Sentiment

One hundred years ago Napoleon was King of Elba. One year from the 18th of this month will be the centenary of the battle of Waterloo. The approach of the latter event has led to a movement in England for the preservation of the historic battle ground. All of which has a certain interest for Americans. There

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is hardly a corner of Europe which has not been the scene of some famous conflict. Yet neither in England nor on the Continent is there such a thing as a parked battlefield. The United States with its brief history and few wars has many of them. Yet Americans are supposed to be utterly lacking in sentiment.

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Washington Irving's Wig

There is a brief but amusing glimpse of Washington Irving in Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Memories of My Youth.* As a very small boy Mr. Putnam was taken by his father to Mr. Irving's home at Sunnyside. One Sunday afternoon the great man tried to entertain the child by telling about his own childhood. He recalled a day when General Washington was riding by on horseback. Washington Irving's nurse, holding up the little boy, called out to the General that here was a boy that had been named after him, and she hoped that the General would be willing to give the boy his blessing. Little Washingtons were not so plenty in 1784 as they became in later years, and the General was quite ready to delay his ride for the purpose of giving a greeting to his little namesake. He took the boy up on the saddle and, placing his hand upon the little one's head, gave him a formal blessing. Young George Haven Pufnam looked up with interest at the head that had been touched by Washington, and then found himself perplexed at Mr. Irving's word that he should not see the spot on which the General's hand had rested. Afterward he spoke to his father about the incident, and the latter said, "Why, you stupid, don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?"

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J. Macdougal Hay

A first book discussed in the May BOOKMAN over which the reviewer waxed exceedingly enthusiastic was Mr. J. Macdougal Hay's *Gillespie,* a novel which our reviewer and many others have been comparing to Mr. George Douglas's *The House with the Green Shutters.* In view of the decidedly pessimistic tone of *Gillespie* it is a little surprising to learn that the author is a clergyman, the pastor of a large parish in the Western Highlands. But his calling does not keep him from speaking of Scotland with almost brutal frankness. Yet he is Scotch of the Scotch and close to the soil. As a boy and as a young man home on vacations from Glasgow University, he sailed with the fisherman described in *Gillespie,* and actually lived out many of the scenes of the book, including the foundering of a rotten steamer in a terrific gale. In these fishermen, their courage and their belief in old traditions, Mr. Hay does believe; but he also believes that Scotland is being swept by a spirit of materialism, which he represents in the person of Gillespie, the village storekeeper who controlled the whole fishing village. Mr. Hay is a young man—only thirty-two. Four arduous years he gave to the writing of *Gillespie* and he plans to take as much time for his prospective book, *The Martyr.* He was born in the village which he describes in *Gillespie.* At Glasgow University he was conspicuous as a student, and was the editor of the *Glasgow University Magazine,* besides contributing to the Glasgow papers and writing for the London *Spectator.*

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Keats and His Friends

To the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for April 16th Sir Sydney Colvin contributed a paper called "Keats and His Friends," consisting of unpublished poems and letters. The new poems consist only of one whole piece of twenty lines and some scraps. They occur in an album of copies from Keats's poems by Richard Woodhouse, the reader and intimate associate of Keats's publishers, Taylor and Hessey, and an admirable friend of the poet himself, an indefatigable transcriber, and annotator of his manuscripts. There is a joyous little ranting piece thrown off, as Keats was often used to do, for singing to a particular air of music, and runs as follows:

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J. MACDOUGALL HAY. MR. HAY'S PESSIMISTIC STUDY OF SCOTCH LIFE, "GILLESPIE," HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE LATE GEORGE DOUGLAS'S "THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS"

APOLLO TO THE GRACES

Written to the tune of the air in "Don Giovanni"

Apollo

Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me?

My steeds are all pawing at the threshold of morn:
Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me
Across the gold Autumn's whole Kingdom of corn?

The Graces all answer

I will, I—I—I—
O young Apollo let me fly along with thee
I will—I, I, I,
The many many wonders see
I—I—I—I—
And thy lyre shall never have a slackened string
I, I, I, I,
Thro' the golden day will sing.

• • •

The second is a love plaint, which may possibly have been addressed to Fanny Brawne. Sir Sydney Colvin considers the first three verses rather charming, but regards the fourth and fifth as being marred by a taint of that strain of underbreeding which Keats shared with Leigh Hunt, and which furnished such justification for the label "Cockney" fastened upon them both by their enemies.

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You say you love; but with a voice
Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
While the chime-bell ringeth—
O love me truly!

You say you love; but with a smile
Cold as sunrise in September,
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
And kept his weeks of Ember.
O love me truly!

You say you love,—but then your lips
Coral tinted teach no blisses,
More than coral in the sea—
They never pout for kisses—
O love me truly!

You say you love; but then your hand
No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
While mine to passion burneth—
O love me truly!

O breathe a word or two of fire!
Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
And in thy heart inurn me!
O love me truly!

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Mrs. Jarr and Company

For the best part of the last few years we have been following, with more or less regularity, the fortunes of a certain respectable American family by the name of Jarr, and incidentally the fortunes of the Jarrs' various friends, acquaintances, neighbours and creditors as recorded by Mr. Roy McCardell in the columns of the *Evening World* of New York. By this time the chronicles of the Jarrs has probably reached the proportion, in bulk, of the novels dealing with Jean Christophe. But no one has read the Jarr annals in bulk, and no one ever will. These annals are served in homeopathic doses. The day's instalment runs to three or four hundred words. The tone is whimsical and topsy-turvy. The instalments are apparently dashed off without any idea of continuity, their author depending to a great extent on the event or the idea that is for the time being uppermost in the public mind. Yet despite this casual method of invention, Mrs. Jarr and Company have made some decided impressions, and we take this occasion to call attention to a narrative which has contained some real humour, some real caricature, and some real human nature.

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Following the fortunes of the Jarrs leads us along many trails. In the immediate family circle Mrs. Jarr is the dominant figure. She came originally from Brooklyn and possesses a mother who was (to Mr. Jarr) painfully conspicuous in the early years, but who seems lately to have faded out of the picture. Mrs. Jarr rules over a Harlem flat, Mr. Jarr, two children, Willie and Emma, and, in a modified form, Gertrude, the "light running domestic." Mr. Jarr's days are given to working for the house of Jabez Smith, where he has recently completed ten years of service. When the daily toil is over he returns to Mrs. Jarr, incidentally stopping for light refreshment and companionship at the liquor emporium presided over by Gus, whose philosophy of life is ponderous and Teutonic. The company at Gus's is varied and democratic. In addition to Mr. Jarr there are Rangle, a business associate; Slavinsky, the glazier; Beppler, the butcher; and Rafferty, the builder. Gus is always there, and Elmer, his assistant (devoted to Gertrude, whose other swain is Claude the fireman), and there are occasional and memorable visits from other personages, notably Michael Angelo Dinkston—the admirable Dinkston, the unparalleled Dinkston, Dinkston of the unquenchable thirst, Dinkston the heavyweight champion of the English language. Speaking seriously, we regard Dinkston as a real creation, of which Mr. McCardell has every right to be proud.

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In the annals of the Jarrs there are many plots. Perhaps the most enduring of these is the one which has in a remote

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way linked the Jarr family with Mr. Smith, Mr. Jarr's venerable employer. In former days Mrs. Jarr had a bosom friend, a Miss Mudridge, also from Brooklyn. Being a woman and a match-maker, Mrs. Jarr felt it her duty to aid Miss Mudridge in the capture of a husband. The first marked down victim was Mr. Jarr's bachelor friend, Jack Silver. The fact that Silver regarded Miss Mudridge and the idea of matrimony with equal disfavour made no difference. His belief in his own strength was his undoing. There came a day when to his consternation he found himself an engaged man, the plighted property of the young lady from Brooklyn. That he succeeded in breaking through the net was not due to his own ingenuity. There appeared upon the scene Mr. Jabez Smith, pliable, aged, and immensely wealthy. A brief and whirlwind courtship, complicated by numerous misunderstandings, and Miss Mudridge became Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, the possessor of extensive credit accounts and many motor cars. At the present time the aged husband is tangoing blithely with the aid of his tango crutches, while Jack Silver refers to a certain episode in his life as the loss of the only woman he ever loved.

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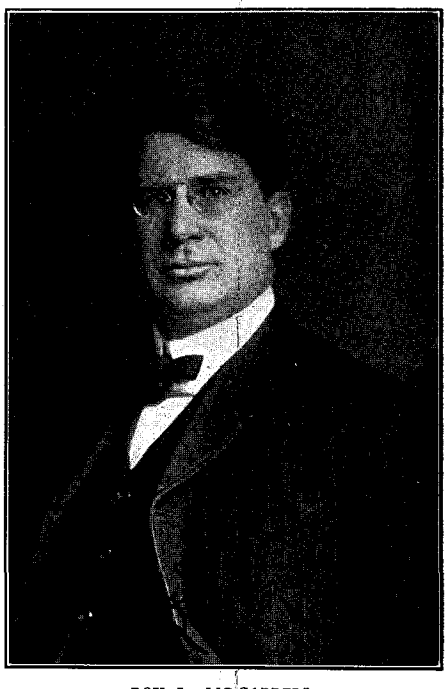
Thinking of the annals of the Jarrs twenty other characters come to mind; the social climbers, Mr. and Mrs. Stryver, the Philadelphia sisters, Irene and Gladys Cackleberry, their youthful stepfather, Bernard Blodger, the King Snake of the Order of Snakes, Captain Herbert Tinfoyle of the militia, Harold Dogstory the publicity promotor, and above all the stupendous Dinkston. But there is not space to tell of them. At the present moment Mr. Jarr is making a quick business trip through the West and is having adventures and misadventures. There are times when Mr. McCardell shows a command of slang that puts him in a class with Mr. George Ade. For example, here is a line of theatrical *argot* that for the moment is puzzling Mr. Jarr. It comes from the lips of La Belle Rotundi, who for the moment happens to be Edward Jarr's chief trouble in life:

"Surest thing you know. Can a grifter work flash slum unless he's got a Stetson on his bean? He kin not; indeed he kin not!

"Boosting on the outside of the gag or shilling in the simps when the door talk is canned and the grind begins, kin be done without a make-up, but the main squeeze dressing the front has got to be there with a set of furs on his bunny, and when you



ROY L. MCCARDELL

shoot it into the kister store show season is over!"

• • •

The army slang that was so incomprehensible to Eustace Cheever in Mr. Kipling's "A Conference of the Powers" was perfectly clear to the young subalterns who sat round the table relating their experiences. So the chatter of La Belle Rotundi, which proved so cryptic to Mr. Jarr's ears, was perfectly intelligible to Harold Dogstory, who translated it as follows:

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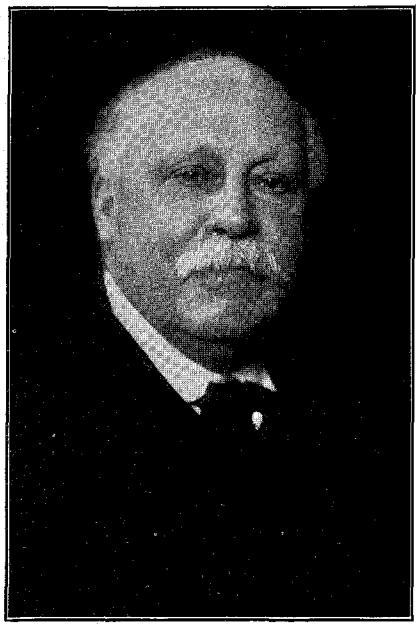

Bradley Studios, New York

THERON G. STRONG. MR. STRONG'S "LANDMARKS OF A LAWYER'S LIFETIME" WAS REVIEWED IN THE MAY "BOOKMAN"

"That isn't slang," the press agent explained. "La Belle Rotundi—that's your platform monicker" (the fat lady bowed)—"is just telling you that when it gets too warm for a fur overcoat the season is over for indoor sports. A grifter with flash slum is a gentleman who sells Arizona diamonds on street corners. As she says, and as you will remember, they always wear cowboy hats. She was also remarking that one may wear ordinary attire when boosting on the outside of the gag—that is, enticing others in as a shill—a fake auditor when the side show announcer is through his remarks and the grind begins—the grind is where the shillabars shove and lead and start the crowd to buying tickets and the ticket sellers and announcers begin shouting and grinding their arms toward the show and the music plays its loudest—the psychological effect of concerted excitement that gets a string of people following each other into shows like sheep. And the lady also says that the manager, or the manager's representative, must always be conspicuous for his sartorial splendour."

Concerning H. G. Wells

In the course of a chapter about "The Contemporary Novel" in his recently published *Social Forces in England and America,* Mr. H. G. Wells makes what we regard as a profound criticism of Thackeray's first personal interventions. To Mr. Wells's thinking, the trouble with Thackeray is not that he makes these first personal interventions, but that he does so with a curious touch of dishonesty.

I agree with the late Mrs. Craigie that there was something profoundly vulgar about Thackeray. It was a sham thoughtful, sham man-of-the-world pose he assumed; it is an aggressive, conscious, challenging person astride before a fire, and a little distended by dinner and a sense of social and literary precedences, who uses the first person in Thackeray's novels. It isn't the real Thackeray; it isn't a frank man who looks you in the eyes and bares his soul and demands your sympathy.

ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK, AUTHOR OF "THE ASCENT OF DENALI"

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What in this country is known as the Tired American Business Man, Mr. Wells in England calls the Weary Giant. The Weary Giant has been in his office from ten to four, with perhaps only two hours interval at his club for lunch; or he has been playing golf; or he has been waiting about and voting in the House, or he has been fishing; or he has been disputing a point of law; or writing a sermon; or doing one of a thousand other of the grave important things which constitute the substance of a prosperous man's life. Now at last comes the little precious interval of leisure, and the Weary Giant takes up a book. Perhaps he is vexed: he may have been bunkered, his line may have been entangled in the trees, his favourite investment may have slumped, or the Judge had had indigestion and been extremely rude to him. He wants to forget the troubles and realities of life. He wants romance without its defiance, and humour without its sting; and the business of the novelist, he holds, is to supply the cooling refreshment. That is the the Weary Giant theory of the novel. But to-day both fiction and criticism are against that theory. Mr. Wells can think of but one writer of distinction who is content to serve the purpose of these slippered hours. That writer is Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

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Mr. Wells, by the way, is one of the Englishmen whom Mr. Henry James has been discussing in some papers on "The Younger Generation" which he has recently contributed to the literary supplement of the London *Times*. These papers are very much in the Henry James later manner. For example, Mr. James is writing of *Marriage:*

So that, to take an example susceptible of brief statement, we wince at a certain quite peculiarly gratuitous sacrifice to the casual in *Marriage* very much as at seeing some fine and indispensable little part of a mechanism slip through profane fingers and lose itself. Who does not remember what ensues after a little upon the aviational descent of the hero of that fiction into the garden occupied, in company with her parents, by the young lady with whom he is to fall in love?—and this even though the whole opening scene so constituted, with all the comedy hares its function appears to be to start, remains with its back squarely turned, æsthetically speaking, to the quarter in which

HAROLD MACGRATH AT SORRENTO. MR. MACGRATH'S LATEST NOVEL IS "PIDGIN ISLAND"

the picture develops. The point for our mortification is that by one of the first steps in this development, the first impression on him having been made, the hero accidentally meets the heroine, of a summer eventide, in a leafy lane which supplies them with the happiest occasion to pursue their acquaintance—or in other words supplies the author with the liveliest consciousness (as we feel it should be) that just so the relation between the pair, its seed already sown, and the fact of that bringing about all that is still to come, pushes aside whatever veil and steps forth into life. To show it step forth and affirm itself as a relation, what is this but the interesting function of the whole passage, on the performance of which what follows is to hang?—and yet who can say

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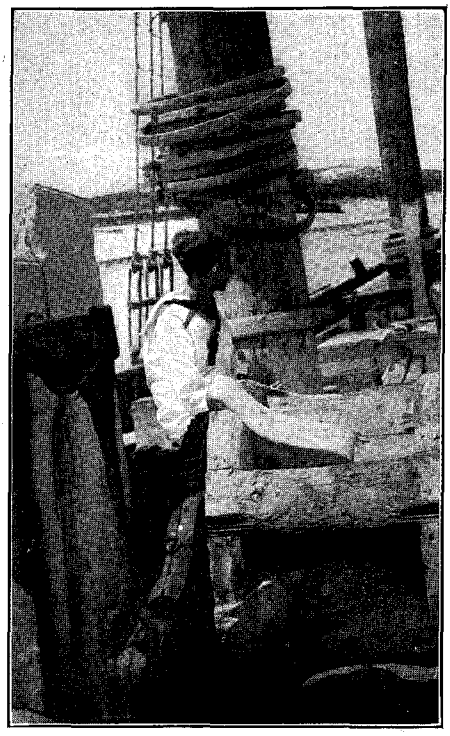

MARY HEATON VORSE IN A WRECKED SCHOONER OFF PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. MRS. VORSE'S "THE HEART'S COUNTRY" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

that when the ostensible sequence *is* presented, and our young lady, encountered again by her stirred swain, under cover of night, in a favouring wood, is at once encompassed by his arms and pressed to his lips and heart (for celebration thus of their third meeting), we do not assist at a well-nigh heartbreaking miscarriage of "effect"? We see effect, invoked in vain, simply stand off unconcerned; effect not having been at all consulted in advance, she is not to be secured on such terms. And her presence would so have redounded—perfectly punctual creature that she is on a made appointment and a clear understanding—to the advantage of all concerned. The bearing of the young man's act is all in our having begun to conceive it as possible, begun even to desire it, in the light of what has preceded; therefore if the participants have *not* been shown us as on the way to it, nor the question of it made beautifully to tremble for us in the air, its happiest connections fail and we but stare at it mystified. The instance is undoubtedly trifling, but in the infinite complex of such things resides for a work of art the shy virtue, shy at least till wooed forth, of the whole susceptibility.

From all this we gather that, at a certain point in the story, the young man has kissed the young woman. Candidly, however, we very much prefer the Henry James who wrote *Daisy Miller*.

THE LITERARY COLONY AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING: WILLIAM ROSE BÉNET, ALICE MACGOWAN AND SINCLAIR LEWIS. SITTING: ARTHUR VACHELL, KATHARINE COOKE, STELLA SAXTON, GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE AND HELEN COOKE (MRS. HARRY LEON WILSON)

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F. TENNYSON JESSE, AUTHOR OF "THE MILKY WAY." INCIDENTALLY MISS JESSE IS THE GREAT-NIECE OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

F. Tennyson Jesse

To us the fact that Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, the author of *The Milky Way,* is the great-niece of Alfred Lord Tennyson is of merely secondary importance. We find it much more interesting to think of her as the author of "The Black Mask," from which was made the exceedingly powerful and gruesome one-act play that was presented in New York last winter. But candidly, a comparison of the tale and the play is not flattering to Miss Jesse. Briefly the story is of a husband who has had his face obliterated in a mining accident, and who goes about with his head hooded in a black mask, of a wife who detests him, and of a lover who, in build and voice, closely resembles the husband. The wife takes advantage of the husband's absence one night to receive the lover. The husband returns unexpectedly, and in a struggle is apparently slain. The other two plan that the lover shall take the husband's place, wearing a black mask. The wife goes upstairs to prepare the mask. The husband recovers consciousness, kills the lover, and pulls the mask that is dropped from above over the dead man's face. The two survivors carry out the body for the purpose of dropping it down a disused shaft. Returning, the woman goes to her room to await the coming of her supposed lover. Slowly the husband ascends the stairs, and as he enters the room he tears away the mask. The curtain falls with the woman screaming. Now that is the story of the play, and substantially it is the story of the tale. But Miss Jesse did not know where to stop.

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Newspaper Making

Two recent books dealing with various phases of American newspaper life have been attracting our attention. The first of these is Charles Edward Russell's *These Shifting Scenes,* a rambling account of

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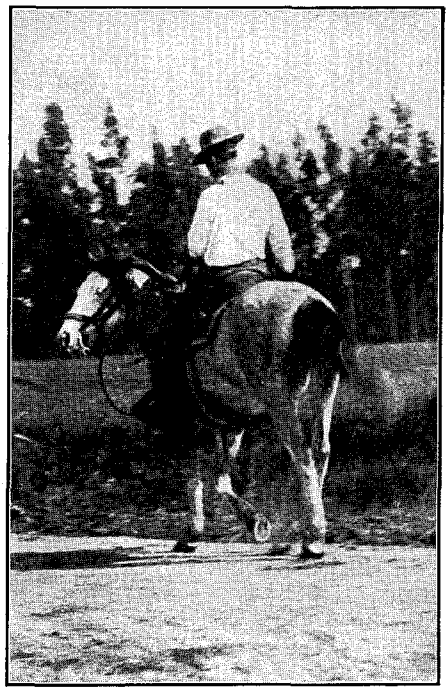
the author's years in journalism, which is fairly entertaining, but is conspicuous chiefly for its numerous inaccuracies in the matter of names. Mr. Russell takes the reader from the days of the old tramp printer to New York newspaper life as it was in the eighties, through various national conventions, the Johnstown flood, the Haymarket riots in Chicago, and the plight of the cholera fleet in New York Harbour. Leading up to the story of "Colonel Reflipe W. Thenuz," of Spanish-American war fame, Mr. Russell recalls one of the many hoaxes associated with the name of Eugene Field. About 1885, when Field was conducting the "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago *Daily News,* there was an inexplicable amount of pilfering from its first editions, and sometimes from its galley proofs.

THOMAS W. HANSHEW, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT THEIR HOME NEAR LONDON. AMONG THE PSEUDONYMS USED BY THIS EXCEEDINGLY PROLIFIC WRITER, WHO DIED LATE LAST WINTER, WAS THE FAMILIAR ONE OF BERTHA M. CLAY



NOVELS PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY SEEM TO BE COMING BACK INTO FASHION. THE PUBLISHERS OF "OVERLAND RED" HAVE MADE THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE IDENTITY OF THE AUTHOR WILL BE REVEALED NEXT MONTH. MEANWHILE THEY SEND US THE ACCOMPANYING NON-COMMITAL PORTRAIT

"Leave it to me," said Field when this situation was explained to him. Matthew Arnold had been recently on a tour through America and had returned to England. Field faked an exceedingly clever interview with Arnold in which the author told in his peculiar style of his experiences in this country and gave out some recondite and not complimentary views about Chicago and other cities. This stuff Field pretended had just appeared in the *Pall Mall Journal* and now purported to be cabled to the *News* by its London correspondent. It was done so perfectly that almost any editor might fall for it; only there was no such paper as the *Pall Mall Journal.* This was put into type and a proof of it hung up with the other office proofs; but the

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night editor was warned and the matter omitted in the make-up.

That same morning the Chicago *Tribune* bloomed on its first page with Field's concoction published as genuine, and adorned with a large head. It began thus:

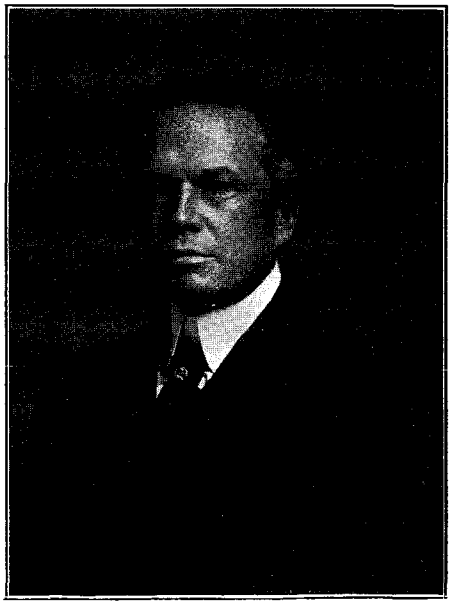
(Special Cable Despatch to the Chicago *Tribune*.)

London, Nov. 18.—The *Pall Mall Journal* prints to-day a remarkable interview with Mr. Matthew Arnold on his recent visit to America. Mr. Arnold being asked what he thought of Chicago, said:

And then followed the rest of the Field fake.

With much reason Mr. Russell points out the astonishing literary quality of the staff of reporters that was under him on the New York *World* from 1894 to 1897. He probably goes too far in calling it the greatest staff that ever worked upon any newspaper; but it certainly contained a great number of young men and women who subsequently distinguished themselves in letters. In quoting from Mr. Russell we are changing to the extent of spelling correctly some of the names that are misspelled in the book.

Among the reporters were David Graham Phillips, who afterward attained the front rank among American novelists; Maximilian Foster, now famous as a short-story writer and the author of widely-read novels; Rudolph Block, who, as "Bruno Lessing," is the favourite writer of stories of the Ghetto; Roy L. McCardell, known to all lovers of humour; Joseph B. Eakins, who wrote *How Old Folks Won the Derby;* Mary Manning, author of *Lord Allington, Bankrupt, Judith of the Plains,* and a host of fascinating short stories; Anne O'Hagan, poet and distinguished short-story writer; Reginald Foster, successful as a writer of magazine articles; Olivia Howard Dunbar, author of *Pierre Vidal;* Jacob Dreyfus, the unequalled producer of genre sketches of the East Side; William O. Inglis, whose travel sketches and articles are familiar to all readers of *Harper's;* Arthur Greaves, now city editor of the New York *Times;* Bayard Veiller, author of *Within the Law,* one of the greatest plays of recent years. Arthur Brisbane was a special writer on local topics; Charles H. Meltzer wrote the music criticisms; E. F. Coward, the adapter of "The Belle's Stratagem," was the dramatic critic. Elsewhere than in the city room, too, we were a distinguished company. Elizabeth Jordan, now editor of *Harper's Bazar* and the author of many popular novels, was in charge of the woman's



CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "THESE SHIFTING SCENES"

page. Joseph Altsheler, author of *The Sun of Saratoga,* and the best writer of boys' books we have had in this generation, was a member of the staff. George Cary Eggleston wrote most of the editorials. E. Van Zile did the paragraphing.

In Mr. Russell's book there are glimpses of Joseph Pulitzer. It is a much pleasanter Mr. Pulitzer than we find in another book of the hour, Mr. Alleyne Ireland's Joseph Pulitzer. Comparison of the two volumes leads to the conviction that while to have worked for Mr. Pulitzer as a reporter on the *World* meant more arduous labour and smaller remuneration, it was more conducive to the preservation of one's self-respect than

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the post of private secretary travelling about the Mediterranean on the yacht *Liberty*.

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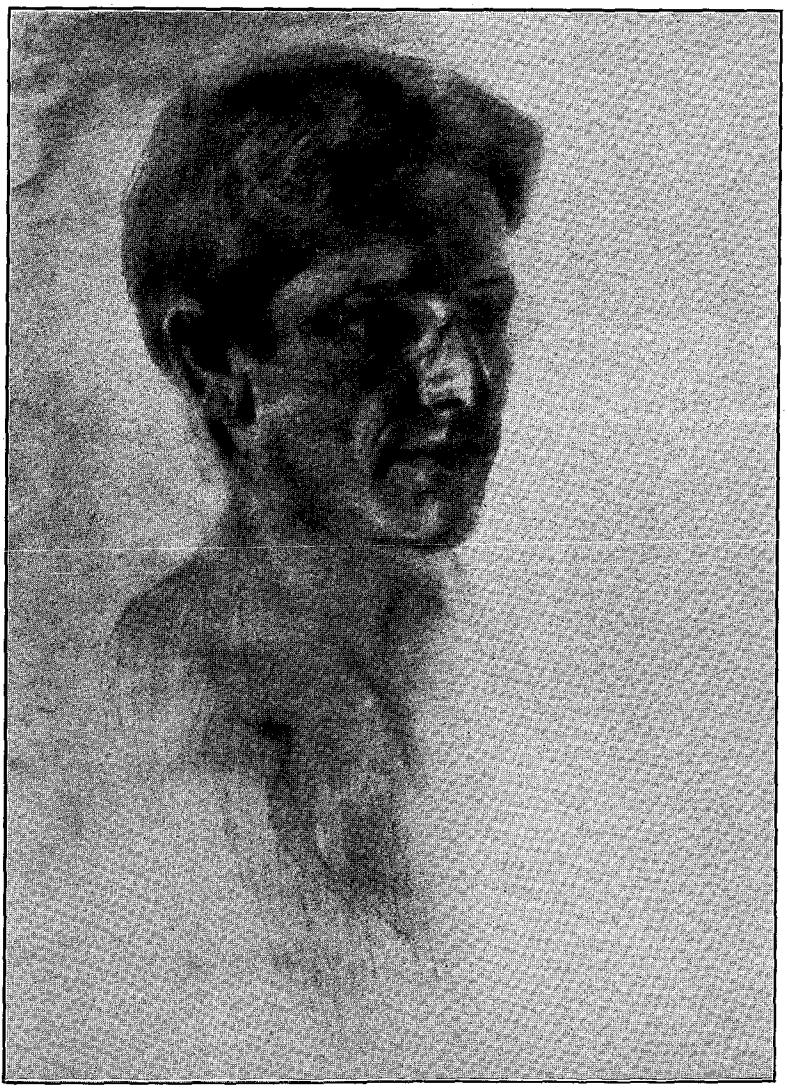
Concerning Mr. Ibid

Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson has written a little volume of bookish whimsicalities which he calls *The Secret Book*. One paragraph, concerning Ibid, has been rather extensively quoted. Candour forces us to say that we seem to recall something very similar in vein appearing many years ago about the prolific writer Anon. But here is Mr. Pearson's fanciful treatment of the idea.

Ibid, or Ibidimus, Marcus Alias Hortensius. Roman poet and rhetorician. Ibid is supposed to have flourished about 240 B. C., though in his own autobiography—a work of doubtful authenticity—he says: "I was



A PENCIL PORTRAIT OF PERCY MACKAYE BY KAHLIL GIBRAN, THE SYRIAN ARTIST

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born August 17, 185 B. C." He is the author of *De te, Fabula, De et Nox* and over three hundred other books. He invented the ablative absolute, for which he was rewarded by the Senate with the proconsulship of Ultima Verba. His military career seems to have led him into Northern Italy, for it is recorded that on one occasion, after a long siege, "he took Umbrage, and retired into hither Gaul." Umbrage is, perhaps, a false reading for Umbria. The latter years of his life are clouded in mystery, for he lived mostly in exile. He passed his time in writing the vast number of poems which were subsequently published under his pen name of "Anon." Finally he seems to have transgressed the laws seriously, for he was hanged in Effigy, a town in Lower Egypt, on Christmas Day, 102 B. C.

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"Saint Louis, a Civic Masque"

About the time of the appearance of this issue of THE BOOKMAN the city of Saint Louis will be on the eve of the presentation of Mr. Percy Mackaye's *Saint Louis, a Civic Masque*. The performances are to take place on the evenings of May 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st. Apart from the literary quality of the Masque, statistics of the presentation are astonishing. In the first place, over seven thousand persons are to take part. The stage is built over the lagoon at the foot of Art's Hill, in Forest Farm. The sides of the hill form the auditorium of the amphitheatre in which sixty thousand spectators can be seated. One hundred and twenty-five feet of water, representing the Mississippi River, flows between the stage and the audience. The stage is five hundred and twenty feet at the back with a semicircular front of eight hundred and eighty feet. It is two hundred feet from footlights to background. The background is a great screen, fifty feet high and three hundred feet long. It will be both a sounding board and a decorative part of the scenery. In front of this screen will be the music pit. This pit will be large enough to house the chorus of five hundred singers and the band of one hundred pieces. The chorus and band will be heard but not seen by the audience. Near the front of the stage, on each side, will be a great tower four hundred feet high. Concealed within these towers will be the system to control the thousands of vari-coloured electric bulbs which light the stage and the telephone station of the stage manager. The stage is so large, and there will be so many actors that he will have to call them by telephone.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

"When Boston Was Athens" is the title of Mr. Tassin's next instalment of the story of American authors and publishers. It depicts the rapid growth of the Boston scorn and shows the grounds for it. "I doubt if anywhere in the world," wrote Mr. Howells, "there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston." The main effect of the Boston scorn was to unite its authors and publishers in a family group. Where in New York and Philadelphia the makers and manufacturers of books were still largely in open warfare, the trade in Boston partook of the nature of the country-store, a hospitable, neighbourly centre with confidence and credit on both sides.

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AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART III—WHEN WAR WAS IN THE AIR

THE most delightful occasion of his publishing career, says Derby, was the Fruit and Flower Festival given to authors by the New York book-publishers at the Crystal Palace which had been erected in Reservoir Square. This was in 1855, and naturally it was a moment for retrospect and prophecy. About six hundred invited guests were present, chiefly authors and booksellers.

"Eighteen years ago," said G. P. Putnam, in response to the toast American Literature, "a gathering of authors and booksellers took place in the old City Hotel. Our recently formed association came to the sensible conclusion that it was quite time to have another. The interests of writers, publishers, and sellers of books are daily growing in magnitude and importance, and these interests are and should be identical." Bryant spoke in his happiest manner of the growth of American letters. "After Cotton Mather," he said, "the procession of American authors for one hundred and fifty years was a straggling one; at present they are a crowd which fairly choke the way." J. W. Francis, who had attended three such gatherings in fifty years, thus joined the general jubilation.

In our literary annals the making of books has not been an employment of selfish and inert gratification. This is indeed the offspring of but a recent period among us, but the fact is not less solacing to the pangs of intellectual labour. For much of the salutary change, let all praise be given to the higher culture of the people and to the patronage of our enlightened publishers. I allude to such patrons as the Appletons, the Harpers, Scribner, Wiley and Putnam. I am limited to New York in these specifications. The leading Boston firms are identified with our national historians, poets, essayists. What Childs and Peterson have done is enough of itself for the renown of Philadelphia. At the primary meeting (in 1802) the venerable Matthew Carey held forth in earnest language persuasive to renewed meetings of a like nature; at the Harper entertainment (1832) similar opinions proceeded from many minds.

The occasion, he said later in his book, was conducted on a scale of great variety and elegance. Those public-spirited publishers, the Appletons, with Wiley and Putnam, rendered the banquet a genial gathering of kindred spirits. As for the growth of public demand, the intelligent and patriotic Putnam had stated that in less than twenty years there had been an increase of about eight hundred per cent.; and the magazine of the Messrs. Harpers now reached the astounding number of one hundred and eighty thousand.

The epithets "public-spirited" and "patriotic" which Dr. Francis applied to Putnam were not universally re-echoed in those days. To some patriots of the book trade, it seemed in those touchy times that the publisher had been engaged in a project distinctly un-American. His senior partner, John Wiley, had allowed him seven years—as Mr. G. H. Putnam tells us—to work it out and see if it would pay. To try to build up in London an agency for American books was all very well, but some people thought that to try to secure equitable literary connections in England was a horse of another colour. Wiley was not impressed with the lack of patriotism in the proceeding, but he had his doubts about its business prudence; and these the seven years abundantly confirmed. His contention was that the labour and

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capital involved in introducing English authors to the American public was thrown away, since under the copyright conditions the authorised publishers could not control the books they introduced and the pirate publishers could wait until the market had been created and then flatten their sales. The large policy of Putnam was thwarted by the outcome which Wiley had anticipated, but the former persisted in his heroic endeavour for an honour impossible under the circumstances, and the two men, in 1848, decided to dissolve the partnership. This had been but a half dozen years before the Festival, and doubtless many who sat around the board that night remembered smilingly his abortive treachery to "American interests."

THE TWO HERMITS

"My friends," said Franklin to a committee of Philadelphia gentlemen who waited upon him to complain of his policy, any one who can subsist on sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage." Franklin gained his point because he put his pudding to the proof. But Thoreau never pulled in his belt to make room for his conscience. His Walden cabin was of the world though not in it; for both in Boston and New York were friends disposing of his wares. Though his whole income during the twenty years he wrote cannot have been large, his simple life was far from going against the grain. "For two years and two months," he wrote, "all my expenses have amounted to but twenty-seven cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects." On so small a budget, he ate no sawdust pudding for the sake of his convictions; for Emerson in Boston and Greeley in New York easily kept him going.

He might perhaps have made a sawdust pudding out of the Boston Miscellanies in which coin the publisher of that periodical wished to pay him for an article; but, thanks to Greeley, he never had to eat his words or any one else's. In New York, Greeley got shrewd prices for many of his papers; and was an ever-present help in the not infrequent time of trouble occasioned by Thoreau's unbending attitude. With such an agent, indeed, Thoreau occupied a strategic position as hermit.

His connection with Greeley began through Margaret Fuller, who had gone to New York to write for the *Tribune* and to live in its editor's family. Through her letters Thoreau heard much of Greeley, and soon, in 1843, the two men began writing on their own account. Thoreau sent him an essay on Carlyle to place. Greeley wrote him: "I am not sanguine of success and have hardly a hope that it will be immediate, if ever. Dids't thou ever, O my friend! ponder on the significance and cogency of the assurance Ye cannot serve God and Mammon as applicable to literature? In my poor judgment, if anything is calculated to make a scoundrel out of an honest man, writing to sell is that particular thing." It is a pity one has to guess at the significance and cogency of this editorial confidence and upon what experiences it is based. But at any rate, he placed the article with Griswold for *Graham's*. On getting a letter from Griswold announcing that the article was in type and would be paid for liberally, he wrote to Thoreau: "I know well the difference between a publisher's and an author's idea of what is liberally." The author himself spent a year speculating wherein the difference might lie and then complained to Greeley that he had not yet been given a chance to find out for himself. Fortunately Greeley—instead of paraphrasing his previous sonorous remarks by the simple substitution of "publishing" for "writing" to sell—promptly drew on Graham for seventy-five dollars and enclosed it in a letter saying, "Now you see how to get pay yourself another time." As this cheque would have supported Thoreau "gloriously" for about three hundred weeks, he might well have afforded more costly convictions than he had.

Far different was it with another hermit, who paid a well-nigh prohibitive price for his until he died. Like Bayard

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Taylor, he was one of the last offshoots of that elder race, the writing printer. "One book last summer came out in New York," wrote Emerson to Carlyle. "It is called *Leaves of Grass;* was written and printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman." The author had worked on a newspaper and learned the trade, started a country paper of his own, and in 1848 became editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* for a short while. He printed eight hundred copies of *Leaves of Grass,* deposited them for sale with dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and put copies out for review. In spite of the general disapproval of his limited public and the attacks of critics, he sold very few copies. People were used in that day to professional savagery, and prurience had not yet become a reliable asset in the market. Fowler and Wells, of the *American Phrenological Journal,* afterward became his publishers and with better machinery of distribution managed to dispose of a thousand copies of the second edition. In 1860 a reprint of *Leaves of Grass* was made by Thayer and Eldredge of Boston. It was a firm of much better standing, and Whitman seemed at last about to make his bow to the public under the right auspices. But the house failed, with so many others, under the general tightening of funds at the outbreak of the war; and Whitman, after enlarging his public by something less than five thousand copies, found himself again silenced. Unsuccessful in securing a publisher for *Drum-Taps,* he again printed at his own expense. This year he was a clerk in the Indian Bureau, from which position he was discharged by the Secretary of the Interior for having in his desk an immoral book. Harlan had opened the desk and found therein *Leaves of Grass,* which the author was revising for re-publication.

"During my employment of seven years or more in Washington after the war, I regularly saved part of my wages," wrote this libertine to W. M. Rossetti, who had offered assistance, "and though the sum has now become about exhausted by my expenses of the last three years, there are already beginning at present welcome dribbles hitherward from the sales of my new edition, which I just job and sell myself (all through this illness my book-agents for three years in New York successively, badly cheated me) and shall continue to dispose of the books myself. In that way I cheerfully accept all the aid my friends find it convenient to proffer. Though poor I am not in want and I maintain good heart and cheer." Rossetti got up a handsome subscription for the two volumes. Though Whitman was to fare better in his old age, thanks to his English reputation and to American prudery, he remained his own shop-keeper until his death; and the front room of his two-story Camden cottage was piled with all the unsold copies of such editions of his books as were not in the handling of his latest Philadelphia publishers. He always needed simple assistance, however; and, says G. R. Carpenter, the many pecuniary favours extended to him in his declining years he took gratefully and gracefully, like a man who could pay his way no longer.

Though it takes us ahead of our chronology, his career may here be finished. In 1881 his *Leaves of Grass* received at last the ægis of one of America's most distinguished firms. But the second Boston edition under James R. Osgood and Company came to grief like the first, and for circumstances equally beyond the publisher's control. After two thousand copies had debauched America (how curious it all seems now!) a complaint was lodged against it by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The publishers, says Carpenter, who had taken the volume on the express understanding that the poems about which discussion had previously arisen should be printed without change, now felt alarmed, shrinking timorously from the thought of a trial on such a charge. Whitman agreed to make minor changes, but the Attorney-General's office insisted on more extensive alterations; and the publishers decided to drop the book. In

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lieu of royalty they gave Whitman the electrotype plates, and these he put into the hands of a Philadelphia publisher. This firm sold in a single day an edition of three thousand and soon brought out another. No complaint was brought against the book in the lewder Quaker community—perhaps, says Carpenter, somewhat to the disappointment of the publisher, who would willingly have had the book advertised in that way. Even in provincial Washington calmer counsels prevailed, for the postmaster at Boston was forced to re-open the mails to the book, on direction from his superior officers. But the exploitation of Whitman had not been in the name of public interests only, for under cover of all this righteous uproar the plates of the original Boston edition had been bought at auction by an unscrupulous publisher and he succeeded in putting a number of copies on the market. These comedies of our mediæval period make strange reading in our more enlightened age!

Many authors besides Whitman saw their ambitions threatened with destruction by the suspension of their publishers' credit on the approaching rumble of war. "Bayard Taylor said to me once of a publishing house," writes Marion Harland in her autobiography, " 'An honest firm but one that has an incorrigible habit of failing.' The habit was epidemic in the first half of 1861, and among others who caught the trick were my publishers." Even that Midas of letters, Proscott, had experienced, though only for the moment, the general depression of business. The last time he changed his publishers it was because fate itself drove the shrewder bargain. Phillips, Sampson and Company (whose contract was to publish in fifteen volumes and pay him fifty cents a volume) failed in the disastrous year of '59, after having paid him over thirty-five thousand dollars copyright in about three years. But even then his sun pushed smiling through the eclipse, for J. B. Lippincott and Company paid five thousand for the privilege of publishing the works and guaranteed a copyright of not less than six thousand a year.

Though Whitman came near being snuffed out by failure, Melville seems to have been completely ruined by fire. Murray in London had accepted *Typee,* and an arrangement was at once made with the London agent of Putnams for its simultaneous publication in America. He afterward switched to Harpers, who appear to have acquired the rights for *Typee* also. In 1852 the house of Harper was burned down, and in it the whole stock of Melville's books. Thus he fell out at what proved afterward to have been a critical moment for him. Whether despondent or engaged other where, he wrote in the succeeding ten years nothing but a few short stories and only one more romance, which was published in Putnam's magazine.

Both Putnam and Murray seem to have acquired caution from the Poe brand of imagination which purported to be strictly veracious, and before they published *Typee* they required proof that it narrated an actual expedition. It needed no affidavit, however, to assure Putnam that another travel narrative which fell into his hands was based upon real experience. For he himself had suggested the writing of it—after listening spellbound as Brabantio to the recital of the fortunes that had been passed by a stripling Othello, who soon afterward captured all America with his yarn. It was while Putnam was representing his firm in London that he received, in 1847, a call from a young American printer who having walked his way through the Continent was now on his uppers in London with no money for his passage home. He had secured work at a London printing office, says Derby, but had been thrown out through the jealousy of English compositors. Putnam gave him temporary employment, and thus laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. Within the year he published *Views Afoot, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff*. By Bayard Taylor. At this time Taylor was twenty-one years old, and he saw his book in demand all the rest of his life.

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CHILDS AND BONNER

The appetite of American readers for all sorts of expeditions was just then boundless. Preternaturally concerned so long with feeling their own pulse, they had lately waked to the fact that there were equally interesting ways of ascertaining how much healthier they were than everybody else in the world. It had not been ever thus, for once they had had the keenest palate for a grain of quinine in an ounce of jam and had refused to take the bitter with the sweet. When Cooper returned from abroad in 1833, his friends warned him by the shade of Washington and the memory of Jay to be prudent and not express at an evening party his surprise that the town was poorly paved and lighted; when he ventured to say to a wider public that he thought the bay of Naples of more classic association than the bay of New York, he was accused of a lack of patriotism. But though it was many a weary year before the eagle ceased to scream, with or without pinching, patriots might now unreproached recollect that they had studied Morse's geography in childhood. It was because George W. Childs recognised their new willingness to enlarge their horizon that he laid the foundation of his fortune—though, to be sure, something else would have done so if that hadn't. Childs, indeed, was one of those that find stepping-stones in every brook. Having been errand-boy and clerk in a Philadelphia book-store and having made there the acquaintance of publishers and learned the rules of the game, he began to play it himself at the ripe age of eighteen. At twenty-one he was publishing under the firm name of Childs and Peterson. Almost their first book was a record-breaking hit. It was Kane's *Arctic Explorations,* and the publisher had more to do with its success than the author. Perceiving that the average American just then was anxious to learn of the outer world if he could keep himself unspotted from it in the learning, Childs persuaded Kane to change the purely scientific account of the Franklin expedition which he had brought the firm, into a popular narrative. The result was that in one year the royalty amounted to nearly seventy thousand dollars.

"I look back with genuine pleasure upon my experience as a publisher," wrote Childs. "I was more than prosperous in acquiring the friendship of so many worthy men among the publishers, booksellers, and authors with whom I came in contact. I have personally known and corresponded with all the writers who have given us an American literature. I visited Washington Irving several times at Sunnyside; he would go to sleep at dinner, but his guests understood his physical weakness and respected it. Longfellow I knew well and entertained him at my home, and when in Rome I passed several weeks with him and his family. Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Motley, Prescott, Bancroft were valued friends. Prescott had his last photograph taken for me." A large part of Childs's library consisted, indeed, of presentation copies. Nor were his literary friendships confined to authors. Ticknor and Fields were old friends. G. P. Putnam printed a letter in which he warmly acknowledged the prompt and cheerful manner in which Childs gave him his name as security for one hundred thousand dollars in the hour of adversity. It is a pleasant picture—Irving and Childs, author and publisher alike, supporting Putnam as he slowly worked his manful way back to prosperity.

Childs tells an amusing story of the establishment of *Harper's Magazine* in 1850. "I can recall a solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The four founders of the great firm were present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians and we were discussing the first number of Harper's new monthly. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. 'It can't,' said one Philadelphian emphatically, 'it can't last very long.' The only successful magazines then published in the United States were in Philadelphia—*Graham's, Godey's, Sartain's,* and *Peterson's.*"

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"In 1833," says J. G. Bennett in his memoirs, "the periodical press was represented only by the *Knickerbocker,* the *North American,* the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier,* and the New York *Mirror;* besides these there was not a single firmly established literary journal in the whole country." By 1850, however, Philadelphia complacently saw a sturdy brood around her and felt herself not unreasonably a dispenser of the right Promethean ichor. And in her brief heyday, she sounded her note of triumph to the stars. But the Niobe of cities, she has seen herself bereft both of the seat of government and of literary dictatorship. Yet still she triumphs, for though her rivals accuse her of Philistinism she knows they know she has retained the better part. She may still boast—and does, as high as heaven—that her peculiar nourishment makes the best of circulations.

"I do not know," wrote Greeley of the Cary girls, "at whose suggestion they resolved to migrate to the city and attempt to live here by literary labour; it surely was not mine. Remember that we had then scarcely any periodical literature worthy of the name outside of the political and commercial journals. I doubt that so much money was paid in the aggregate for contributions to all the magazines and weeklies issued from this city as were paid in 1870 by the *Ledger* alone. The publishers of 1850 hardly paid a tithe of the prices now freely accorded to favourite writers; they paid what they could." Leland says that Phœbe and Alice stayed for a while at that literary rendezvous, Bixby's Hotel, but Mary Clemmes writes that from the first they had a home and began to make a circle of their own.

I have heard Alice tell how she papered one room with her own hands; and Phoebe, how she painted the doors, framed the pictures, and brightened things up generally. The nearest approach to the first ideal bluestocking reception ever reached in this country was their Sunday evening reception. Mr. Greeley never missed an evening when in the city, used to drink his two cups of sweetened milk and water, say his say, and then suddenly vanish. In manner he was not unlike Dr. Johnson. Then there were Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune,* and R. W. Gilder of the *Hours at Home,* and George W. Carleton, the prince of publishers, whose elegant new book house on Broadway has already become the resort of literary and tasteful people. Robert Bonner, too, came constantly and was their faithful friend until their death. He has made illustrious the proverb, there is that scattereth and yet increaseth.

Robert Bonner, who was to become a horn of plenty to all scribblers of any reputation whatever and to all people of any reputation whatever whom he could bribe to scribble, began life, like so many other editors and publishers, as a printer. He bought the *Ledger* and set out to domesticate it. His design, like Addison's, was to make his paper the companion of the coffee cup. His first spectacular enterprise (however pallid it may seem to-day) was to engage Mrs. Sigourney as a regular contributor. Then, in 1855, he harnessed that young meteor, Fanny Fern. Soon his list embraced all the writers of the day—Everett, Bancroft, Bryant, Beecher, Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Halleck, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stowe, the Cary girls, George D. Prentice. As well as Lady Bountiful to authors, he was the father of modern advertising; and like P. T. Barnum he had a large constructive imagination. Leland, at that time editing the *Illustrated News,* of which Barnum was one of the proprietors, properly sizes up the showman's genius. "Of all the men I met in those days in the way of business, Mr. Barnum, the great American humbug, was by far the honestest and freest from guile or deceit. (Here, if you please, is the bitterest drop in the cup of both publishers and authors!) To engineer some grotesque and startling paradox into tremendous notoriety was more of a motive with him than his desire for dollars. He was a genius like Rabelais, but one who em-

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ployed business and humanity for material instead of literature."

Just such a business imagination had Bonner. With boundless fertility he conceived scheme after scheme to keep the attention of the public riveted on his paper. Once he got twelve clergymen to write twelve stories; and the storm of discussion between those who deemed it undignified for a clergyman to add to his income (or even to seek to make both ends meet) and those who thought it wasn't, sold thousands of copies. He paid Henry Ward Beecher twenty thousand dollars for a commonplace novel; he published the Life of General Grant by his father; he paid Dickens five thousand dollars for a short story. When President Grant and Beecher got into difficulties, each in a different way, Bonner turned a trick that Machiavelli would have envied—he advanced equally his loyalty and his ledger by publishing correspondence prepared merely as an evidence of good faith and necessarily for publication.

THE SKY-ROCKET TWINS

Bonner offered Fanny Fern one thousand dollars a story, in order to get her to write for him. A short time before she had been drawing two dollars a column, space limited, as regular contributor to the Boston *True Flag*. After a while her breezy and zigzag style began to attract some little attention outside of Boston. Derby says that her only income for the support of herself and her child had been six dollars a week, the combined amounts received from her regular weekly contributions to the *Olive Branch* and the *True Flag,* when an offer from a New York paper enabled her to ask more. She raised her price to five dollars a column and then to twelve. Then, much to the chagrin of Boston, she broke her engagement without any notice and contracted to write exclusively for the New York paper. But the pay proved not as actual as it had been alluring, and after some experience with husks the prodigal child—much to the joy of Boston—returned. Derby and Miller, the New York publishers, provided the turning-point in her career. "I had occasion to look over the newspaper exchanges," writes Derby, "and it occurred to me that the sketches of Fanny Fern if gathered together and published could not fail to meet with a popular demand. (Derby all his life was poking among the slag of the newspapers for book material, and he uncovered some valuable nuggets—it was he who afterward collected the sketches of Mrs. Partington and Widow Bedott; and of Uncle Remus, which Appleton published in 1881.) I therefore wrote to the then unknown author (note the New York scorn of the idol of Boston!) addressing her as Fanny Fern and directing my letter to the Boston *True Flag*. My proposition was ten cents per copy for all sold, or one thousand dollars for the copyright." Fanny took a chance on the royalty. The book was called *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio*. Derby advertised it lavishly and spared no expense to create a sensation; and in one year it sold eighty thousand copies—within two she had received ten thousand dollars. How fortunate was Fanny to trust in her star!

Just as dashing in temperament and in career was her brother, N. P. Willis; and both of them carefully cherished their personalities. Their father had been publisher and editor of the *Recorder,* the oldest religious paper in New England. Nathaniel was the typical scion of ministerial stock. His social success was as brilliant as Byron's, and his mere presence intoxicated the impressionable. Accustomed in London, where for some time he was American correspondent, to be the flaming centre of Lady Blessington's group of rapt female seraphs who adored and burned, he came back to New York prepared to direct with a firm and jaunty baton the swelling chorus, See the Conquering Hero Comes. It swelled. "Next door to us," wrote Leland, "lived a family in which were four daughters who grew up to be famous belles. It is said that when the poet, N. P. Willis, visited them, one

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of these young ladies, who was familiar with his works, was so overcome that she fainted." Alas, there are no ladies now who swoon at too much brilliance, any more than there are poets who, like Keats, swoon at too much beauty! Even the word has gone out. Possibly this, too, is one of the many sad results of the commercialisation of literature.

"The literary career of Mr. Willis," wrote Stoddard, "was more brilliant in its beginning than that of any other American author. We had no literature then to speak of, and to write in the face of British insolence demanded as much courage as confidence. The attitude of the American mind and the absence of the critical faculty in this mind are apparent in the sensation created by the early poems of Willis. Where Bryant was diffident, reserved, ascetic, Willis was confident, bustling, and extravagant." Later writers, austerely reprimanded by some publishers, have advertised their works with their personalities; the trick is by no means a modern or even an American one. It may even be contended that Solomon began it. But life was not all coruscation for Willis. "Of all the editors whom I chanced to know in my early years," pursues Stoddard, "he was the most watchful for and considerate of young writers."

LITERATURE AND SOUTHERN LADIES

The bitterness of the literary era just before the war has been referred to, but there was another side. Marion Harland says that in 1855, when she began to extend her career beyond local bounds, the literary guild of America, though it harboured some professional jealousies it is true, exhibited much kindness to the newcomers.

> In all frankness and with a swelling of heart that is both proud and thankful I aver that no other order of men and women is so informed and permeated and coloured with generous and loyal appreciation of whatever is worthy in the work of a fellow-craftsman, so little jealous of his reputation, and so ready to assist the lowliest member of his guild in the hour of need. Authors were not so plentiful then as to attract no attention in a crowd of non-literary people. Men and women who had climbed the heights sent back a cheering hail to those at the foot of the hill. I had many letters of encouragement from George D. Prentice, the poet-editor known of all men as friend and helper of youthful writers; and from Grace Greenwood, and Mrs. Sigourney, then on the retired list of American writers.

Marion Harland was writing after sixty years of literary life, during which she had borne a lily in her hand which had disarmed all malice. Sometimes, too, it had blotted out the landscape—for it was at the period of her first ventures that scribblers' squabbles were at their shrillest in New York. Furthermore she had been fortunate, too, in compiling, almost at the outset, a cook-book which had sold ten editions in ten months, and merrily soars at present beyond the million mark. (Mrs. Harland's publisher, by the way, said he accepted her cook-book only to bribe her into giving him a novel subsequently!) Success coupled with distance make soft lenses for aging eyes. Mrs. Sigourney, whose span was 1791-1865, was as tranquil and as hale as Mrs. Harland when she reviewed a very different career. "At an age surpassing three score and ten I still pursue literature with undiminished delight and unspectacled eyes. But with the exception of the initiatory volume sheltered under the patronage of my venerated friend Mr. Wadsworth, scarcely any profit has accrued to my literary labours in this vicinity or indeed in the whole of New England. On the contrary, some severe losses have occurred. To the States of New York and Pennsylvania I am mainly indebted for the remuneration of intellectual toil."

Some of her escape from the jealousies of her period, Marion Harland owed to her remoteness from the literary rialtos of New York and Philadelphia. Her recollections of the beginning of her career are a contribution not only to the

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history of Southern book-trade conditions but to the psychology of youthful Southern authoresses.

The principal bookstore in Richmond at that time (1853) was owned by Adolphus Morris. Though he was an intimate friend of the family, it was with sore and palpable quakings of the heart that I betook myself to the office of the man who took on dignity as a prospective publisher. It was positive pain to tell him I had been writing under divers signatures for the press since I was fourteen. The task grew harder as the judicial look I have learned to know since as the publisher's perfunctory guise, crept over his handsome face. He had patronised me from the moment I had said I had written a book. I have become familiar with this phase of publisherhood, also, since that awful day. When later I received a refusal, to my flayed sensibilities it was brutal. I see now that it was business-like and impersonal. Were I a professional reader I should indite one as brief and not a whit more sympathetic. But *Alone* was my first book, and a sentient fraction of my soul and my heart.

Her father determined to have Morris publish the book at his expense; but, although the leading publisher of Richmond, Morris had not the facilities to do so himself and had to print it at Philadelphia. Derby's account of his first dealings with that heavily weighted genius, Augusta Evans Wilson, shows also that publishers (especially Yankee ones) were expected to treat Southern ladies with a due sense of the honour conferred upon them of social position and of sex. Her cousin, a fiercely moustached person, accompanied her to the office and confessed later that if Derby had not accepted her manuscript it had been his firm intention to thrash the publisher. But *Beulah* was accepted, and the authoress became a guest at Derby's house instead. When the Civil War broke out she sent him, in 1863, by a blockade-runner via Cuba, a copy of her novel *Macaria,* published in Richmond. Derby arranged with Lippincott for its publication. To the surprise of both of them, one Michael Doolady, who had received a copy through the lines, had printed and nearly ready for publication five thousand copies.

I called upon Doolady and asked what copyright he intended to pay the author. He replied that the author was an arch-rebel, was not entitled to copyright, and would receive none. He finally agreed to pay me a royalty on all copies sold, and in consideration of this Lippincott withdrew the proposed edition. Late in the summer of '65 a lady closely veiled called at my office and said, "Mr. Derby, do you not know me?" Knowing well the familiar voice, I said, "Augusta Evans, is that you?" She had just arrived by steamer from Mobile, and I said that she must go at once to our home. She replied that she had come on with one of her brothers, who had been badly wounded, and that he was sitting on the steps outside. I told her he would find an excellent nurse in my wife. Then noticing her attire, I suggested that a new dress and bonnet would not be out of place, the styles of ladies' wearing apparel having changed considerably. She said her father had lost everything and she had no money to replenish her wardrobe. I then told her for the first time that she had considerable money for copyright received on *Macaria.*

Derby frequently visited Mrs. Evans at her home near Mobile, and she never had cause to complain of the Yankee publisher whom her cousin came near thrashing for not treating with due deference a Southern lady who was honouring him by consenting to be published. She wrote to Lippincott, "I have always been profoundly grateful for the generous and chivalric action in behalf of an unknown rebel, who at that period was nursing Confederate soldiers in a hospital established near "Camp Beulah" (so named in honour of her book). Not had she any reason to complain of the generosity and chivalry of other Yankee publishers. (Let us hope her fierce cousin lived to be told of it.) Of G. W. Carleton she wrote, "I should like the world to know how noble and generous he has always been to me. When pur-

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chasing the stereotype plates of my earlier books, he told me he was obliged to pay so much for the plates of *Macaria* that he could only allow me a moderate percentage on the future sales. Subsequently when *St. Elmo* and *Vashti* had been published, he said that the sales of the volumes justified him in increasing the percentage on *Macaria*. From that period until now he has done so, and the increase was his own voluntary, generous impulse."

SOME OTHER ANTE-BELLUM PUBLISHERS

George W. Carleton (of whom Alice Cary also wrote, "He has been very generous to me. I like him and you will") was a successful publisher—says Derby—without learning the trade; and in this respect he resembled Daniel Appleton, Robert Carter, and Charles Scribner. His first publication after establishing the firm in 1857 was a little poem by Aldrich, and he followed it with *Nothing to Wear,* by William Allen Butler. From so cautious a beginning no one could have foreseen that he would spend ten thousand dollars in advertising a translation of *Les Miserables*. Out of this and Hugo he made a great deal of money, but when he tried Balzac he found to his cost that the American public had not grown up as far as that. Derby tells us that his store was the rallying place of the brightest and most popular humourists of the day—possibly one of the indications that the American public was not ready for the *Comedie Humaine* was the great number of professional humourists it supported then!—and that Artemus Ward and Josh Billings were among his authors. At the noonday hour they would all adjourn to Pfaff's celebrated German restaurant, near Bleecker Street, the rendezvous at that time of the self-styled Bohemians.

Of these Mr. Howells gives us a glimpse in his *Literary Friends*. He had come out of the West to New York by way of Boston in 1860, gazing with ardent parochial eyes on gods and half-gods.

> I lost no time in going to the office of the *Saturday Press*. The Bohemia of New York was but a sickly colony, transplanted from the mother asphalt of Paris and never really striking root. What their ideas were in art and in life it would be very difficult to say; but in the *Saturday Press* they came to violent expression, not to say explosion, against all existing forms of respectability. If you were in the habit of rendering yourself in prose, you shredded your prose in very brief paragraphs that gave a quality of epigram to the style. The *Saturday Press* was clever, and attacked all literary shams but its own. It never paid in anything but hopes of paying, vaguer even than promises. I went to the office of the *Saturday Press* in New York with much the same feeling I had in going to the office of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, but I came away with a very different feeling. I found there a bitterness against Boston as great as the bitterness against respectability. That night I went to the beer-cellar once very far up Broadway, where I was given to know that the bohemian nights were smoked and quaffed away. I stayed, hoping vainly for worse things till eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me. As I listened to the wit that did not seem very funny and thought of the dinner with Lowell, the breakfast with Fields, the supper at the Autocrats, I felt that I had fallen very far.

Carleton wrote three volumes of travels, yet seemed, in spite of it, to be able to keep the publisher's point of view separate from the author's. Mr. Henry Holt, in his article on the "Commercialisation of Literature," seems to agree with Mr. Robert Yard that the great danger of the publisher is that his temperament and the conditions under which he works will tempt him to forget that he is also a merchant and cause him to overestimate the actual market for the really fine work of literature. Mr. Holt recalls that the first Appleton said to that splendid gentleman, his son William, "The only misgiving I have regarding your success after I am gone, arises from my having noticed in you some symptoms of literary taste."

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Daniel Appleton had come to the publishing business not by way of printing but direct from bookselling. Perhaps never having in this way caught the fever of art for art's sake which publishers pleasantly fancy they are peculiarly susceptible to, he had a keener sense of values. At any rate, he had a vivid recollection of shelves of unsalable books; and he had begun his career without unduly exposing himself to it, building up his large business without greatly gambling in futures. Derby says his first book was *Daily Crumbs,* and his greatest literary enterprise—indeed, the greatest of any American publisher up to that date—was the New American Cyclopedia. His first book was about three inches square and half an inch thick, though it contained one hundred and ninety pages—in after years the firm obtained a copy of it by advertising that they would exchange for it the largest book they had published. Their Cyclopedia was compiled in sixteen volumes in about six years, in spite of the interruption of business by the Civil War; and if it was no venture by reason of the literary taste it tempted, it certainly could not have risked more in one basket if it had been.

Very different was it with Derby, who was always giving himself grandly, and—one is glad to be able to write—without loss, to his literary appreciations. It was in 1853 that Derby established himself as publisher in New York City, and during the eight years that the firm Derby and Miller continued they published more than three hundred volumes by American authors, most of them new books. Derby had the usual publishers' delight in "discovering" talent (a word which, applied in after years, diffuses a generous glow over what had been merely a business speculation). "In the year '54, soon after I had established myself in the book-publishing business in Nassau Street, a pleasant-looking young man called on me one day with a small manuscript of verses which he desired me to publish. That was my first acquaintance with Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He called on me a few days later (trembling, as he afterward told me) to learn the reader's opinion of his first effort. I told him I would print and publish a small edition. There was not much money in it to either author or publisher, but there was no loss." Derby tells an amusing story of how a friend of the author's tried to boom the book by asking at all the bookstores in town for a copy. He did this with success until he got them all to lay in a small stock, but over-reached himself at last and was forced through a miscalculation to buy a dozen copies. How often does a friendly turn turn in the hands of the turner against himself!

The one that Derby tried for two scribbling friends of his had, though abortive, less painful consequences.

It is a curious and strange fact that the three most famous of American journalists were not on speaking terms with each other up to the time of their deaths. Bryant and Thurlow Weed had never spoken to each other. They had been arrayed against each other politically. Introducing the matter to Bryant one day, I said that the friends of both felt that the time had arrived for them at least to recognise each other. I said I happened to know that Mr. Weed was anxious to become on friendly terms with all his former political adversaries, and mentioned the fact of his having been a pall-bearer at the funeral of Horace Greeley, notwithstanding that they had not been on speaking terms. Mr. Bryant listened to me in silence. Then slowly raising his clear grey eyes to mine he said, "Blessed are the peacemakers—". He paused for a moment or two; when I said, "Well, for they shall see—" He suddenly arose from his seat and left me saying, "Not yet, not yet!" The last time I saw him alive was the fatal day he was overcome after his oration on the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini in Central Park. On his way home he called to see me about his contract with the publishers of his *History of the United States,* which he had left with me for inspection.

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A BEST SELLER OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHEN we consider the dominating influence which women exerted upon fiction in the nineteenth century in every modern language, and when we recall the specific qualities which fit women for novel-writing—their minuteness of observation, their delicacy of perception, their habitual seeking for concealed motives, their subtlety of sentiment—we may well wonder that they did not earlier adventure themselves in an art for which they were admirably equipped. Yet it is not until long after the epic had modified itself into the romance and even until after the romance had begun to transform itself into the novel that women made bold to enter on a rivalry with men in this work, for they had special gifts of their own.

It is to be noted also that it was not until they took up the pen themselves to portray life from their divergent point of view that prose-fiction began to be peopled with its proper proportion of female characters. It is true that a woman was the exciting cause of the siege of Troy, and yet the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are essentially masculine narratives, written by a man about men and for men; and so is the *Ænead* also, although the pale image of deserted Dido emerges dimly in a single episode. The fair ladies who figure in the romances-of-chivalry occupy a large space in these impossible tales, but they are only sublimated shadows devoid of substance and reality. There are women a-plenty in the little novels of Boccaccio, but they are as summarily outlined as the men—even if Boccaccio's contemporary, Chaucer, had a keen eye for feminine foibles. Rabelais shrank from women with monkish dislike; and they in their turn have been repelled by the broad and robust fun of his sprawling story. Cervantes set before us men only; and in his careless masterpiece we catch only the fleeting flutter of a petticoat. When at last the hour was ripe for the romances-of-gallantry Mlle. de Scudéry proved herself at least as prolific as her brother and at least as extravagantly artificial and as elaborately tedious.

It was one of the contemporaries of Mlle. de Scudéry who was to reveal the ability of a woman to tell a story about a woman specially for other women. And we may hail Madame de La Fayette, the writer of the *Princess of Cleves,* as the earliest of women-novelists, the first in point of time, and only a little less than the first in point of achievement. We may call her, if we choose, the mother of the modern novel; and we can count among her children, Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, George Sand and George Eliot.

I

Marie-Magdeleine de la Vergne was born in Paris on March 18, 1634. She came of a good family; her father had friends at court, and her godmother was a favourite niece of Richelieu's. She was still a child when her father died; and she was only sixteen when her mother remarried. Her stepfather was the Chevalier de Sévigné, uncle of the Marquis de Sévigné, who died young and whose widow survived to reveal herself as an incomparable letter-writer. As a result of the mother's remarriage, the daughter became acquainted with Mme. de Sévigné, who was nearly ten years older; and their affinity of taste and of character caused this acquaintance to ripen speedily into a rich and enduring friendship. It was perhaps through their intimacy that the younger woman came to know Ménage, a scholar who posed as a man of the world and who delighted in the frequent composition of

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a pretty copy of verses. Ménage seems to have given her lessons in Latin, as he had given them also to Mme. de Sévigné. She became an accomplished Latinist; and she may even have attempted also the study of Greek and of Hebrew.

But her learning was never paraded, indeed she carefully concealed it. She was always as free from pedantry as she was from affectation of any sort. Even in her girlhood she possessed her full share of the taste and of the tact which was characteristic of the best society of that time. She and Mme. de Sévigné were both admitted to the circle that gathered around the Marquise de Rambouillet, the circle of the *précieuses,* which Molière was to immortalise a few years later. Although they both belonged to this coterie which was then beginning to break up, they were wholly free from the empty pretension and from the false prudery which characterised some of its members. They were as unlike the caricatured heroines of the early *Précieuses Ridicules* as they were unlike the more incisively etched figures of the later *Femmes Savantes.*

Like Mme. de Sévigné, the future Mme. de La Fayette was clever and cultivated; she had a pretty wit and not a little wholesome, youthful gaiety. Her temperament was calm, not to say placid. She revealed her self-control later in a letter she wrote to Ménage, in which she declared that she was contented with life because she believed herself to be contented. She was not exacting with others; and she was willing to make the best of what was offered. She displayed these characteristics in her marriage, which did not take place until she was nearly twenty-two, a rather advanced age for matrimony in France in the seventeenth century. If not an actual beauty, she had a charm which was even more attractive; and yet she had few suitors, perhaps because her dowry was small. But at last in February, 1655, she wedded a country gentleman, the Count de La Fayette.

Her husband appears to have been a simple-minded unpretending man. He took her to his estates in Auvergne and there they seem to have lived happily for several years. She wrote to a friend that her husband adored her and that she loved him very well. She bore him two children, both sons; and in time the elder took orders and the younger went into the army. She was always on the best of terms with her children, continually using her influence at court for their advancement in their several professions. She was very shrewd and practical in business matters, managing her affairs adroitly and knowing how to handle a lawsuit. The younger son, it may be recorded, survived her; and from his daughter the present family of the dukes de la Trémoïlle are descended. Her mother died in 1660, five years after her marriage; and about that time she returned to Paris, leaving her husband in the country; and thereafter he seems to have played no further part in her life. We do not know why they separated; indeed, we know very little about him, except that he lived until 1683, twenty-eight years after their wedding and at least twenty years after his wife had returned to her native city to take her place again in the society which she adorned.

She did not like the labour of letter-writing, and yet she was a most delightful correspondent, second only to Mme. de Sévigné. Many of her letters are extant and some of them have been printed here and there. It is to be hoped that they may yet be collected in a single volume with adequate annotation. Mistress of a style which was at once clear and easy, swift and supple, she overcame her disinclination for the fatigue of writing and published three works of fiction at varying intervals after her return from Paris. The *Princess of Montpensier* appeared in 1660, when she was twenty-six; *Zaïde* in 1670, when she was thirty-six, and her masterpiece, the *Princess of Cleves,* in 1678, when she was forty-four. The novelists have usually flowered late in life; and it is rare for any one of them to produce a work of lasting value before the attainment of

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at least a half of the allotted three score years and ten.

Settled in Paris for the last thirty-odd years of her life, and established in the comfortable house which her father had left to her, a dwelling near the Luxembourg, with a quiet garden stretching away in the rear, she devoted herself to the cultivation of the fine art of living and to the development of her extraordinary gift of friendship. Mme. de Sévigné held her second only to the distant daughter, who was always a little jealous of the mother's affection for the more congenial friend. A bond almost as close united Mme. de La Fayette to "Madame," the wife of the King's brother, "Monsieur"; and this intimacy with one so near the throne and so beloved by the monarch, gave her an assured position at the court. Her friendship was of the best quality; it was never exacting or indiscreet; it was always devoted and reposeful. And if only for her friendships with the best of the brilliant men and women who illuminated the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIV. Mme. de La Fayette would demand recognition. She was intimate at one time or another with Bossuet, with Boileau and with Racine. And her association was even closer with Ménage, with La Fontaine, with Huet (who wrote an introduction for one of her works), with Ségrais (who lent her his name for the publication of this book), and with La Rochefoucauld, the author of those famous *Maxims,* which are the quintessence of worldly wisdom.

With none of these, excepting only Mme. de Sévigné, was her association as intimate as with La Rochefoucauld. The last years of the life of that disenchanted man of the world are inextricably bound up with Mme. de La Fayette. He was nineteen years older than she was, and she was to survive him thirteen years. She had met him after her marriage in 1655, but how soon we do not know, except that it was before 1663. Their friendship was consolidated soon after her return to Paris, whenever that might have been. Apparently it became closer after the death of La Rochefoucauld's wife in 1668 or 1669, when he had still a dozen years to live and when she had been separated about ten years from her husband (who was to survive La Rochefoucauld). La Rochefoucauld was no longer in robust health, and this may have intensified the acridity of his misanthropy, which found relief only in her society. With the revolving years she had lost her youthful buoyancy of spirit; and her invading melancholy may have been due also in some measure to failing health. La Rochefoucauld came to her every afternoon, and often Mme. de Sévigné joined them in interminable talks, sitting in the garden in the fading dusk of the long summer evenings.

Mme. de La Fayette was a victim of a nervous affection of some sort, almost as mysterious and incurable now as it was then. Although she disliked the fatigue of composition, she conducted a long correspondence with the court of Savoy and she even published two historical writings. But after the death of La Rochefoucauld sadness dominated her singularly sensitive nature. The last years of her life were filled with physical suffering. She found consolation in religion. She was comforted by the constant attention of Mme. de Sévigné and of Ménage. And she died in Paris on the 25th day of May, 1693, being then in her sixtieth year.

II

The life of Mme. de La Fayette is interesting in itself, if only from her friendships with the most significant men and women of her time. But it is as the author of the *Princess of Cleves* that she is most interesting to us. Sainte-Beuve called her the "reformer of the French novel," because she substituted simplicity and veracity for artificiality and fantasy. Anatole France declared that the *Princess of Cleves* was "the first novel in which the interest depended on the truth of its emotions." The Count d'Haussonville asserted that she created a new literary species, "the novel of observation and of sentiment." And Taine

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insisted that the *Princess of Cleves* was "the finest novel of its century"; and it seemed to him eminently characteristic of that century, with its orderly regularity, its stately dignity and its courtly tone.

To understand the extent of her innovation we must recall the condition of the novel in France when she composed her masterpiece, after the artificial pastoral-romance had been succeeded by the even more sophisticated romances-of-gallantry, which, as Professor Raleigh has remarked, "must be regarded as yet another step in the decadence of the romances-of-chivalry. The absolute predominance of love as a motive in war and politics, the immense complexity of the intrigue, the long soliloquies and sentimental analyses on perfectly conventional lines, the superhuman valour of lovers, and the number of continents that witnessed their exploits, the excitement of the satire, suspected or intended, on contemporary kingdoms and courts—all these, familiar already in the pastoral-romance, are introduced" in the romances-of-gallantry and "exaggerated to the point of distraction."

In her two earlier tales, Mme. de La Fayette had been subject to these contemporary influences. The *Princess of Montpensier* is a "novelette" not decidedly different from other stories of the same time. *Zaÿde* is even closer akin to the romances-of-gallantry, with its flamboyant adventures and its high-flown improbabilities; and only with difficulty can we detect in it any hint of the author's own individuality. But in the *Princess of Cleves* this individuality stands forth and all the trappings of the outworn formula are finally discarded. It is true that the author retained one tradition cherished by the writers of the romances-of-gallantry. She pretended that she was setting her story in an earlier day while she was actually describing the society of her own time. In the fiction the epoch is that of Henry II, but it is that of Louis XIV in fact. This is a transparent pretence; and she made no vain effort for historic accuracy, transporting boldly into the past the manners, the morals, and the social usages to which she was accustomed.

It is in the conduct of her plot and in the choice of her characters that she makes a new departure. The plot is simple and probable; the characters are few and true to life. Indeed, the story could scarcely be simpler without fading into insignificance. It has been sympathetically outlined by M. Anatole France: "Madame de Cleves, the most beautiful woman of the court, is loved by Monsieur de Nemours, the most accomplished gentleman of the whole kingdom. Monsieur de Nemours, though he had led a life of gallantry, becomes timid as soon as he is really in love. He hides his passion, but Madame de Cleves detects it, and involuntarily shares it. To defend herself from the danger to which her heart exposes her, she finally decides to tell her husband that she loves Monsieur de Nemours, that she fears him, and fears herself. Her husband at first reassures and consoles her; but through the imprudence and indiscretion of Monsieur de Nemours he imagines himself wronged, and dies of grief. His widow does not judge that she has thereby regained her liberty; she remains faithful to the memory of a husband whom she had never loved."

This story is as sincere as it is simple; and the characters are as alive as they are veracious. The atmosphere is aristocratic but the accent of genuine passion is heard in all its pages. The heroine is an honest woman with an exquisite delicacy of sentiment and with an inexorable pride. She has moral straightforwardness and ethical integrity. She is intensely feminine, and yet she is governed by reason. In spite of her deep affection for the man who loves her, she retains her charming serenity. As Taine said, "She never raises her voice." There are no loud words in the book, passionately as its pages may throb; there is no violence, no excess—ugly things which would have seemed to her not only shocking but vulgar. All is reserved, restrained, intimate, and in the best of taste, even when

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the emotion surges and our sympathy goes out to the pathos of her situation. All the shades and gradations of her growing affection for Nemours are indicated with the surest touch. The art of the narrative seems simple only because it is masterly. The etheriality of the heroine's sentiment is not detached from the reality of existence; but it is suggested with a subtlety and a certainty which none of the later experimenters in psychologic analysis have surpassed. And the end of her life is bathed in sadness like the autumn melancholy of the dying year.

The lover and the husband are painted with the same sure brush. Nemours is the ideal lover, with all the qualities physical and mental that an ideal lover can be endowed with—and also with the indiscretion and the selfishness which a real lover is likely to display. The husband is even better realised; he is not sacrificed to the lover, indeed he is perhaps more sympathetically portrayed because he is less idealised. He is very human and very manly. He lives and suffers like a man; and there is virile pathos in his parting words to his wife. There was courage as well as novelty in this presentation of the unloved husband, set over against the lover to whom the heroine has given her heart.

The *Princess of Cleves* is the earliest attempt to take a married woman for a heroine. Earlier novels had all ended like a fairy tale, with the perfunctory dismissal—"and they lived happily ever after." This suggestion is misleading, not to call it immoral. "Why is it that all comedies end with a marriage?" a cynic once asked only to answer his own question: "Because it is then that the tragedy begins." The romance of a married woman is likely always to contain the elements of tragedy; and tragic is scarcely too strong a word to apply to the *Princess of Cleves*. Dramatic it is beyond all question, rich in the very stuff out of which a vital drama is made—if we may believe Stevenson when he declared that the serious drama ought always to deal with "the great passionate *cruces* of existence when duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Here Mme. de La Fayette is a pupil of Corneille, whose sturdy vigour delighted her youth; and she was not seduced by the relaxing and pardoning plaintiveness of Racine. Her heroine has the loftiness of ideal and the austerity of motive of Corneille's noble woman, strong of will and resolute of purpose.

We need not wonder that her story was soon set on the stage both in France and in England, by Boursault and by Nat Lee. And two centuries after the *Princess of Cleves* was published its most effective situation, the confession of the wife to the husband and her appeal to him for protection against herself, reappeared again in a play of Bronson Howard's produced in New York as *The Banker's Daughter* and taken over to London as *The Old Love and the New*. But it had earlier been plagiarised from romance by reality, in the dramatic years of the French Revolution, when Madame Roland did not hesitate to tell her husband that she loved another man. And a dramatisation of the complete story, prepared with skilful sympathy by M. Jules Lemaitre, was acted in Paris in 1908.

This confession of Madame de Cleves to her husband has been called a piece of useless cruelty, laden with tragic consequences. Cruel it may be, and useless also, since the wife is saved at last by herself—as every one of us must be, if we are to be saved at all. But it is intensely human and intensely feminine. It is a deed which has its root in character. It is a natural manifestation of her scrupulous probity, of her ermine-like purity. She is consistent throughout, consistent in her passion, in her struggle, in her avowal, and in her self-respect. Especially is she consistent in her ultimate refusal to marry her lover after the death of her husband. Here her head controls her heart. Nemours was unwittingly, but none the less irrevocably, responsible for the death of Monsieur de Cleves. Should she mate with her husband's murderer? She could not but feel

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that if she descended to this, she would be an accessory after the fact.

III

Enough has been said to make plain the interest and the value of the *Princess of Cleves* in itself and to suggest its importance in the development of the art of fiction. All unconsciously and obeying only the promptings of her genius, Mme. de La Fayette broke new ground and enlarged the boundaries of the novel; she advanced its standards and set a profitable example to those who followed where she had been the first to venture. The story she composed may now seem to some readers a little old-fashioned in the stiffness of its form; but it is very modern in its theme and in the permanent truthfulness of its characters. Perhaps it might be a little pedantic to proclaim that the *Princess of Cleves* is an epoch-making work; but there is no pedantry in insisting that it was the first novel in which sentiment was truthfully analysed and in which the central figure was a real woman.

THE CITY OF "EDWIN DROOD"

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

THE little old town of Rochester, snuggled up into the curving arm of the Medway on the Kentish border, must always be the chief place of pilgrimage for the Dickensian. It fairly reeks of Dickens; it was the scene of his first story and his last, and of many others in between. Hither Mr. Pickwick and his three companions journeyed on their first historic expedition out of London. They stopped at the Bull Hotel, still standing, practically unaltered, where their rooms may yet be seen—and even slept in! It was here that Mr. Alfred Jingle and Mr. Tracy Tupman attended a ball—in a room still used for balls—and had an altercation with Dr. Slammer of the Ninety-seventh, which involved the bewildered Mr. Winkle in a duel next day. It was in this same Bull Hotel, masquerading under the name of the Blue Boar, that Pip and Mrs. Gargery and Uncle Pumblechook and the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle celebrated a windfall of twenty-five guineas—the price of Pip's freedom—by a great dinner, at which, rather late in the evening, Mr. Wopsle favoured with Collins's Ode, and threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down with such effect that the commercials underneath sent a waiter up to protest.

It might be added that the Bull lives largely on its Pickwickian reputation. At either side of the wide entrance gateway is a board bearing Mr. Jingle's words, "Good house. Nice beds"; the words appear also on the bill of fare and the hotel stationery; and if one wishes to explore the place, a fee of sixpence must first be paid. One other title to fame has the Bull, and this, too, is proudly proclaimed by a board above the entrance, which informs the visitor that "Queen Victoria Stayed at This Hotel." Indeed, the inn is known officially as "The Bull and Royal Victoria Hotel," the latter part of the title having been added in 1836, when the Queen, then Princess Victoria, travelling to London with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was overtaken by a terrific storm and forced to take refuge at the inn over night. Mr. Jingle's eulogium was pronounced by a man who had never stayed in the house, and Princess Victoria was forced to put up there against her will; so that the two principal items of its advertisement will not bear a critical examination. Never-

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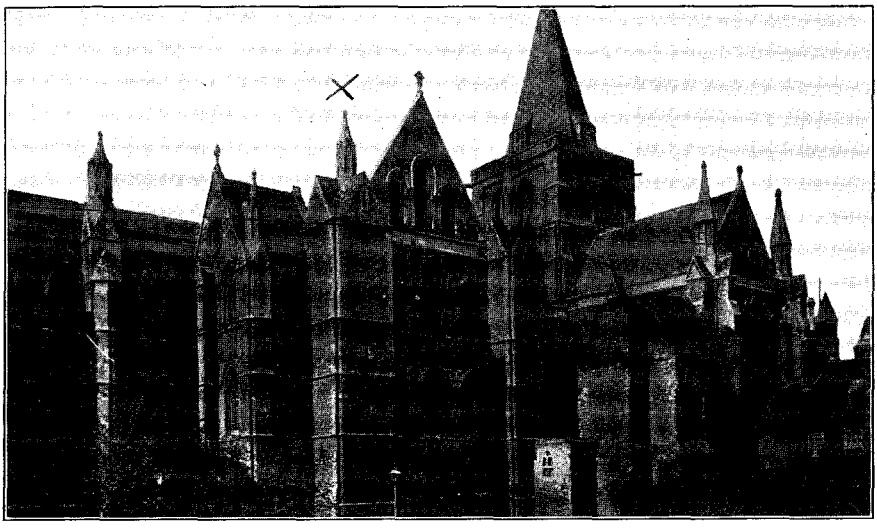

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL. THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE IS IN THE CORNER TOWER MARKED WITH A CROSS

theless, it is a good house, with pleasant rooms and a beautiful stairway and a snug bar and a bright, clean coffee-room, where some of the old furniture from Gad's Hill Place has been installed, and a great yard such as one sees nowhere but in these old coaching taverns; and the pilgrim to Rochester will do well to stop there.

One must stop some days, if one wishes to exhaust the Dickens interest of the town and neighbourhood, for Dickens's tales are filled with references to Rochester under various disguises. Naturally enough, for he spent six impressionable years of childhood in the adjoining town of Chatham, and, nearly forty years later, realised a childhood dream by buying Gad's Hill Place, three miles out on the Gravesend road, where he lived until his death.

But this paper is concerned only with Rochester's connection with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. To students of that unfinished tale—a mystery in a double sense—Rochester is exceedingly interesting, for, under the thin disguise of "Cloisterham," it is used as the scene of its principal events with remarkable exactness of detail. The action centres about the old cathedral, itself one of the most picturesque in England, and it has always been the hope of the present writer that a careful examination of the ground might give some clue to the solution of the story which Dickens had in mind. It was his good fortune to have been able to make that examination last summer, and his further good fortune to have had as companion and guide Mr. Edwin Harris, perhaps the most famous Dickensian now living at Rochester, and the author of a number of monographs dealing with Dickens's connection with the town. If any results were to be obtained at all by a careful survey of the ground, they would have been obtained in such company; but it may as well be said at once that such results as were obtained were wholly negative. In a word, they showed that certain things could *not* have happened, but they pointed to no certain solution of the mystery.

The protagonist of *Edwin Drood,* it will be remembered, is John Jasper, choir-master of Cloisterham cathedral, and uncle of the fated Edwin. He is painted as a dark and sinister individual, addicted to opium and subject to fits—rather a stage villain, all in all,

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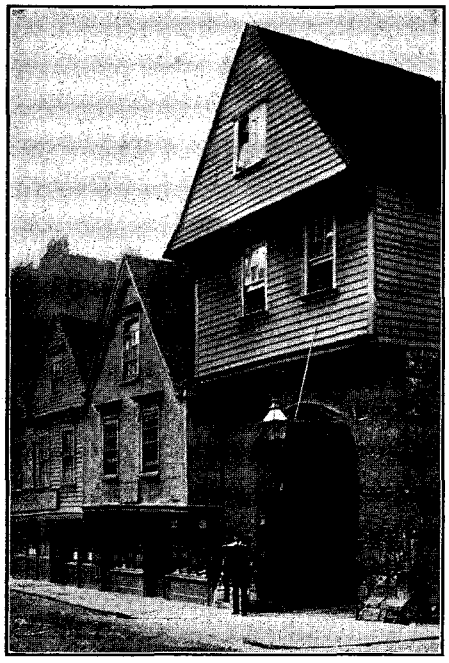

JASPER'S GATEHOUSE

"The old gate still stands, a solid and handsome four-square piece of masonry. Above it is the little one-story-and-attic frame extension where Jasper dwelt."

scarcely convincing, and by no means so fearful as Dickens tried to make him. He lived in rooms over the old gate which shut the cathedral close from the High Street of the town. "One might fancy that the tide of life was stemmed by Mr. Jasper's own Gatehouse. The murmur of the tide is heard beyond, but no wave passes the archway, over which his lamp burns red behind the curtain, as if the building were a light-house."

This old gate still stands, a solid and handsome four-square piece of masonry, duly marked as "Jasper's Gatehouse" by a bronze plate put up by the Dickens Fellowship. Above it is the little one-story-and-attic frame extension where Jasper dwelt. It has been remodeled inside, so that the rooms no longer correspond with Dickens's description of them—perhaps they never did—but so far as the exterior goes, it has not changed since the day Dickens wrote of it. The march of improvement, however, has swept back the houses from one side and cut a street through, so that one may now enter the close without going through the gate at all. In Dickens's day, the houses hugged it closely on both sides, and one had only to close and bar the postern gate, which still hangs on its ancient hinges, to shut off ingress effectually.

Just within the gate, on the left as one enters, is the door where Mr. Datchery was wont to sit, his white hair about his ears, to watch Jasper's comings and goings. This was the house of Mr. Tope, the verger, and one may enter it now, for a sign above the door proclaims it, in language somewhat too archaic, to be "Ye Olde Gate House Tea Shoppe." The room beyond is as quaint as could well be imagined, with its low, beamed ceiling, its uneven floor, and quite authentic air of antiquity. But if one is looking for lunch, a better one may be had at the frankly modern shop on the other side of the High Street.

A hundred paces or so beyond the gate is the old graveyard adjoining the cathedral, shut off from the street by a high iron fence. It was through this fence that "Stony" Durdles, weaving his devious way homeward with Deputy at his heels, was wont to gaze admiringly at his creations in the tombstone line—"surrounded by his works, like a popular author." "'Your own brother-in-law,'" as Durdles remarked one night to Jasper, "introducing a sarcophagus within the railing, white and cold in the moonlight. 'Mrs. Sapsea!' introducing the monument of that devoted wife. 'Late Incumbent;' introducing the Reverend Gentleman's broken column. 'Departed Assessed Taxes;' introducing a vase and towel, standing on what might represent the cake of soap. 'Former Pastrycook and Muffin-maker, much respected;' introducing gravestone. 'All safe and sound here, sir, and all Durdles's work. Of the common folk, that is merely bundled up in turf and brambles, the less said the better. A poor lot, soon forgot."

It is naturally for the Sapsea monu-

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Photograph by the Author

THE CRYPT

"Since then, the crypt has been swept and whitewashed, and the air of mystery quite banished"

ment that one looks. As described in the book, it must have been a sort of burial vault which one could enter, for Durdles asks Sapsea for the key, in order that he may be sure that it is shipshape inside as well as out. Many hints in the story point to the likelihood that this monument was to play a most important part; most commentators believe that it was hither Jasper dragged his nephew's body and buried it in a bed of quicklime; some believe that Edwin died there, or was already dead; others think that Durdles, on his trip of inspection, stumbled upon the still-living body, snatched it forth, and brought it back to life, to confront the would-be murderer at the end of the story. Whatever purpose it was to serve, it need only be noted here that no monument even remotely resembling that assigned to Mrs. Sapsea exists in the churchyard, or, apparently, ever has existed there. It seems to have been wholly a creature of Dickens's fancy—which, of course, only makes it the more important, since he would scarcely have been at so much pains to imagine it in detail unless he had a very definite use for it.

Just beyond the graveyard is the west front of the cathedral, with its beautiful round-headed doorway—one of the finest Norman doorways to be seen anywhere. To gaze through it into the dim and picturesque interior is, indeed, as Mr. Grewgious declared, "like looking down the throat of Old Time"; but it is not the purpose here to deal with the architecture of this "venerable pile," except as it concerns *Edwin Drood*. From this point of view, the crypt is easily first in interest, for it was in the crypt that Durdles was constantly nosing about, turning up an "old un" now and then, or creeping into one of its dark corners to recover from the effects of a debauch; it was the crypt which Jasper carefully explored, with Durdles as guide, one moonlight night—an expedition about which Dickens sought to throw such an air of mystery and

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which he called "unaccountable" so often that every one agrees it had some close connection with the plot, the most obvious explanation being that Jasper was seeking a suitable place in which to make away with his nephew and dispose of his body, and had about decided that the crypt would do.

Forty years ago, the crypt was a dark and gloomy place, half-filled with dirt and rubbish—stone fragments, old tombstones, and débris of every sort, the accumulation of centuries. The glass was broken from the narrow windows, which were yet wide enough for a small boy to squeeze through, and so the boys of the neighbourhood used the place as a kind of gang headquarters. There are many men in Rochester, now verging into the sixties, who were more familiar with it at that time than they have ever been since, and who remember distinctly its damp and earthy smell, its darkness and general air of neglect and decay. It was in this condition that it was familiar to Dickens, and it must have seemed to him a very fitting place for the commission of such a crime as the murder of Edwin Drood. Here, too, a body could have been concealed, or placed in a bed of quicklime, with very little danger of discovery except by Durdles, and every one seems to be agreed that it was by Durdles the discovery was to be made.

Since then, the crypt has been swept and whitewashed, the glass restored to the windows, and the air of mystery quite banished. Throngs of visitors, at sixpence a head, troop through it daily, under the guidance of a verger, and it would now be quite impossible to conceal anything there, as a glance at the accompanying photograph will show. So it takes some effort of the imagination to reconstruct the place as it appeared on the night of the "unaccountable expedition."

Dickens has described its progress with great detail, and one can follow it step by step. Jasper calls for Durdles at the hole in the city wall in which he lives, just back of the Travellers' Twopenny, and together they cross the Monks' Vineyard and come to Minor Canon Corner, and pause behind a "piece of old dwarf wall, breast high, the only remaining boundary of what was once a garden, but is now the thoroughfare," and which has long since been swept away. Then they walk on toward the cathedral along a narrow passage past the ruined cloisters which still exists, and enter the crypt by a small side door of which Durdles has the key. The door and the "rugged steps" which they descend are, of course, easily identified.

They walk up and down the crypt for some time, then mount the flight of steps leading into the nave of the cathedral, and pause while Durdles unlocks the heavy door at the top, "with the key he has already used." It is perhaps worth remarking that this door does not need a key to be opened from the inside. Indeed, a key cannot be used, as the bolt of the lock is controlled by a catch. The catch is a trick catch, as the present writer found, after he had been shut into the crypt by the verger, spent an interesting half hour there, and then tried to get out again, for it was some time before he mastered the trick and regained his liberty. The lock is very old, and the key which is needed to work it from the outside is a heavy iron one—perhaps the very one which Durdles is supposed to have carried and which Jasper examined so minutely.

Another short flight of steps leads to the choir, which is a few feet higher than the nave, and here there is another gate, an iron one in the beautiful old choir-screen, which Durdles also unlocks. Once in the choir, they cross it diagonally to the far corner, pass through the door leading to the corner tower, and "go up the winding staircase, turning and turning, and lowering their heads to avoid the stairs above, or the rough stone pivot around which they twist. Twice or thrice," Dickens adds, "they emerge into low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlit nave." This is a curious mistake for Dickens, who had presumably been up this staircase many times, to make, for there is no open-

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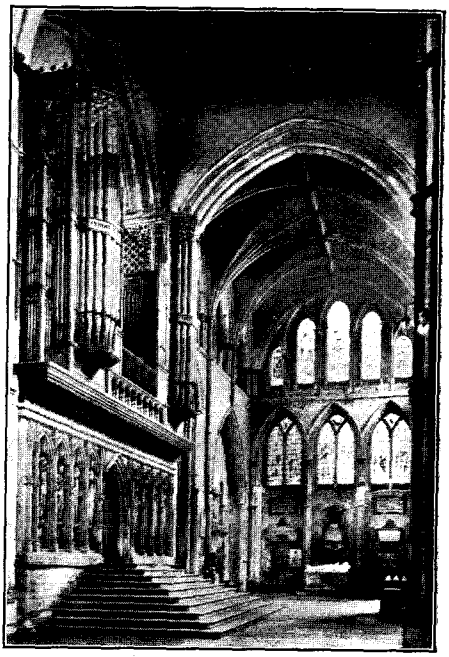
ing from the stairway into the triforium, nor any through which one can look down into the nave.

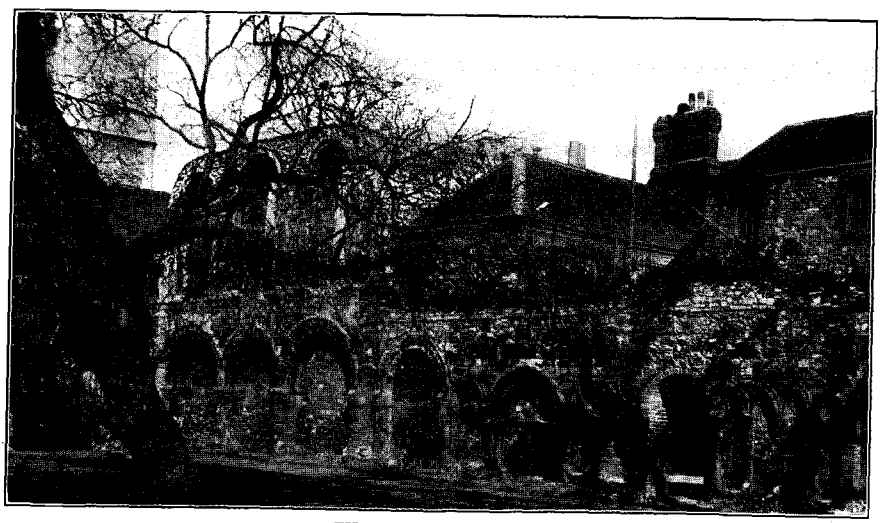
It has been the theory of many people that Jasper killed his nephew by pushing him from the top of this tower on the night of the great storm, after having inveigled him up there in a semi-intoxicated condition, and that he then descended and bundled the body into the crypt. A visit to the tower disproves this theory, because there is no way in which this could be done. There is no way to get out to the top of it, for it is covered by a solid four-square roof, and the single narrow door opens upon the gutter of the church-roof, which is guarded by a parapet some three or four feet high. Over the parapet at this point a body might, indeed, be thrown, and would fall a sheer hundred feet or more to the pavement below. If the body was thrown over at all, it must have been just here, for at every other point the gutters overlook the lower roofs of the aisles or of similar projections built against the main body of the church. There can be little doubt that it was from this point Jasper and Durdles looked down on Cloisterham, "fair to see in the moonlight."

They seem to have descended without going any farther; but this is really only the beginning of a most interesting journey. Passing along this gutter, one en-



THE CATHEDRAL TRANSEPT

"Another short flight of steps leads to the choir, which is a few feet higher than the nave, and here there is another gate, an iron one, which Durdles also unlocks"



THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE

"They walk on toward the cathedral along a narrow passage past the ruined cloisters"

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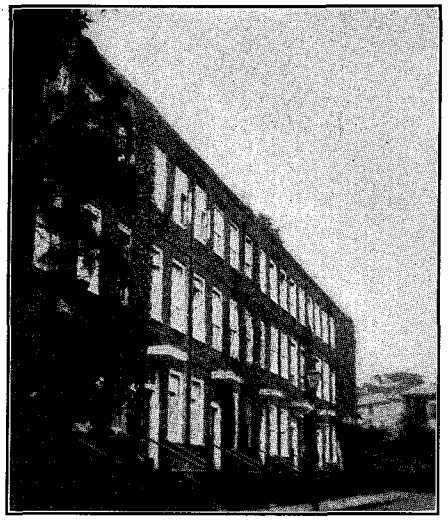

Photograph by the Author

MINOR CANON ROW

"A wonderfully quaint row of brick tenements, with odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits"

ters a little door leading into the great central tower of the church. There is a platform here, from which a long steep ladder leads to a trapdoor opening on the platform above the bells. On either side stretches a dim space, circumscribed above by the heavy timbers of the roof, and below by the rolling masses of the stone vaulting of the transepts. A narrow walk of planks spans this vaulting, and one creeps forward cautiously above the billows of stone, bending low under the great cross-timbers of the roof, and peering down into abysses masked in blackness.

To the expert in architecture, this vaulting in reverse must be most interesting; to the student of *Edwin Drood* the thought occurs that this dark and eyrie place is more suggestive of tragedy than the crypt could ever have been, and one wonders if it was not in one of these black pits, whose depths are quite secure from any casual observation, and where even Durdles never came, that Edwin Drood's body was to be concealed, after he had been strangled with the long neckcloth. Dickens was, of course, familiar with it, and the picture which appeared on the cover of the original issue of the story, drawn from directions given by Dickens himself, might be held to give some basis for the theory. For, at the right of the cover, is shown a spiral stair up which three men, obviously Tartar, Grewgious and Crisparkle, are hastening. It is undoubtedly the tower stair which is depicted, and the present writer has always believed that the three men were hastening in pursuit of the fleeing Jasper, who was to be captured by the agile Tartar after a fierce chase over the cathedral roof; but the cause of their haste may really be the chance discovery of the body somewhere in the dim recesses overhead. Or perhaps the conscience-stricken Jasper, drawn back to the body of his victim, as murderers so often are in fiction, and sometimes even in real life, may be all unconsciously leading them to it.

One point more. Andrew Lang hazarded the guess that Jasper might have killed his nephew by drugging him and then pushing him down the winding staircase of the tower. Any one who has been up that staircase will realise the absurdity of this, for it is so narrow and turns so sharply that no one could possibly fall down it more than a few steps.

The first turning beyond the cathedral, as one leaves it by the west door, is Minor Canon Corner, leading to Minor Canon Row, "a wonderfully quaint row of brick tenements, with odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits." In one of them —the second one from the far end, so Mr. Harris says—the athletic Crisparkle lived with his mother, and took the ill-fated Neville Landless to stay as a pupil. This row of houses is quite unchanged, as may be seen from the accompanying photograph, and is still, no doubt, inhabited by the minor canons of the cathedral.

A hundred yards farther on is a public park known as The Vines, which was once the vineyard belonging to the Priory of Saint Andrew, connected with the cathedral. That the good monks were fond of wine the size of the vineyard shows.

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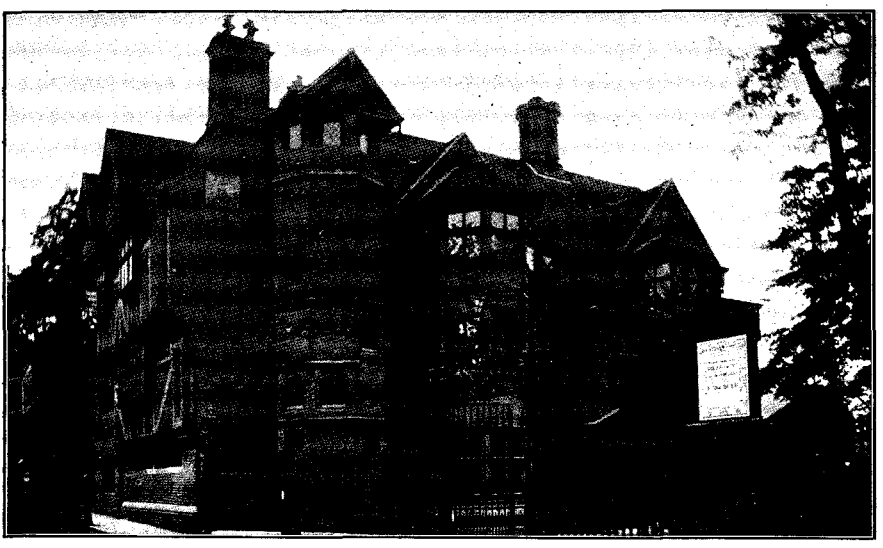

EASTGATE HOUSE
"It was here that Miss Twinkleton kept her Select Seminary for Young Ladies"

It is mentioned many times in *Edwin Drood*. Three days before his death, Dickens, who was finding the writing of the story unexpectedly difficult, walked over from Gad's Hill, and spent a long time in The Vines, leaning against the fence, apparently so deep in thought that he did not notice, as he certainly did not heed, the salutations of chance passers-by. That he was pondering his story cannot be doubted, for the Monks' Vineyard figures in the pages written a few hours before his death.

If one leaves The Vines by the gate in front of Restoration House and turns to the left along Crow Lane, one comes in a few minutes to the site of the "Travellers' Twopenny," as it is known in *Edwin Drood*. Its real name was "The White Duck," and Dickens certainly does not exaggerate its shady character, for its memory still survives in Rochester as a public house so disreputable that any girl seen coming out of it, or out of the alley leading to the rear entrance, lost her good name at once and forever. It was torn down many years ago.

The alley which runs back past the place leads to the fragment of the ancient city wall, in which Stony Durdles had his abode. The yard in which his monuments were cut and polished was in front of it, and it will be remembered that, on the night Jasper paid the place a visit, he nearly stepped into a heap of quicklime.

" 'Ware that there mound by the yard-gate, Mister Jarsper,' says Durdles.

" 'I see it. What is it?'

" 'Lime.'

"Mr. Jasper stops, and waits for him to come up, for he lags behind.

" 'What you call quicklime?'

" 'Ay!' says Durdles; 'quick enough to eat your boots. With a little handy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones.' "

That is all that is said about the quicklime, but the suggestion is obvious. The one thing which has puzzled the commentators is to explain how Jasper managed to get enough of the stuff to bury a body in inside the Sapsea vault, or into the crypt. Mr. Lang, or perhaps it is Mr. Proctor, suggests that Jasper spent a strenuous night wheeling it there in a barrow, and points out the emphasis which Dickens lays upon the fact that the close is absolutely silent and deserted after nightfall, so that Jasper would

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stand in small danger of discovery. But to get to the close, he would have had to come out past the Travellers' Twopenny, the one place in Cloisterham where stragglers were almost certain to be encountered at any hour of the night. It is possible that Dickens may have had at the back of his mind when he began to tale some such development, but he must have abandoned it when he came to consider it more carefully.

Returning to Crow Lane and proceeding on in the direction of the High Street, one presently finds one's self opposite a great, rambling, three-storied brick building, with many bays and dormers. It is known as the Eastgate House, and is now a museum owned by the town; but it is also both the Nuns' House of *Edwin Drood* and the Westgate House of the *Pickwick Papers*. It was here that Miss Twinkleton kept her Select Seminary for Young Ladies; it was here that Rosa Bud and Helena Landless went to school, and it was in the garden attached that Jasper made his violent and threatening declaration of love. It is a most interesting pile, dating from 1591; originally the mansion of a great gentleman, Sir Peter Bucke, it fell from that high estate, and for many years was really used as a school for girls. It is as a girls' school that it figures also in *Pickwick,* for it was here, one dark night, that Sam Weller boosted his portly employer over the wall, in the effort to prevent an elopement—an adventure which ended in Mr. Pickwick's discomfiture and confusion.

Just across the street is the three-storied house—each story overhanging the one below—where dwelt Mr. Sapsea, auctioneer and mayor of Cloisterham. The date 1684 is on a shield between the gables; and, by a curious coincidence, the lower story is the office of a firm of auctioneers.

All of which shows how closely Dickens followed local topography, and how clearly he had it in mind, as he built up his tale. No doubt he fancied he could thus give an added verisimilitude to a plot sadly in need of it! Only when there was absolute necessity did he invent a detail—and its invention proves how necessary it was. For instance, there is not and never has been a weir in the river near Cloisterham. Dickens, to furnish an additional clue to the person he wished suspected of the murder, placed a weir about two miles above the town. As has been said already, there was no burial vault in the churchyard such as the one assigned to Sapsea. And the dark, mysterious, Wilkie Collinsey atmosphere which Dickens tried to throw about the cathedral precincts existed, of course, only in his imagination.

Some months ago, the present writer hazarded some conjectures, in THE BOOKMAN, as to the outcome of the story. The careful examination of its scene, as here outlined, has added nothing new to these, nor suggested any modification of them, except perhaps a more pronounced leaning toward the belief to which Andrew Lang, after long continued effort to find a reasonable solution, ultimately came: that Dickens himself did not see clearly how the story was to end, and had need to ride most carefully and adroitly to avoid a cropper at the last.

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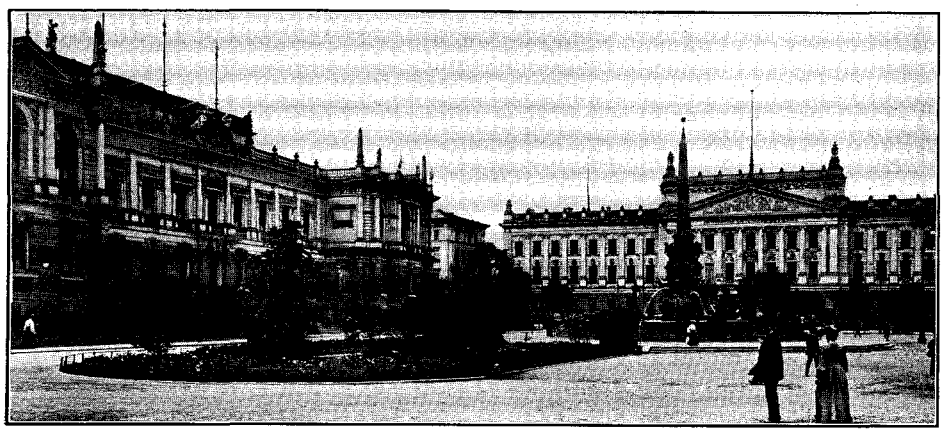

LEIPSIC, THE MUSEUM AND UNIVERSITY

LITERARY LEIPSIC

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

It is curious how a slight touch of ridicule will cling and colour one's conceptions, how a word, the occasion for which has long been forgotten, may affect one's attitude after centuries have gone by. Luther was the first malefactor to cast a slur upon the good and worthy city of Leipsic, when in one of his irascible moods he tersely crystallised his impression of it in the phrase: *Lipsia lipsiscit.* However little harm there was in the fact that Leipsic was wont in his time to go its own, perhaps narrow way, the phrase seemed ever after to reflect upon its character. The other malefactor was Goethe; for who does not feel the sting of satire in the words which he makes a drunken fellow say in *Faust:*

Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir,
Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute.
(My Leipsic I must praise!
It is a little Paris and educates its people.)

Somehow these two utterances, combined with the city's reputation for slowness—*Lipsia vult expectari*—at an age not yet possessed of the demon of speed, tended to solidify into a notion of a city obstinately and deliberately going its way with an assumption of metropolitan airs—a provincial attempting the Parisian pose!

These preconceived and erroneous notions once corrected by better information and closer acquaintance, Leipsic emerges from the somewhat misleading mists of its reputation as a city with no little reason for local pride. For has it not been through its whole existence a centre of commerce and of knowledge? Leipsic without its "Messen,"—its fairs—Leipsic without its university, is a thing unthinkable. It is the fairs that have made Leipsic no less than the university, for those monster markets have given it that material prosperity which fosters intellectual ambitions and furnishes a solid foundation for ideal aspirations. Of these fairs with which Leipsic has become identified, there are three kinds: the weekly market which establishes the exchange of commodities between the city and the surrounding country and lasts only one day; the "Jahrmarkt" or annual market which lasts several days and assembles the representatives of the country's trade; and the "Messe" which attracts buyers and purchasers from far and

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near and lasts a week or more. The size of the market-place of Leipsic suggests that its founders had an eye for business, and the history of Leipsic records that these markets were indeed visited by foreign merchants a hundred years after its foundation—a record for growth which seems to contradict the city's reputation for slowness. The first "markets" were held at Easter and Michaelmas; a third was added at New Year's, and all three developed into fairs with the Eastermas the most important.

That these great conventions for purposes of trade were attended by spectacular features calculated to offer recreation after the serious labour of commercial negotiations, is proof of the shrewdness of the people. Itinerant showmen of every kind and calibre were admitted on signing pledges of good conduct, and reaped a rich harvest. While the legitimate trade was carried on in the booths on the market-place, relieved by stands and tables where refreshments were served, the shows on the "Rossmarkt"—horse market—attracted almost as great a crowd of mere pleasure-seekers. For there were menageries, circus performances, curiosity cabinets, panoramas, wax works, flea theatres, gambling booths and other amusements of a more or less innocent nature. It is recorded that no less than fifteen thousand strangers visited the Eastermas in the year 1800.

In the course of the century with its industrial development the popularity of these masses began to decline and other cities of Germany tried to wrest them from Leipsic. The city had grown in population—it numbers now some six hundred thousand inhabitants—until it ranked fifth in size after Berlin; but the profits for the individual participators at the monster markets had not grown in proportion. Through the efforts of a far-seeing businessman, however, the Leipsic chamber of commerce appointed a special committee to raise a fund for the maintenance of the fairs under more timely conditions. The old "Gewandhaus," the centre of Leipsic's musical life during the time of Mendelssohn and Schumann, was remodelled and made into an appropriate meeting-place for the wholesale trade and the retail trade and side-shows were established upon the new fair ground, the "Messplatz," which at least twice a year affords a spectacle as animated and fascinating as the old "Messen" had been.

While Frankfort, Nuremberg and other commercial cities of Germany were early identified with wholesale trade, Leipsic was always the middleman, the half-way station, where merchandise was exhibited for trade on its way north or south, east or west. The city dealt with a variety of articles: smoked and salt fish from northern seaports, dairy, farm and garden products from the surrounding country, tallow, wax and hides from the east, textile products from the south, spices from the west. This commercial activity promoted international intercourse and gave it an importance out of proportion to its size and age. Cities of such material prosperity are likely to emulate the great metropoles of the world in everything, even in metropolitan vice; for prosperity seems infallibly followed by luxury and license. An Italian priest who preached in Leipsic in 1452 against immoral dances, indecent dress and other sinful manifestations of the city's life, succeeded in bringing about a spiritual revival *à la* Savonarola. The people built a fire and threw into the flames cards and dice, dancing slippers and cosmetics, and other evidences of their frivolous frame of mind. But the good resolutions were not kept long.

For the university which had been founded in 1409 upon the model of the universities of Prague, Bologna, and Paris, attracted the well-to-do youth of the country and the ambitious and adventurous from far and near, and its chronicles record numerous trespasses against the decalogue. But the reputation of the students of Leipsic at that time was hardly worse than that of other universities. The only matter in which they seem to have surpassed the students of other learned institutions, was that of dress. The Beau Brummels were numerous, and dandyism was felt by them to be

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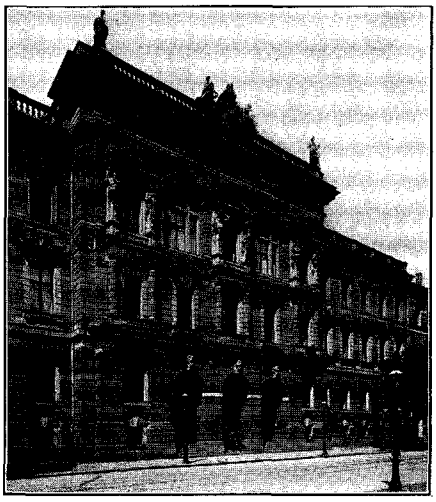
so essential a feature of their rank and station in life, that a ducal ordinance limiting the extravagance of students' fashions caused a riot in 1682. That this dandyism was calculated to impress the fair maidens of Leipsic goes without saying. The reputation of the girls of Saxony for beauty so naively expressed in the rhyme,

Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen auf den Bäumen wachsen.
(Saxony, where the pretty girls grow on trees).

and the reputation of the Leipsic students for dandyism combined to make the city worthy of being called "Das galante Leipzig," the term "galant" to be taken in the special German meaning, which is at once elegant, polished, chivalrous and—amorous. The amorous adventures of Leipsic students were indeed fully as remarkable as their academic achievements.

The interest of the population was early divided between trade and science. It is significant that Leipsic at an early period acquired and to this day retained a monopoly on the book-trade and allied industries. The first printing-press was owned by Andreas Frisner, professor of theology and rector of the university in 1482. Three years later one Kunz Kachelofen opened the first public printing office, and within the next half century the printing and book trade developed briskly. The religious struggles and persecutions of the Reformation for a time threatened to kill the trade which had done no little toward spreading the gospel of the new church. But by the middle of the sixteenth century the book-trade of Leipsic had grown to such proportions that its display at the "Messen" attracted great numbers of learned and distinguished visitors from all over the country. An enterprising Swiss who had studied in Leipsic, Ernst Vögelin, was one of its pioneers. He had married the daughter of a Leipsic printer and enlarged the establishment by a type foundry, a publishing house and a retail book store. But accused of being a secret adherent of



LEIPSIC, ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Calvinism and heavily indebted to unscrupulous creditors, he failed and had to leave the town. Another pioneer in the trade, Henning Gross, had also to suffer for his supposed religious heresies. He was the first to publish a catalogue of the fair of 1595, which placed Leipsic officially at the head of the trade.

The University was so inseparably associated with the city and its people that it had a succession of academic dynasties of almost autocratic power. They dictated its policy in the minutest details and caused no little discontent in the period when a new intellectual life began to assert itself even within its sacred walls, shaking the foundations of the old order and ushering in a period of enlightenment which made of Leipsic something like a centre of new thought. But the forerunners of this new life were no better treated at the university than other pioneers. The great philosopher Leibnitz had been refused his doctor title, left the university and never returned to his native city, which now honours the memory of its great son by a monument in the court of that same university. Thomasius, the other great thinker, shocked the supporters of various time-honoured archaisms by delivering a lecture in German instead of Latin, and for this misdemeanor was soon after removed, and also

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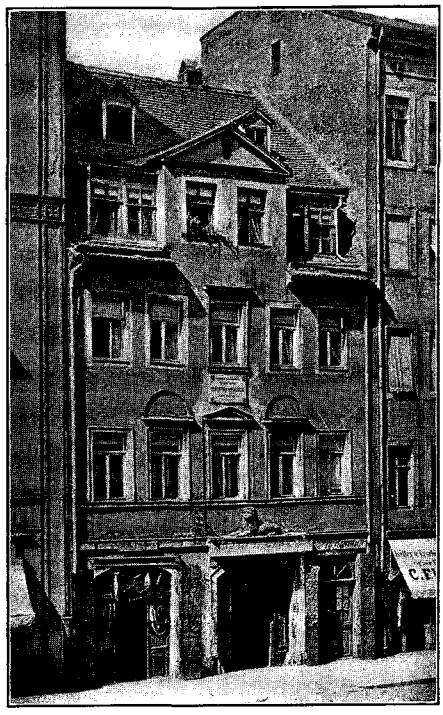

THE HOUSE WHERE RICHARD WAGNER WAS BORN

deserted his native town. Academic mediocrity ruled until the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet it was this same mediocrity that coined the boastful phrase, *"Extra Lipsia non est vita; si est vita, non est ita,"* a conviction shared by faculty and students and a good part of the citizens, although other universities of the country were much more alive—and some cities likewise.

That century made Leipsic a literary centre; for it brought to the city a man who, however limited were his creative gifts, became a stimulating and critical force in the literature of the country: Gottsched. He had an amazing receptive power, absorbed philosophy, letters and art as a sponge does water, and under the pressure of social stimulus gave to others what he had acquired, in a far more attractive form than he had received it. By his undeniable linguistic talent and his really fine feeling for the purity of speech, he became the savior and reformer of German prose which was at that time hopelessly encumbered with dialect elements. Gottsched was a great admirer of French drama, a taste shared by his gifted wife, Luise, and with her aid and that of his friend, the talented actress and theatrical director Karoline Neuber, set out to reform the German theatre. The Neuber company had appeared in Leipsic at Eastermas in 1727 and proved vastly superior to others of its kind. It settled in Leipsic and by restoring something of the lost dignity of the drama and banishing the "Hanswurst"—clown—from the stage, determined the future course of the German theatre. Gottsched's importance rests upon his function as dramatic critic. But it is indispensable in our days to take note of another feature of Gottsched's work: his attitude toward woman. His respect and admiration for the "gelehrte Frauenzimmer," the well-informed and learned woman of which Frau Gottsched was a brilliant example, was so great, that he edited two magazines for the special edification of woman readers. That he, who had set out to fight orthodoxy in letters and drama, ended by becoming rather orthodox himself and considering himself infallible, has dimmed his fame, but does not diminish his merits.

A man who at that time enjoyed great popularity at the university and outside of it was Gellert, the genial writer of fables that every German child knows, of sacred lyrics which are a bit doctrinal and rigid, and of a prose which is delightfully simple and graceful. Gellert was not a great creative genius, but an all around adviser and counsellor in matters secular and spiritual. As university professor he was of such scrupulous conscientiousness that he was wont, like a modest schoolmaster, to correct the treatises and dissertations of his students with red ink. He had a profound and wholesome influence upon his students, among whom were Lessing, the keenest, and Goethe, the most universal mind of Germany. It does credit to Goethe that he preserved among the souvenirs of his Leipsic days many a theme which bore corrections from the venerated master's

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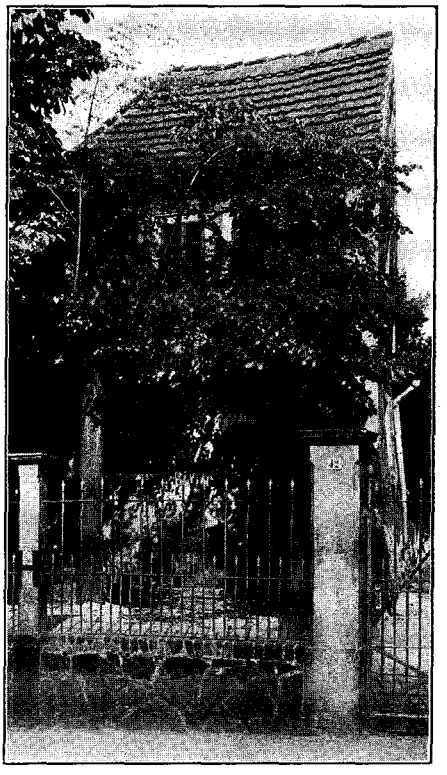
hand. Gottsched's star was then waning; his intolerance had alienated from him men who had at first been in sympathy with his aims; the society which he had founded would not suffer his dictatorial pedantry and his famous controversy with the Swiss critics, Bodmer and Breitinger, who had taken English letters and especially Milton as their model, ended in defeat. Even the faithful "Neuberin," the dramatic exponent of his ideals, Lessing, Gellert and others deserted him, who had at one time reigned undisputed. But Leipsic continued to attract German poets of that time, and among the houses marked by commemorative tablets are not only those of Gellert, the student quarters of Goethe and Lessing, but also the house where Schiller wrote his "Lied an die Freude," and others.

Not only in literature and all the trades and arts connected with the book-industries did Leipsic early acquire prominence. In music, too, it had the rare luck of becoming the residence of no less a musician than Johann Sebastian Bach. But although Bach was organist of the Thomas church, the director of its choir, instructor in the Thomas school and "director musici" of all the other churches, as also of the town pipers and town fiddlers, he does not seem to have had a very easy time with the authorities in power. For his biography records numerous irritating little disputes concerning discipline and even his modest salary. When he died and the worthy burghers of Leipsic consulted about the choice of a successor, they expressed the opinion that Herr Bach had been a great musician, but not a great teacher. They forgot even to mark his grave. The Napoleonic wars which wrought such havoc in Germany and disturbed no little the "Lipsian" pace of life, naturally retarded the progress of the city, just as the Thirty Years' War had done. But the coffers of the citizens seem to have had a respectable reserve fund; for business was promptly resumed and the growth of the city was not perceptibly checked. The industries speedily revived,



THE HOUSE WHERE SCHILLER WROTE "LIED AN DIE FREUDE" (ODE TO JOY)

attendance at the fairs was as great as ever. It is certainly a proof of enterprise calculated to refute Leipsic's reputation for slowness that it built out of its own initiative the railroad from Leipsic to Dresden which was opened in 1839.

The book trade of Leipsic took another step forward when its first great encyclopedia was launched, the now forgotten *Universallexikon* by Zedler in sixty-four volumes, the forerunner of the encyclopedias now published in that city. Bernhard Christoph Breitkopf, the publisher of Gottsched, became the founder of the firm still carrying on business, though principally as music publishers, under the name of Breitkopf and Härtel. The older firms were joined in 1795 by Georg Joachim Göschen and in time followed Karl Christoph Traugott Tauchnitz, Benedikt Gotthelf Teubner, Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus and Christian

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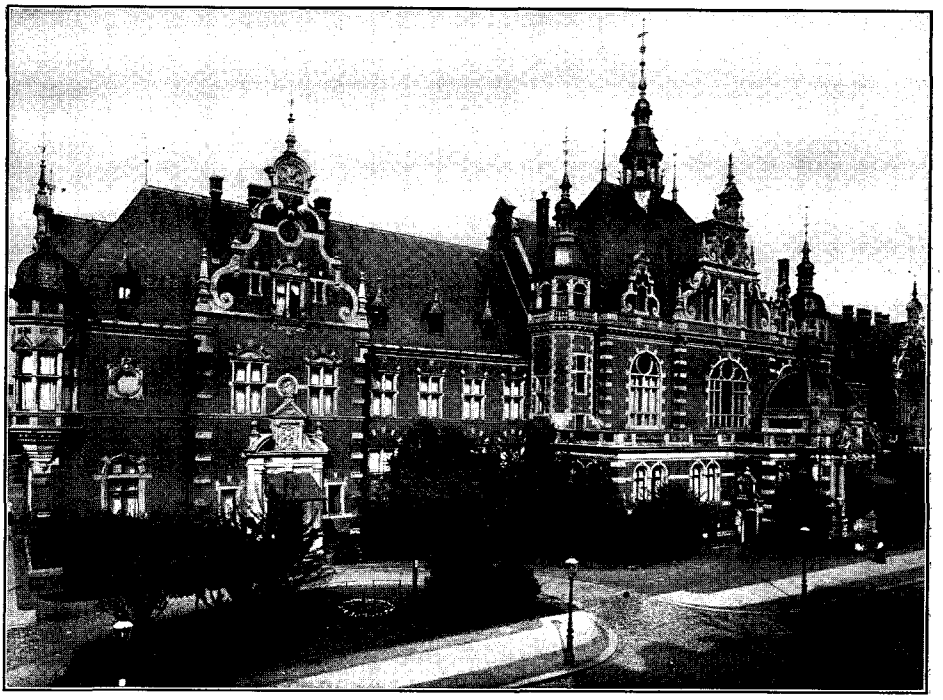

LEIPSIC, THE HOUSE OF BOOK TRADES

Bernhard Tauchnitz. The firm of F. A. Brockhaus has become identified with the encyclopedia known as *Brockhaus' Konversationslexikon* and the Bibliographische Institut with *Meyer's Konversationslexikon* and a number of encyclopedias of art and science. The house of Philipp Reclam undertook to supply the German book market with cheap editions under the collective title *Universal-Bibliothek*. To this enterprise the German people owe in a great measure their astonishing familiarity with foreign literature, for in this edition translations of the works of the great Scandinavians, Russians and other foreign writers speedily followed the publication of the original and by their very low price—ten cents!—came within the reach of readers of moderate means. The demand for cheaper editions of musical works was also first supplied by a Leipsic firm, the "Bureau de Musique" which since the year 1814 bears the name of Carl Friedrich Peters.

During the first part of the nineteenth century Leipsic was pre-eminently a centre of musical life. For the old Gewandhaus was the scene of orchestral and choral performances in charge of eminent musicians, among them Mendelssohn, who made it world-famous. The conservatory of music was also founded in his time and, while Mendelssohn was its director another great German composer was a prominent member of the faculty, Robert Schumann. Finally Leipsic can lay claim to be indirectly the cradle of the new German opera; for Richard Wagner was born there on May 22, 1813. It is curious, however, that the city does not seem conscious of the significance of that fact; for the house in which he was born has recently been demolished; and no street, no square bears his name, nor has his memory been honoured by a monument.

It would seem, indeed, as if Leipsic had its own Lipsian way of treating its great sons, and it has been suggested that it does so quite innocently, because it is

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its nature. The thrifty and hustling city has its business interests so much at heart that it may lack the genuine appreciation of intellectual superiority and of artistic genius. Though identified with the book and music trade and indirectly also with the reproductive arts, it did not with the exception of Leibnitz, Thomasius and Wagner, produce any great writers or musicians. The great men associated with its literary life from the time of Goethe and Lessing to the present, were residents, but not natives. The list of these transients is long and illustrious; it includes the names of Schiller and Jean Paul; of Freytag and Busch, who were connected with the "Grenzboten," now published in Berlin; of Laube, the dramatist, prominent in the Young Germany of the thirties who lived there off and on as editor of a magazine; of Ebers, who is known in America only as author of "Egyptian" stories, but who for fifteen years was professor of Egyptology at the university; of Gottschall, novelist, dramatist and poet, Ernst Eckstein and others. But of the native writers who became widely known during the last century there are only Roderich Benedix, the prolific playwright, whose light little comedies are popular with teachers and students of German, Elise Polko and Marie Lipsius, known almost exclusively under her pseudonym "La Mara," both closely associated with the music of their time.

During the Mendelssohn-Schumann period, artistically one of the most brilliant in the history of Leipsic, a popular figure was the promising young singer Elise Vogel, who when failing health terminated her operatic career and marriage followed, became as Elise Polko one of the most prolific and popular writers of prose and verse of the "womanly womanly" style of the Victorian period. There is no denying the fact that the tales and sketches and short stories which she published under the collective title *Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen,* though far from giving the innocent young music student an idea of what the real life of the profession was and still is, were most stimulating and inspiring in a mild sentimental way and found scores of readers to whom a less emotional and sweetly idealistic manner would not have appealed. A more sophisticated generation has dubbed her "Musikalische Märchentante," but her numerous volumes of fiction, memoirs and recollections of the famous men and women of her day hold their own. As closely identified with a later period in the history of music is the name of Marie Lipsius, daughter of a rector of Thomas school. She, too, had studied music with a pupil of Liszt and when introduced to the Liszt circle at Weimar a friendship ensued between her and the master which lasted to his death. "La Mara," as she chose to call herself, when encouraged by Liszt she first began the publication of her biographical studies, *Musikalische Studienköpfe,* has written a respectable number of historical and other volumes, edited the letters of Liszt, von Bülow, Berlioz and the Princess Wittgenstein, translated into German Liszt's book on Chopin, and has made for herself in musical literature a prominent and permanent place.

But the most widely known name associated with Leipsic and one so dear to the American travelling abroad that it outweighs the names of all the literary celebrities that ever lived in Leipsic from Luther to Beyerlein, is—Karl Baedeker. For he has furnished the foreigner more than reading for an idle hour; he has been the helpful, wise and genial Mentor to an endless army of travellers coming and going in and out of season and so dependent upon his guiding hand that they are lost without him. An edition of Baedeker's *Italy from the Alps to Naples,* now before the writer, contains this "envoi" preceding the preface:

Go, little book, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere:
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

The sentiment is significant for the

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relation between these guide-books and the guided. It becomes personal, intimate; one might say, that on stepping upon foreign soil the traveller is—married to Baedeker!

The history of these guide-books is interesting. The house of Baedeker is a dynasty of printers and publishers which goes back to Bremen in the seventeenth century, and which in the course of time—a proof that they were themselves a race of travellers—appears in various cities of Germany, was established in Bielefeld in the eighteenth and in Essen in the nineteenth century. Here in 1801 was born Karl Baedeker—the First, who after studying at Heidelberg and Berlin and going through an apprenticeship of foreign travel, removed to Coblenz, while another member of the family continued the business at Essen. The first step in the enterprise which was to make him famous all over the world was his taking over from another publisher a little guide written by a German professor for "hurried travellers" on a Rhine journey between Mayence and Coblenz. The book had some descriptive and illustrative features which have since been eliminated and from that first edition has grown to double its size, the number of plans included having correspondingly increased from twenty-five to eighty-one. It had long grated upon Germans to see hosts of foreign travellers follow the itinerary of "Childe Harold" along their Rhine with a "Murray" in their hands and when Karl Baedeker conceived the idea of giving the travelling public German guide-books he acknowledged his indebtedness to Murray. The relations between the two publishers were friendly and they are known even to have exchanged suggestions referring to their books. The earlier Baedekers abounded in naïve personal reflections of the author; but as they assumed a more practical and businesslike character, his personality vanished from their pages and only the fruit of his experience was offered in a perfectly objective tone. For the practicability of these guide-books is due in no little measure to the fact that their author was a great traveller himself and that he took pains to gather information from other travellers for the benefit of his readers.

Karl Baedeker the Second, who became the head of the firm in 1859, was also a great traveller and especially a devoted Alpinist. It was he who transferred the business, which had by this time assumed large proportions, to Leipsic, the heart of German book trade. He was succeeded in 1878 by the present head of the house, Fritz Baedeker, who ten years later took in a partner, Heinrich Ritter. The number of guide-books published since that first venture in 1828 has reached some thirty volumes with an aggregate of about three hundred and fifty editions and a circulation of some one million fifty thousand copies, probably more, for these books come from the Baedeker press not only in German but in French and English as well. Although the firm has published many other works, especially books for instruction in languages, it is almost exclusively identified with the guide-books. The Essen branch of the Baedeker family under Julius Baedeker also removed to Leipsic and has hit upon books of wide, though not of as universal appeal as those of Karl Baedeker. It has brought out the works of Henriette Davidis, the author of the most popular cook-book and garden-book in the German language. The name of the firm occurs also on the title page of an anthology of maxims and reflections, a gilt-edge volume which has for the past fifty years been one of the most popular gift-books on the German market: *Pharus am Meere des Lebens.*

The literary importance of the city now centres in its encyclopedic and scientific publications and in a periodical literature of the widest possible range and appeal. Its publishers stand sponsors for the leading journals of archæology, biology, history, metaphysics, nature science, pedagogy, philology, philosophy, technology and theology. They were the first to found magazines of art, letters and music for professional discussion and

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for general information. They launched the first big illustrated weekly, the *Illustrirte Zeitung,* in 1843, which has been a pictorial commentator of current events ever since. They were also shrewd enough to find the appeal to woman readers, the parlour table and the fireside, a good business proposition, as is proved by the longevity and prosperity of such magazines as *Gartenlaube, Daheim* and *Velhagens und Klasings Monatshefte.* Leipsic seems indeed to have always managed to make letters, music and science pay. Its publishers supply what the public and the scholars need most, and its university and conservatory have been and still are in great favour with students all over the world.

In art the city has after centuries of mediocrity produced a man whose genius has set its seal upon the contemporary art of his country: Maximilian Klinger, sculptor, painter and etcher. Klinger is a native of Leipsic, and it does credit to the university to have its aula adorned by the great painting from his brush which was first seen at the festivities in 1909 when it celebrated the five hundred years of its existence. The Museum, too, owns some of Klinger's works. In an addition are exhibited his much-disputed Beethoven, the Bather, Cassandra and Salome, and near by hangs his canvas "The Blue Hour."

Leipsic was never given to revolutionary sentiments and manifestations, and was only by pressure of the unrest all around dragged into the revolutionary movement of 1848. But it became that very year the cradle of a peaceful revolution which has within the last half century or more upset many a cherished tradition and convention of German life. Luise Otto, who when a girl of eleven had been inspired by the revolution of 1830 to burst out into verse and had stirred the enthusiasms of the champions of 1848, addressed in that memorable year a petition to a labour committee appointed in Saxony, in which she declared that man's labour could not be effectively organised without woman's labour. This was the first voice coming from the middle-class woman of Germany that took cognisance of the existence of working women. Luise Otto married Peters, one of the martyrs of the revolution, and in 1865 founded the Allgemeine Deutsche Frauenverein, now Federation of German Women's Clubs and the first paper devoted to the cause. To the propaganda which she inaugurated is due that far-reaching revolution which has secured for the women of Germany admission to the colleges and professions previously barred to the sex. But the most astonishing fact is, that this forerunner and pioneer of modern German feminism, not a native of Leipsic, though of Saxony, has actually been honoured by a monument in the city otherwise so unappreciative of the greatness of her children.

Of the literary men and women at present residing there those best known to the general readers are Dr. Karl Lamprecht, the historian, who lectured in America some seasons ago; Dr. Heinrich H. Houben, a historian and critic, and author of numerous works dealing with Young Germany of the thirties, invaluable for information and admirable for impartiality; the dialect poet Edwin Bormann, whose "Boesien" under the title "Mei Leibzig low' ich mir!" are highly appreciated by those familiar with the local vernacular; Frau Elsa Asenijeff, a writer on philosophical, feministic and æsthetic problems; and the novelist and dramatist Franz Adam Beyerlein, who some ten years ago profoundly stirred Germany by his anti-militaristic novel *Jena-oder Sedan?* and whose *Zapfenstreich,* now on the repertory of the Irving Place Theatre, has been performed in English under the title *Taps.*

The international exhibition of the book trade which is taking place in Leipsic this summer is likely to turn the tide of summer travel toward the city which, although it has a large foreign population held there by the university and the conservatory, is rather neglected by the tourist. The streets will once more be alive with busy and with idle crowds; and there will be side-shows plenty, for Leipsic has not stood still and—if it had

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the reputation of being a "galante Stadt" two centuries ago, it will surely prove sophisticated enough for an ultra-modern taste. But there is no doubt that the interest of foreign visitors at the exhibition proper will centre in that of the firm Karl Baedeker, and that many will turn into the Nürnbergerstrasse and look up Nr. 46, from which are sent out into the world those precious red-linen volumes which are the foreigner's best friends abroad.

THE JEW IN DRAMA

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

"I AM ill and tired; I want to go home to my wife and children." So said Mendel Beilis just before the verdict in the grotesque blood-ritual trial in Russia.

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
> I am not well,

said Shylock at the conclusion of the grotesque pound-of-flesh trial in *The Merchant of Venice*. Never has the marvellous divination of Shakespeare been more triumphantly demonstrated than by his practical anticipation of the words of Beilis. A hack dramatist, if with Pegasus for hack, Shakespeare had to work up the story from old plays, stories or ballads (it occurs, for instance, in *The Adventures of Gianotto,* published at Milan in 1558), but his instinct for human nature was such that, though he could not alter the absurd outlines, the caricature changed almost unconsciously under his hands into a human being, nay into the incarnation of an injured race. For Shakespeare, like George Washington, could not tell a lie. Though it is improbable that he ever saw a Jew —for the Jews did not begin to return to England till forty years after his death —he even gave Shylock the religious touch—"I will not eat with you, nor drink with you"—the absence of which spoils almost every other stage-portrait of the Jew, even though painted by a Jewish artist.

For the mere race-Jew is a late and almost contemporary product, a purely transitional type, and though the modern dramatist may be justified in adding him to the stage gallery, he is almost too topical for art. Yet this sort of Jew is all we see in Bernstein's grandiosely entitled *Israel,* a play which reveals only a boulevardier's ignorance of all the deeper currents of Jewish life. Hejermann, the Dutch-Jewish dramatist, comes a little closer to them in *The Ghetto,* but his Ghetto is revealed only on the side on which it repels the younger generation; it is seen through hate, not through love, which according to Goethe is the only true vision.

But even love is not enough for art. There must be knowledge, too. For lack of it Lessing made only a colourless monster of virtue out of his *Nathan der Weise"*; while *The Jew* of Richard Cumberland had not even poetry to veil his goody-goodiness. He, at least, produces more vitalised creations, though ignorance still keeps them monsters. No such devil as Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* ever drew breath even in the Inferno. But the fact that the Elizabethan audience could bear to see Barabbas boiled alive in the last act makes it easier to understand how their descendants in the Southern States can roast negroes.

In plays in which Jews are not the whole nor even the leading parts it is not unusual to find well-observed Jewish figures, for, with the sweeping away of the European Ghettos due to Napoleon's new broom and the greater mingling of the two life-streams, the Christian dramatist had better opportunities of observation. For the most part, though, familiarity has not removed contempt.

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Jewish life or the Jewish problem as a whole was not attempted, but more or less racy portraits of Jews were thrown in as minor constituents in the general dramatic scheme.

In Sheridan the Jew is still the money-lender. Shaw, with more verisimilitude, makes him a doctor—for medicine was from mediæval times one of the great callings of the race, even emperors who suspected the Jews of poisoning the wells never feeling safe without a Jewish physician. (In our own day, too, it would be difficult to find a monarch without one.) In Jerome the Jew is a book-maker. Pinero gives us in Maldonado the amorous artistic type, descended like himself from Spanish-Jewish hidalgos. In his *Mind the Paint Girl* we get the genial bounder with a pathetic passion for the green room; and Clyde Fitch gave us a still more degenerate type in *The Woman in the Case*. No, it cannot be said that the stage-Jew has yet shaken off his past. Jews (as seen by the limelight) are certainly, as the charwoman of a friend of mine observed, "a bad lot." But then, "Christians is wuss," she added.

Mr. Augustus Thomas seems indeed to have done for American Jewry what Lessing did for German Jewry and Richard Cumberland for English Jewry, by presenting a perfect type of colourless Christian manhood as a Jew, and it seems to have been eagerly welcomed, especially by those Jews who are not a bit like it. But I have not seen this play, so must not sink into a dramatic critic. Nor have I seen *The House Next Door,* a highly popular intermarriage play in which, I understand, my own name is bandied about. But, considering the great Jews I have personally known—men like Berkson, the philosopher; Bloch, the inspirer of The Hague Conference; Fels, the single-tax crusader; Felix Moscheles, the peace prophet; Sir Matthew Nathan, the governor of Natal; Max Nordau, the critic and orator; Arminius Vambéry, the daring traveller and linguist; Jacob Schiff, the New York banker and philanthropist; and, above all, Dr. Herzl, the founder of Zionism—it seems curious that the cad and the money-lender should still practically monopolise the boards. But the stage is notoriously not, as Hamlet thought, a mirror held up to Nature, but a magic mirror reflecting types that have long since passed away. "Watch that man," I said once, pointing out the late Dr. Herzl, to a famous actor-manager; "you will one day play him."

That time is not yet. But *Disraeli* already treads the American stage, though only his author's other Jewish American success, *Joseph and his Brethren,* has yet penetrated to England. The stage-incarnation of Mendel Beilis is, however, an instance of the stage getting almost ahead of life. Like his fellow-Jew Dreyfus, he became a legend while still in prison, and both in melodrama and cinematograph he has been exploited wherever the Ghetto boasts of a theatre. It is pleasant to think that the real Beilis, though a mere clerk, has retired with dignity to Palestine.

And the Beilis drama recalls the swarm of Yiddish plays—the only species in which the Jew may be seen moving naturally in his true environment without explanation or apology. Admirable as episodes in these plays often are they are poor as a whole, as commercialised as the Christian drama.

It is true that when West End critics or parties make pleasure jaunts to the East End of London or the East Side of New York they inevitably cackle like Columbuses that they have at last discovered Art (with a Hebrew *Aleph*). But this is because they find the plays ending unhappily—and to your top-lofty critic unhappiness and art are synonyms. The truth is that the Ghetto loves tears and has a ghoulish passion for funerals, hence the death scenes are what it most enjoys. For the Ghetto the happy ending is the *un*happy ending.

It should be added in conclusion that, while the Jew has always tended to be a sordid stage-type, the Jewess has always been all that is most romantic. Even *The Jew of Malta* had, like Shylock, a beautiful daughter, his love for whom mitigated in turn the meanness of his passion for his ducats.

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

ROBERT DUNN

THE author of *The Youngest World* is as odd, refreshing and as interesting as his book. Which is saying a great deal. He is fearfully brave. His vivid imagination keeps toppling him off every height he climbs, and—he's a mountain climber. He is hopelessly, helplessly honest. He cannot tell a lie. Robert Dunn is a bundle of prejudices, but when he was on my staff as a reporter, I used to assign him wherever I felt no one else could see and would report the truth; and many's the time I have watched him write, faithfully, angrily, almost involuntarily facts his opinions hated. And he is impudently reverent. *The Youngest World* illustrates this trait, and the youngest story I have heard of him shows he was born so.

A neighbour told it. One day she saw Bobbie sulking by himself in the yard where the other children were playing cave or something mystical. She knew they had set up the old root of a tree as a symbol of their worship. And she knew, too, why Bobbie was an outcast. But she asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing," he said darkly.

"Yes, there is," she said. "What did you do to their emblem?"

He wouldn't tell.

"I know," she said. "You spit on it."

The look he gave her, surprise, defiance, shame, convinced her she had guessed aright. And, I say, she knew the child as I knew the youth and as his book shows the man.

Robert Dunn is for the real thing. He cannot give to an emblem the allegiance which belongs to the thing it represents. He couldn't play to the flag the respect due the principles for which his country stands. You get this in his novel, which looks clean through exploration and mountain climbing to climbing man; through the love of woman to the passion for immortality. And instinctively; intelligently, too, but yet not consciously. He would deny this.

"Every Harvard man has a pose," he said once to me, "except myself. I have none. And—that's mine."

This isn't cleverness. Dunn is too sincere to be clever and too honest, and that's what that speech means. He can't help seeing and suspecting himself, and saying so. But he doesn't know what he doesn't know. He never thinks, for example, of excusing his hero's betrayal of one woman and his abandonment of another. He just tells it as it was, and is unconscious or insensitive to the brutality of the impression it makes. And yet he is highly sensitive, and sensitively true. He is the male, pure, mere male, and that's what his book reveals—the male, the pure male. And it doesn't matter that Dunn isn't aware of it. He isn't aware of lots of the traits which he has and has not. He no more knows what he is than what he isn't.

He is what many so-called intellectuals would like to be, think they are, and cannot be. He may be amazed to hear that I think he is a feminist, and a futurist, and an advanced radical. He will retort that he believes in war and a big navy, but I answer that he sees and sees through and paints things as they are; as they really are. Which is radical. He may say that he doesn't care for the radical schools of painting, the cubists, the post-impressionists and the futurists. But I answer that he loves to read the scores of Strauss, plays them with understanding, and himself writes with the futurist's blindness to the expectations of the conventional reader. And, as for feminism, the hero of *The Youngest World* gives his women their full share of the labour, the danger and the glory of self-discovery on the terrible trails of Alaska, and never a thought of their sex or his lack of gallantry. *The Youngest World* is well named in a double sense,

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in the sense in which the author is a citizen thereof.

Now I don't know Robert Dunn's family well enough to say who should have the credit (or the blame) for the unevolved originality to which he was born. I suspect an aunt, whom he often refers to with a sort of equal respect, much as he refers to Mount McKinley. She seems to have financed his wildest adventures into the wilds of Alaska. But she may only have backed the adventurous impulses begot by his father. Mr. Dunn, senior, seems to have gone off around the world somewhere for nothing; been wrecked as a young man on the coast of China, and gone ashore to make a fortune. No matter, however. The whole family somehow managed to spoil the child to such a degree that he is unspoiled as a man.

He is himself. And apparently he always was. Brought up in a civilised state at Newport (I think), he, and his brothers and sisters, were allowed to play dangerously in the salt water and range at random the woods and mountains. When he was an undergraduate he made a "foolish" trip deep into the unknown north, which always drew him. But it wasn't all play. He wanted to be; he wanted to know and, unafraid of the wilderness, he had no awe of civilisation either. He would do anything; he would do it his way, but he would do it.

When he joined my staff on the old New York *Commercial Advertiser,* he came insulting us all. We were all young, and enthusiastic, and, no doubt foolish. We talked much of "life" and "art" and "literature"; there was a lot of sentimentality, I guess, about us. We had our emblem all right. And Dunn spit on it. He broke up the conversations of the staff, which besought me to "fire" Dunn. But he could write. How he could write! So they consented to keep him. And I couldn't. I remember once I had to demand of him that he at least speak to the other reporters.

"All right," he said, and he turned to the nearest man, one of the ablest, cleanest fellows on the staff.

"Say," he said, "why don't you East Siders ever bathe?"

I had finally to "let Dunn go." I told him he was good stuff and a good writer, and I said I could bring him out, but only by disciplining and abusing him in typical city editor fashion. I refused to do that for my own sake. But I bade him find out who was the worst city editor on the Row, get a job under him, take the gaff for a year and then come back to me.

"Huh," said Dunn, "why would I come back? Why should I want to be a good newspaper man? Suppose I succeeded. Suppose I rose to the unthinkable height of the city desk and became a city editor!" He laughed his contempt. "Why, I'd rather clean streets."

So he went, insulting to the end. But he did what I advised. He got a job under a city editor who put him on the early morning trick in Harlem (from 1 A.M to 8 A.M.); who told him that since he was a college graduate and therefore probably couldn't write, he could "telephone his stuff in to a newspaper man who would write it up for him." And Dunn took all this, and more; much more. He can stand punishment, and he can stand work. But I think the end of this excellent test shows the man at his best.

At the end of the year he came back to me. It must have been hard to do. Proud, sensitive, "spoiled," with no need of money to drive him, and with his recollection, and mine, keen of that last defiant interview, it must have been like "eating dirt," as somebody on the staff remarked, to return to that office to ask for his job again. And indeed the manner of his return suggested that it was hard. I saw him the moment he entered the door, and as he came halting, blushing, down the long room, it looked as if he were kicking himself along. I eased it a bit. I jumped up, greeted him gladly (and sincerely; for "he sure could write") and asked him if he would come back.

"Will you take me?" he asked.

He was going to Alaska, he said, to some unknown part, and he wanted to

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write it for the paper. And he did. And I remember one characteristic article he sent in. It read like a poem in prose. He saw some deer up a hill. He described his approach to the game, and it was the chase; and as a chase he wrote it till he got to the top of the rise. And then—he described a sudden great field of flowers. He knows flowers, as he knows rocks, scientifically, romantically, and I think I never read such a rich, beautiful adoration of flowers. And never a word more of the deer. He had forgotten the chase at the sight of the wild flowers, and so—he forgot the deer in his article.

He has to tell things as his mind and his feelings get them. Just so. True; true to them and true to himself. That was why I treasured him so much as a reporter. That's why I treasure him as a writer. That's why I helped to get him on Cook's first expedition to Mount McKinley. I was an arctic crank myself, but I never could go north. I went only to the banquets and meetings. But I heard the stories of the men who did go, so I knew we didn't get the truth in their books. What we needed was a reporter along on some such trip, a reporter who couldn't help reporting how men really behaved when the real stress was on. And so Dunn went with Cook, and he wrote "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." Read that, and you will see that Dunn told the truth not only about the rest, but about Dunn; and that he didn't change it for publication. He didn't edit it for consistency, for appearances, for the public. He saw it, he wrote it, and he left it—true. And so with his novel; and so with everything else he will write. It will be true, true, true; and—truly beautiful; and radical. Dunn is so plainly (and I mean "plainly," not gloriously) the superman, that he doesn't, like the rest of us, care to edit even the works of God.

Lincoln Steffens.

II

OWEN JOHNSON

It was five years ago, a sunshiny Sunday. The Stockbridge links were tantalising in their call, through them, as chronicled in "Even Threes," the Housatanic twinkled with mocking merriment, but the New England traditions held, so with reluctant steps the subject of this sketch and the writer of it left tee and swail and putting green behind, trudged along the main street, past the Red Lion Inn, over the railway track and bridge, and out into the open country. A climb up a picturesque path in the mountain, and they were in the Icy Glen, and there they found solitude and seats of a sort, and between the puffs of tobacco smoke there was talk.

In the month of July, 1909, the author of *The Salamander* was—well, he was very far from being the author of *The Salamander*. The years before had been years of persistent endeavour, of achievement, but in no more than a small way had they been years of material reward. "Owen Johnson! Oh, yes. The son of Robert Underwood Johnson, of the *Century*. He has written two or three books, and they are not at all bad, but they don't seem to have caught on. He may do something yet. But so far he does not seem quite to have found himself." As a matter of fact it was the moment when he was just beginning to find himself. Those first books. They were all more or less expressions of that early talent which is inevitably imitative. First *Arrows of the Almighty* and *In the Name of Liberty*. The work of a boy who had read and digested much romantic fiction. Then came *Max Fargus,* infinitely better than its predecessors, and correspondingly less popular. A grim tale of the shady side of the New York law courts involving chicanery and *chantage*. (What long evenings, Owen, you must have been spending with the immortal novels of a certain M. Honoré de Balzac before you wrote that book!) Then there was a play, *The Comet*. (It was also quite obvious that in your devotion to Balzac you had not entirely ignored Ibsen!) Imitation, of course, perhaps not recognised then, but not to be denied now. But there was some work struggling into the light that was all his

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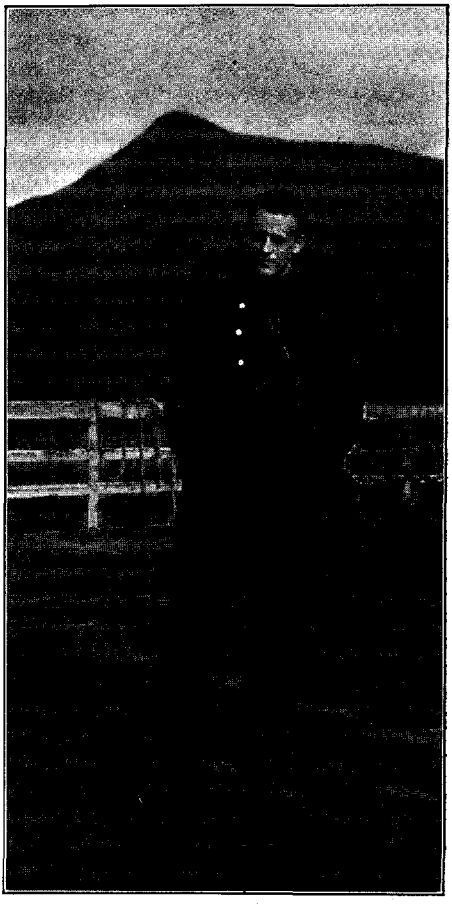
own. The first few of those tales of schoolboy life at Lawrenceville had appeared here and there. Here was a fresh note, recognition was on the way, and *The Varmint* was in the making.

"And after *The Varmint?*" "Then I shall take Stover to college, probably to Yale, show him in conflict with the evils of the society system. For that system is wrong—all wrong." And there, in the Icy Glen that Sunday afternoon in July, 1909, the writer heard the story of *Stover at Yale* as later it became known to readers of the published book. There also, down to almost the smallest detail, he heard the story of *The Sixty-first Second.* There also the story of *The Salamander.* There also, the story, as yet unwritten, to be known as *The World That Dances.* And there, as the evening shadows were closing down upon Monument Mountain, was wrung from the listener the comment, *"Tu ira loin, mon cher, tu ira loin!"* A prophecy which is already far on its way toward fulfilment.

But this purports to be a personal portrait and not a critical appreciation. Even if the accompanying illustration (the assumption of impressive dignity on the part of the subject provokes a grin) were not presented, there would be no need to draw a picture of the personal appearance of Owen Johnson. The publishers of *The Salamander* may be relied upon implicitly to disseminate all that kind of information. In short they will adequately catalogue and exploit all his bright sayings and virtues. But when, some time back in the eighties of the last century, Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson agreed to share rooms in Upper Baker Street, London, the first began by drawing up a list of his most conspicuous shortcomings. Owen Johnson should be asked to supply a similar list of his faults. But candidly, on that score he is not in the least to be trusted. Thus the painful responsibility falls upon an observant, truthful and longsuffering friend. In the first place he is exceedingly stubborn. Pig-headed is the better word. To illustrate by little things, he has a strong dislike to being beaten when playing golf. You start out in the morning and by reason of his astonishing good luck and certain preposterous lies that you have encountered (rank injustice, those lies, and, of course, that bunker is in the wrong place and anyway your ball should have jumped it) he becomes



PERSONAL PORTRAITS—ROBERT DUNN

and finishes the round two up. He is the soul of an enthusiasm and an ebullient good nature which expresses itself in sarcastic references to your play. But in the afternoon you have occasion to believe again that there is something like justice under high heaven. You overcome that lead, you take a lead of your own. Then somehow he seems to forget

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS—RUPERT HUGHES IN HIS WORKSHOP AT BEDFORD HILLS, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BEDFORD HILLS HAS TAKEN ON A LITERARY FLAVOUR. NEARBY ARE THE HOMES OF MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

the wonders of the game, the yielding softness of the turf, the charm of the prospect, the balm in the air. He suspects that some one is calling him up on the long-distance telephone. He is sure that some one is calling him up on the long-distance telephone. After all, it is a foolish game and must not be permitted to interfere with the more serious obligations of life. And perhaps, suddenly, you find that you are playing alone. To illustrate another side of his stubbornness by a story. With the writing of *Stover at Yale* and after it Owen Johnson took himself with humorous seriousness as the David of democracy in the colleges and lost no opportunity of taking his flings at the reactionary Goliaths. One day last autumn, he and the writer were visiting the new Graduate School at Princeton. The place is not here to describe the beautiful site, the noble architecture, the atmosphere, the tone. The business direction of the Graduate School is in the hands of Mr. George C. Wintringer, who happens to be a Princeton classmate of the writer. Under Mr. Wintringer's guidance every corner of the edifice was shown and every detail of the daily life of the graduate student explained. For a time Mr. Johnson was unguardedly generous in his enthusiastic admiration. Suddenly there came a change. He remembered that for the moment he was not fighting for the cause he had espoused. For all this the graduate student must inevitably be paying a crippling price. It could not be otherwise. What was the price? What was the cost of all this luxury? "About three hundred and fifty dollars a year," rejoined Mr. Wintringer sweetly. The blow was crushing, but the effect was but momentary. "It's all wrong. Perfectly preposterous. You give him a luxury which, when he goes out into the world, he will need fifteen thousand dollars a year to maintain. It is all wrong." And once more his countenance was illumined with the grin of revolt triumphant.

Innumerable are the tales that the writer could tell. Of a day in Lawrenceville not so long ago when the news spread like wildfire from house to house that the historian of Hickey, of the "Tennessee Shad," of "Doc" McNooder, of the "Triumphant Egg Head," of "Rinky Dink" Stover was somewhere on the

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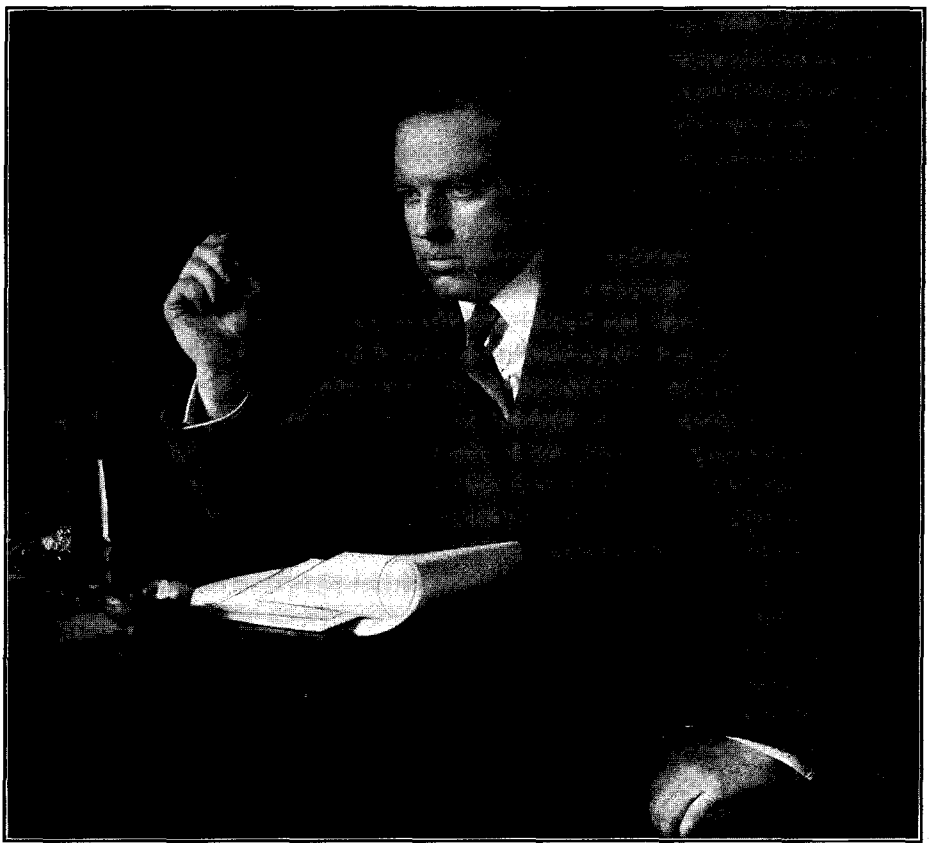

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—OWEN JOHNSON

campus. In a twinkling, from north, south, east and west came the "slaves of the bell." For a time the writer basked in reflected glory, surrounded by fresh-faced, wide-eyed youths whispering to one another that here was the great man's car and this was the great man's chauffeur. Then from a doorway the great man himself emerged, was greeted by the writer with a riotous welcome of affectionate sarcasm and insulting invective worthy of Brian de Boru, Finnegan at his best, and astonished and abashed youth melted mysteriously away. Or that other tale of a wild night ride through New Jersey involving the subject and the writer of this sketch, another American author of whose identity no hint shall be given beyond mentioning the fact that among his books are *The Gentleman from Indiana, Monsieur Beaucaire, The Conquest of Cannan* and *Penrod,* a coloured man named Nichodemus with a wife named Miranda, and a plush waistcoat of dreadful colour and design. But, perhaps after all, that story had best not be told. Nor will the writer allude to his own wrongs by recalling the tale of the green hat, the wager, and the seven months of branded servitude.

Many readers of *The Salamander* have been amusing themselves by constructing a key to the story, finding for this character or that some prominent living original. It is Mr. Johnson's contention that his portraits are composites, and that it is an accident if one of them seems closely to resemble some existing person. In this contention he is probably

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quite honest, but on the other hand, he is exceedingly short-sighted. It would not be going too far to venture the guess that back in the days when he was writing *Max Fargus* there was an original for Alonzo Boffinger, and an original for Herman Groll. No one with a knowledge of the New York club that plays a part in the stories "Murder in Any Degree," and "One Hundred in the Dark," and, incidentally in *The Sixty-first Second,* can for a moment be doubtful about the identity of Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages;" or the genial Steingal, with the black-rimmed eyeglasses, the military moustaches, and the closely-cropped beard; or De Gollyer, with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels; or Peters, who wrote a letter to the secretary once a week, and pursued the House Committee with a daily grievance. As for the Lawrenceville tales, there recognition is complicated by the fact that fully twenty different men have come forward with the information that they are either the real Hickey or the real Dink Stover. Some of these claimants have astonished even Mr. Johnson. Stover was a composite, and there was but one Hickey. Lawrenceville men of Owen Johnson's time knew him immediately as they knew "Turkey" Reiter, "King" Lentz, the "Walladoo Bird," the "Uncooked Beefsteak" and thirty more. In conclusion the writer points with pride to the fact that a certain cherished pose of his own went in part to the making of the author of the historic line "Dennis unmuzzled a humming bird," the immortal Brian de Boru Finnegan.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

FLIPPANT PORTRAITS

BY HENRY ROOD

I

WHERE HEROISM PAID

A Self-Chucked Job, and the Unexpected Home-Run of Dr. Queed

The simple, untangoed statement that Mr. H. S. Harrison has concluded a week's sojourn at the most expensive hotel in New York may not seem sufficient to affect foreign exchange or put a crimp in the baseball outlook. But the situation alters when one learns that this particular Mr. Harrison is Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, who earns his living by writing novels for folks to buy and read unless they are mean enough to wait until the free circulating libraries get hold of them.

The further statement that the author of *Queed* and of *V. V.'s Eyes* was able not only to remain for a week at this hostelry, but to leave there when he got good and ready, may seem a fairy-tale; but it isn't. All of which goes to prove that the novel-writing trade is a pretty good one to work at, provided a man is sober and industrious, and perseveringly sticks to his bench eight or ten hours a day, regardless of rain.

A dinky little awning with a rheumatic slant in its left hind shoulder stretches over the sidewalk in front of the hotel entrance. It is kept there to protect the complexion of a gorgeous creature in blue coat, with a row of double eagles for buttons, patent-leather boots with tops of undressed cerise, a ruffled shirt and an unruffled temper. Poetic beauty sits embalmed on the noble brow of this imported work of art which somehow escaped being tagged and placed in the Metropolitan Museum. If you approach the awning in a limousine, or even in a humble taxi, he opens the door and lets you down to earth. If you go afoot, or in a trolley chariot, he lets you de-

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FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

scend, or ascend, or do anything else that strikes your fancy, so long as it does not interfere with his repose of soul. I passed by without so much as interrupting his regular breathing; penetrated a portal, and found myself in an atmosphere heavily surcharged with flakes of gold and diamond dust.

At the cigar stand close by a ruddy gentleman was hastily making a purchase.

"Gimme somethin' t' smoke—quick!" he commanded.

Already I was in the romantic zone of the Best Seller!

"Yessir!" said the Italian prince back of the counter. "Which kind?"

"Anyol' thing—about three-fer."

He grabbed the cigars, tossed two ten-dollar bills and a five on the case, and dashed tumultuously thenceward. Whereupon I spoke—just as if I were accustomed to frequenting grand ducal palaces and biltmores and things of that kind.

"Eh—Mr. Harrison stopping here?" I asked easily. "Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison—*the* Mr. Harrison," I added impressively.

"'Nformation on yourright," the prince responded, stooping to pick up a handful of pearls some careless guest had dropped without noticing it, and skimming them into a wastebasket.

I wandered on, breathing heavily, for the diamond dust kept getting into my windpipe, and finally found the Author in a lounging room decorated on the same general plan as the mint at Philadelphia.

"Good afternoon," I said. "If you don't mind, I'd like to find out how you do it."

"Do what?" he rejoined, waving aside a French count who drew near bearing a tray of radium sandwiches.

"Why, write," I explained. "For example, now, is it your custom to begin each sentence with a capital letter?"

Mr. Harrison admitted that it was; and I noted this important fact down verbatim.

"And," I continued mercilessly, "do you end each sentence with a period?"

Instantly the distinguished novelist was on his guard. He realised the danger of giving away vital secrets which have made his fame and fortune. After a moment of intense thought he said with assumed simplicity:

"Would you mind repeating that last question?"

"Listen!" I exclaimed, with upraised, warning finger. "Do—you—end—each—sentence—with—a—period?"

"I do—at least periodically," he confessed, blushing.

The secret was out. The interview was over. Now the world could know the innermost workings of literary genius.

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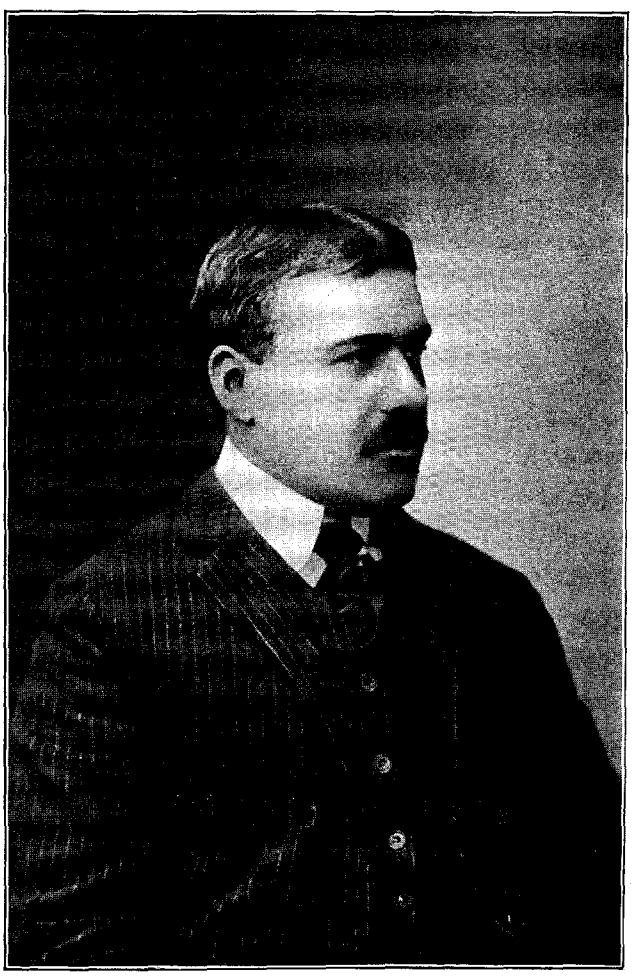
When Mr. Harrison started for New York, his neighbours down in Charleston, West Virginia, thought he had gone there to absorb local colour. But they were mistaken. What he went for was to escape magazine editors and book publishers who have been camping on his trail. He put up at the costliest hotel in town because that was the last place anybody would think of looking for an author, thus proving his ability to write a mystery story when he gets around to it. That will not be for some time yet, for he has been hard at work, during the past four months, on another novel of character which has to be finished this summer.

Many a man has become a novelist through sheer accident—such, for example, as failing to make good in the house-painting or burglarising line or in some other respectable profession. Mr. Harrison, however, dived into literature with cold-blooded malice aforethought. He was born in Sewana, Tennessee, on February 12, 1880, but spent much of his youth in and around New York, attending the Brooklyn Latin School, which his father founded, and later taking a shy at Columbia University from which he es-



FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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caped with the rest of the Class of 1900. Then he went into journalism, but soon found out that it was nothing but newspaper work. However, he slugged away at the game for ten years, and as Fate kept failing to intervene, he took the matter into his own hands, chucked his job, and deliberately sat down to write a novel.

On learning of this desperate undertaking the neighbours made ready to send him baskets of dried codfish and such like, for they are kindly folk down in Charleston. But by living on two sandwiches every other week for ten years Mr. Harrison had managed to save most of his salary; so he was able fearlessly to hammer the life out of a typewriter for just four months, at the end of which time *Queed* was finished; and a few minutes later the manuscript was on its way to a publisher, for Mr. Harrison couldn't get out of his system the feeling that it was up to him to catch the early, out-of-town edition.

Then for a few weeks he reposed back of the barn reminding himself that he had thrown away a perfectly good newspaper job. He knew he could hang on for several months without getting down to dandelion roots and acorns, but the ultimate development of his personal plot was some strain on his nerves just the same. Then, one day, a note came saying that *Queed* had been accepted. Within six months the book was published, and three months after that it was being read by everybody; people were talking about it all over the country, the Riverside Press was risking nervous prostration by printing edition after edition; and the neighbours down in Charleston were kinder glad they hadn't sent those baskets of dried codfish across the way, after all.

In appearance Mr. Harrison is of medium height, slender, with light hair, and merry blue eyes that crinkle all up at the corners whenever he smiles, which is pretty nearly all the time any one is talking with him. "Who's Who" says he is a bachelor; and he admits the charge. Last summer somebody reminded him that two novels having an aggregate sale of possibly 400,000 copies meant author's royalties of perhaps $75,000 or more. So he packed his grip and committed the extravagance of going abroad for a few weeks as a Cook's tourist. Since then he has published an abstruse philosophical essay in the *Atlantic* intended to prove that certain magazine editors who deplore the shortage in short stories don't know the difference between a short story and an underdone lollypop. Being of humane and sympathetic temperament, he is now engaged in framing a correspondence course which will teach editors how to read manuscripts when they are plainly typewritten, in words not exceeding two syllables. This is a hazardous, almost a hopeless, undertaking, of course; but Mr. Harrison is filled with youthful enthusiasm, and has no family dependent upon him.

The fact that he's a bachelor, however, should not encourage soulful ladies matrimonially inclined to send him their photographs. He's got so much work ahead that he won't be able to take another vacation for fifteen or twenty years; even one long enough to step around the corner and get married. He'd tell you so, himself—if you're a soulful lady M. I.

II

A MAN OF MYSTERY

The Man is Robert W. Chambers —The Mystery is How He Does It.

Robert W. Chambers did not write the Prophecy of Isaiah.

This unequivocal statement is made by authority. There is no doubt whatever that he would have written the Book of Isaiah, as well as the Maxims of Confucius, and also *King Lear* and *Paradise Lost,* if he had had time to think of them. But various magazine editors were confronted with a lot of open pages to fill, and Mr. Joseph Sears, of D. Appleton and Company, had a lot of idle salesmen hanging around the shop doing nothing; so between them the editors

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and Sears haven't given Chambers time to think of anything for years and years. Those magazine pages had to be filled, somehow, and Sears had to have something for his salesmen to sell. Result: the Chambers fiction factory has been running day and night.

Perfectly logical; absolutely unavoidable; also a complete answer to those who have been calamity-howling ever since the panic of 1907. Nothing can

FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—EDWIN LEFÈVRE

hold back the material progress of the United States so long as its principal industrial plant has to work overtime, including Sundays and holidays.

The rumour that the Interstate Commerce Commission recently decided to prosecute Chambers on the charge of violating the Sherman Act by acquiring a monopoly of the fiction market, and that the Department of Justice was taking steps toward a dissolution of this brilliant author into his original constituent parts, is not correct. True, there was serious talk of regulating his production, and some time ago Chambers was summoned to a hearing before the Commission in Washington. When he entered the room where the Commission was assembled, he bowed to the Chairman, and remarked that he had arrived on time.

"All right, son," said the Chairman genially, "but where's the rest of you?"

"There ain't any (*sic.* Approved New England dialect)," said Chambers.

"Shades of Felicia Hemans!" exclaimed the Chairman, "I thought you was a syndicate."

"Paragraph, quotes, No, comma," Chambers made answer, "I'm them, comma, It I mean. Full stop, end quotes."

The members of the Commission looked perturbed. After a brief conference in whispers the Chairman spoke again.

"See here, young fellow; we can't afford to waste the Nation's money by meeting and doing nothing at all——"

"Delete 'at all,'" Chambers interrupted. "No superfluous syllable in modern usage."

"Our job," the Chairman continued impressively, "is to regulate. That's what we're for. If we can't regulate something every day we've got no use cluttering up the earth with our official presence. We've exhausted the railroads and most every other business in the country, and now we're going to tackle that handful of remorseless scoundrels who have cunningly contrived to gain control of the fiction output of the land, enmeshing the helpless American People in their toils, and grinding the faces of the poor under the capitalistic heel of novels that sweep o'er the nation in a mighty flood, seeking whom they may devour, and adding to the cost of living."

The Chairman paused, for Chambers was busily at work with fountain pen and pad of paper.

"What are you doing!" the Chairman shouted.

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"Paragraph, quotes. Finishing Chapter Four and beginning Chapter Five. Full stop, end quotes," said the accused, without looking up.

The Commission adjourned. There was nothing else for it to do; and leaping into a taxi between exclamation points, Chambers whirled off to the railroad station, caught a limited express for New York, started on his concluding love-scene as the train sailed through Newark, New Jersey, wrote the word "Finis" as he stepped out of the Terminal at Thirty-second Street, and, hurrying to his publishers, delivered the completed MS. of his novel for that current week to Sears, who was delighted as well as surprised, for he had not expected to receive it until noon of the next day.

It would be interesting to publish here a list of Mr. Chambers's works, including adult fiction, juveniles, in-betweens, nursery rhymes, philosophical dissertations on the cosmos and adjacent territory, pink poems for pale people, and mathematical phantasies; also nature studies, domesticated hints as to domestic science, and the annual guides to gladsome gardens that form a part of his steady output. The Editor of THE BOOKMAN, however, cannot find space at present for a serial consisting solely of titles, which would run three or four years; for this reason the undertaking is temporarily postponed.

It was said, recently, that friends of Chambers have urged him not to write more than thirty volumes a year, fearing that in time he might exhaust his fund of stories. But Chambers refused to be stampeded by these timorous ones.

"Never!" he cried. "Never shall it be said that the icy arrow of foreboding froze the marrow of my palpitating heart! Never will I be content until I turn out two novels per week without missing a meal or skipping a climax! . . . A task magnificent in its Titanic proportions, you say? Perhaps; but what have I to do with proportions? If the public can stand 'em, I can."

III

THE ONE AND ONLY AUTHOR TRUST IN HISTORY

BEING RAINBOW SIDELIGHTS AND DAZZLING SPOTLIGHTS ON THE MAN WHO MADE WALL STREET FAMOUS

For ages and ages that part of the world now known as the Republic of Panama, or the State of Colombia, or the City of Colon, or whatever it may be called by the time this piece of authentic history gets in type—that part of the world, let it be remarked for the twiceth time, during ages, yea and æons, had been preparing for the one great event in its existence.

Mighty forces of nature had been upheaving themselves and the inhabitants; mountains groaned and rumbled; forests fell and jungles sprang into being; war, peace, famines, feasts, succeeded one another. Dictators came, and went; with everything they could lay their hands on, as usual. The Spanish Armada and the crinoline passed to the limbo of things which had changed the appearance of the earth, and then vanished. Washington, Napoleon, Mary Ellen Lease, and lumbering stages on Broadway, all had their little day and faded off the map.

It was at this critical juncture, or thereabouts; on January 23, 1871, to be exact, that Colon, Colombia, achieved its destiny. It was then and there that Edwin Lefèvre entered upon his mundane career.

Six months later ominous warning came to the ears of the temporary ruler of that powerful domain. One of the sixteen revolutionary chiefs who were trying to upset his authority sent word that in Colon resided a babe with a colossal brain, whom Fate had picked out for dire purpose; that even while so young he was planning to swat the ruler one for luck, and grab the army and the treasury. In proof of which it was asserted that said babe was practising code words to be used in an uprising against the Government.

Naturally the temporary ruler was

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peeved. He also was scared; for which reason he assumed the disguise nearest at hand, and went to visit the Phenomenon, whom he found tied securely within a hammock.

"Are you Edwin Lefèvre?" demanded the Ruler, trying to keep his voice from trembling.

"Goo—ab—Blub!" the Babe instantly replied in no uncertain tone, transfixing the visitor with a piercing stare.

"Well, what's up?" the Ruler continued. "Partners 's better than enemies; what percentage do you want?"

It was at this moment that the Babe commenced softly to croon a lullaby which definitely foretold his future career. Grasping the hammock with one fist and kicking both feet high in air, he murmured:

M., K. & T. is a mighty good thing
When you're on the right side of the game;
But if you monkey with C., B. & Q.
You've only yourself to blame!"

"What's that!" the Ruler exclaimed, starting back in alarm.

The Babe regarded him with silent scorn; then continued his chaunt.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
In which to soak a share of stock—
The way
that
water
orter."

Then, rising still further in his hammock, the Infant Phenomenon took a long breath, and ejaculated in high treble tones:

Hey, diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle;
The Cow jumped over the Moon;
Insiders let go her tail in time,
But the public went broke in a swoon.

The Ruler fled precipitately. As he skimmed over the back fence the Babe gleefully sang:

Oh, a buccaneer's life is the life for me!
I'll win Wall Street in a canter!
If you don't put up more margin, son,
I'll sell you out, instanter!

It was, of course, inevitable that Lefèvre should gravitate toward that Highway of Hope touchin' on an' appertainin' to the Sub-Treasury, Trinity Church, and Blasted Expectations. But, being a keen lad, he knew that modern High Finance proceeds by indirect, devious—not to mention mysterious—ways. Wherefore, instead of going straight from Colon to Wall Street, he approached it by way of San Francisco, where he spent the years 1880-84 in the public schools; then hypothecated three years at a military academy in Michigan, to perfect himself in the tactics and strategy necessary to his future career; thereafter dealing in call loans of more or less time at Lehigh University, where he was ostensibly registered as a student of mining engineering; after which he loped down the pike to New York, wondering what to do next.

At that moment he happened to find himself in front of the office of the old *Commercial Advertiser*. The next moment he found himself striding into the private sanctum of the Editor. Throwing himself into a chair he remarked casually:

"Say, my boy, your Wall Street reporter is simply the limit. Fire him by telephone. I take hold to-morrow."

Then he put in his pocket a box of Turkish cigarettes the Chief Editor had carelessly left in sight, and walked out.

The subsequent career of Edwin Lefèvre is known to all. One after another, the Wall Street magnates of a dozen years ago have retired from business, or removed to foreign shores. The insurance companies have been investigated; the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken a stranglehold on the railroads; the Northern Securities case has been settled; Standard Oil and American Tobacco have been dissolved; the Parcels Post has been instituted, the ancient Empire of China has become a republic, while even now mighty England faces Civil War in Ulster on the one hand, and Mrs. Pankhurst on the other.

Having seen a few things of this na-

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ture progressing satisfactorily, Lefèvre retired from Wall Street one day, wrote a couple of short stories that evening, sold them next morning, hopped on a train bound northward and bought a section of Vermont. He spends most of his time up there among the Green Mountains, decorating the landscape and playing host to fortunate friends. The rest of his time he spends in New York, Italy, Southern California, and points East and West.

Lefèvre doesn't write many stories. He doesn't have to. There are a multitude of women and several men who can write good short stories. There are a multitude of men and several women who know Wall Street. But Lefèvre is the only person who knows Wall Street, and can write entertaining stories about it and its folks. In other words, Lefèvre has a monopoly in stories connected with Wall Street finance. He is the only Fiction Trust on record. And having learned the lesson of efficient trust management, he limits his production, and in consequence is able to command first-class prices for first-class goods.

FABER AND HIS HYMNS

BY IRA SEYMOUR DODD

One hundred years ago, on the 28th of June, 1814, Frederick William Faber was born at the vicarage of his grandfather at Calverley in Yorkshire. His family was of Huguenot origin, and naturally their affiliations in the English Church were with the Evangelical school. As a boy Faber showed great promise, and after careful schooling, part of the time at Harrow, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in the year 1832. Mentally bright, enthusiastic, high minded, full of the personal charm that went with him to the end, his university career began with brilliant prospects and many friendships. His gift of poetic expression showed itself in his first undergraduate year when he composed "The Cherwell Water Lily." With a few other poems this was published in 1840. He said of these early effusions, "They are youthful, but they will float." And they did float. "The Cherwell Water Lily" became quite popular though it has long since been forgotten. In 1836, after he had been elected to a scholarship in University College, he gained the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "The Knights of St. John."

During one of the long vacations he took a small reading party to Ambleside, where he formed a lasting friendship with Wordsworth, whom he had always admired and to whom he looked up as a master and model in poetry. Seven or eight years later, while in the midst of the spiritual conflict which was destined to change his life, after much inward debate Faber accepted the living at Elton. He wrote to Wordsworth giving the reasons for his decision. Wordsworth replied:

"I do not say that you are wrong, but England loses a poet."

Faber's university career was coincident with the Tractarian Controversy which was stirring the Church of England to its depths. At the evening service at St. Mary's, J. H. Newman was preaching those memorable sermons which took such hold upon the mind and imagination, especially of the younger men. Faber came under the spell. Admiration ripened into a friendship with Newman. In the course of a few years they both abandoned the Church of England and almost at the same time took Roman Catholic orders. In early life both Newman and Faber had been indoctrinated with the Calvinistic views of the Evangelicals. The stamp of their upbringing was never wholly effaced. Its mark upon Faber is peculiarly evident.

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During the period of conflict before his final secession from the Church of England, he several times experienced a reaction from the Oxford influences, toward his earlier faith, and one of the hymns which he wrote after he became a Roman Catholic and an Oratorian—a hymn entitled "Predestination," out Calvins Calvin in its statement of that dread doctrine. Newman was gently satirical about it. Receiving from Faber copies of lately composed hymns, he wrote:

"I admire your poems: I don't revolt at the Predestination—but I stuck at the Scholasticism. Have I not heard similar dogmatic effusions though of an opposite school? e.g.,

My righteousness is "filthy rags";
No "merits" can I plead;
For man is but a lump of sin,
And sin his worthiest deed.

A few stanzas from "Predestination" are worth quotation.

Father and God! my endless doom
Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall not know what it is
Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy dread will;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power.

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

Father! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

That Thou art God is my one joy;
What'er Thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me.

And so on for seventeen stanzas.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his exceedingly frank and full *Life of John Henry Newman,* has much to say about the relations between Newman and Faber after they had become Catholics. Both of them left the church of their fathers at great personal sacrifice. Besides the break with hereditary associations and deeply rooted friendships, there was the sacrifice of bright prospects and worldly comfort. Faber exchanged modest wealth for actual poverty. All this naturally cemented their friendship. But the difference in disposition and mental characteristics made harmony between them increasingly difficult.

After some hesitations Newman decided that he could work best as an Oratorian according to the rule of St. Philip Neri. It was an Order less restricted than that of the Jesuits or Dominicans; it gave opportunity for attracting and influencing young people, and also leisure for study. An Oratory was accordingly established at Birmingham with Newman as Father Superior. Meanwhile Faber —who had taken the name of "Father Wilfrid," had organised a society which was popularly called "The Wilfridians." They now asked to be received into the Oratory and their request was granted. Very soon Newman's temperament and views began to clash with the ideas of "the young men from St. Wilfrid's." The proposal of a branch Oratory in London, where the energies and zeal of Faber might have scope, was welcomed.

The London Oratory was launched, but matters became worse instead of better. Newman deprecated display and innovation: he wished to avoid anything that might give offence to the older English Catholics or the ecclesiastical authorities. He dreaded "Arousing the British Lion," or exciting the cry of "No Popery." But the younger men were reckless. They paced the streets of London in their Oratorian garb; they were caricatured in *Punch;* there were rumours of popular irritation. In truth Faber was extravagant in more ways than in defiance of the Commissioner of

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Woods and Forests by his street parades. He encouraged an excessive devotion to the Virgin Mary and an abject submission to the Pope: he tried to introduce Italian devotions, which scandalised the conservative English Catholics.

Newman defended his friend: he laid his indiscretions to the joy of a newfound faith; but Faber's course worried him. As time went on Catholics in England became divided into disciples of Faber and the London Oratory and of Newman and the Birmingham house. The two men remained friends, but they could not work together. After Faber's death Newman, writing to his old friend Pusey said of him, "I believe judicious people think his ideas crude and young—perhaps extravagant. He was a poet."

A few lines from Faber's hymns to the Virgin—hymns unfamiliar to Protestants—may show what Newman meant. One deserves quotation in full because it illustrates his attitude toward the Pope at the time of the promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

O purest of creatures! Sweet Mother, sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast.
For the heaven He left, He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

And now from the church of all lands thy dear name
Comes borne on the breath of a mighty acclaim;
Men call on their "father"* that he should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

*The Pope.

O shine on us brighter than ever, then shine!
For the primest of honours, dear mother, is thine;
"Conceived without sin" thy new title shall be;
Clear light from thy breath spring, sweet star of the sea.

Here are a couple of stanzas from another called

MARY OUR MOTHER REIGNS ON HIGH

O vision bright!
The Land of Light
Beams goldenly beyond the sky;
Mid heavenly fires
'Bove angel choirs
Mary our Mother reigns on high.

O vision bright!
The Father's might
All round His daughter's throne doth lie,
Where in the balm
Of endless calm
Mary our Mother reigns on high.

Faber's hymns were, all of them, written after he became a Catholic—most of them during his Oratorian career in London. He threw himself into his work with fervent zeal and unsparing self-sacrifice. There were many conversions, chiefly from among the poor, who flocked to his services. His hymns were the outcome of his evangelistic labours and they show the marks of their origin. Naturally they are of unequal merit; but the poetic touch is felt in all of them, and his best are of enduring quality and universal in their appeal.

The treatment of Faber's hymns by editors of Protestant hymnals is interesting. Probably few people know how the hymns in our popular collections are made. Many of them are taken from poems too long for use as hymns. By a process of selection of stanzas—and then too commonly, by alterations, skilful or bungling—the hymn as finally presented may easily become—and sometimes is actually—a misrepresentation of the author.

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It should, in justice, be said that the newer books, such as *The English Hymnal, The Oxford Hymn Book,* and the later *American Hymnals* show a return to original texts and a conscientious effort to indicate alterations where made. But Faber has suffered severely from the common practice. An illustration is his hymn on the Crucifixion, which, as he wrote it, may be called a modern Stabat Mater. It will be best to place beside Faber's original the version of *Hymns Ancient and Modern,* because this is the most popular hymnal of high class ever published—over twenty-five million copies are in circulation—and also because the compilers of this widely used and seemingly authoritative book are past masters—or chief sinners, whichever you will, in the art of manipulating other people's work, and their alterations have been extensively copied. Faber's hymn has twelve stanzas; but it is enough to set beside the full, altered version, those which correspond and a couple of omitted ones which show Faber's purpose.

FABER

O come and mourn with me awhile;
See! Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Oh look! How patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

His mother cannot reach His face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyr'd with her Son;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love.
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O break! O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O Love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with Love.
For He, Our Love, is crucified.

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN

O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come together, let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! Look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimm'd with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For Love Himself is crucified.

O break, O break hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed and slew thy God and King;
And Love Himself is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Another illustration is the hymn "Faith of our Fathers." This is found

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in the later American hymnals, and for some curious reason it appears to be a favourite with votaries of the new theology. Faber wrote two versions of this hymn: one for England and another for Ireland.

The version for England begins

Faith of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword.
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

The second verse shows Faber's purpose.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to Thee.
And through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith.

This is altered so that it reads

Faith of our Fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee.
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith.

Then by selection from the remaining stanzas with the refrain, a stirring hymn is obtained.

But the version for Ireland shows Faber's almost fanatical feeling.

Faith of our Fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But Erin's saints shall fight for us
And keep undimmed thy blessed light.
Faith of our Fathers! distant shore
Their happy faith to Ireland owe;
Then in our home, oh shall we not
Break the dark plots against thee now?

It is quite clear that the Faith of the Fathers meant one thing to Faber, and that it means another quite different thing to those who sing the manipulated version of his hymn.

Probably the best known and most popular of Faber's hymns are, "Hark! Hark my soul, Angelic songs are swelling," and, "O Paradise, O Paradise! who doth not crave for rest!" They are not really his best hymns. "O Paradise" in particular is omitted from some hymnals, because of its unreality and its expression of unwholesome longing for sudden death. "Souls of men why will ye scatter," or its variant beginning with the fourth stanza, "There's a wideness in God's mercy," is a fine hymn, whose free and lofty thought of salvation gives it strong appeal to many hearts. Perhaps best of all is "My God, how wonderful Thou art!"

Together with the emotional tenderness found in all his work this hymn strikes the note of grandeur; and apart from the omission of a couple of weak stanzas it has never invited or needed alteration. It is a noble poem which appeals to every Christian heart.

Faber's hymns are the expression of his personality. Nothing more genuine was ever written. The charm which all his contemporaries found in the man shines in these poems. One does not need to agree with his peculiar convictions in order to be convinced that he was a saint. His fervid religious life was true and honest. He literally wore himself out in his Master's service and died when he was only forty-nine years old.

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TOLD IN THE DROOLING WARD

BY JACK LONDON

ME? I'm not a drooler. I'm the assistant. I don't know what Miss Jones or Miss Kelsey could do without me. There are fifty-five low-grade droolers in this ward, and how could they ever all be fed if I wasn't around? I like to feed droolers. They don't make trouble. They can't. Something's wrong with most of their legs and arms, and they can't talk. They're very low-grade. I can walk, and talk, and do things. You must be careful with the droolers and not feed them too fast. Then they choke. Miss Jones says I'm an expert. When a new nurse comes I show her how to do it. It's funny watching a new nurse try to feed them. She goes at it so slow and careful that supper time would be around before she finished shoving down their breakfast. Then I show her, because I'm an expert. Dr. Dalrymple says I am, and he ought to know. A drooler can eat twice as fast if you know how to make him.

My name's Tom. I'm twenty-eight years old. Everybody knows me in the institution. This is an institution, you know. It belongs to the State of California and is run by politics. I know. I've been here a long time. Everybody trusts me. I run errands all over the place, when I'm not busy with the droolers. I like droolers. It makes me think how lucky I am that I ain't a drooler.

I like it here in the Home. I don't like the outside. I know. I've been around a bit, and run away, and adopted. Me for the Home, and for the drooling ward best of all. I don't look like a drooler, do I? You can tell the difference soon as you look at me. I'm an assistant, expert assistant. That's going some for a feeb. Feeb? Oh, that's feeble-minded. I thought you knew. We're all feebs in here.

But I'm a high-grade feeb. Dr. Dalrymple says I'm too smart to be in the Home, but I never let on. It's a pretty good place. And I don't throw fits like lots of the feebs. You see that house up there through the trees. The high-grade epilecs all live in it by themselves. They're stuck up because they ain't just ordinary feebs. They call it the club house, and they say they're just as good as anybody outside, only they're sick. I don't like them much. They laugh at me, when they ain't busy throwing fits. But I don't care. I never have to be scared about falling down and busting my head. Sometimes they run around in circles trying to find a place to sit down quick, only they don't. Low-grade epilecs are disgusting, and high-grade epilecs put on airs. I'm glad I ain't an epilec. There ain't anything to them. They just talk big, that's all.

Miss Kelsey says I talk too much. But I talk sense, and that's more than the other feebs do. Dr. Dalrymple says I have the gift of language. I know it. You ought to hear me talk when I'm by myself, or when I've got a drooler to listen. Sometimes I think I'd like to be a politician, only it's too much trouble. They're all great talkers; that's how they hold their jobs.

Nobody's crazy in this institution. They're just feeble in their minds. Let me tell you something funny. There's about a dozen high-grade girls that set the tables in the big dining-room. Sometimes when they're done ahead of time, they all sit down in chairs in a circle and talk. I sneak up to the door and listen, and I nearly die to keep from laughing. Do you want to know what they talk? It's like this. They don't say a word for a long time. And then one says, "Thank God I'm not feeble-minded." And all the rest nod their heads and look pleased. And then nobody says anything for a

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time. After which the next girl in the circle says, "Thank God I'm not feeble-minded," and they nod their heads all over again. And it goes on around the circle, and they never say anything else. Now they're real feebs, ain't they? I leave it to you. I'm not that kind of a feeb, thank God.

Sometimes I don't think I'm a feeb at all. I play in the band and read music. We're all supposed to be feebs in the band except the leader. He's crazy. We know it, but we never talk about it except amongst ourselves. His job is politics, too, and we don't want him to lose it. I play the drum. They can't get along without me in this institution. I was sick once, so I know. It's a wonder the drooling ward didn't break down while I was in hospital.

I could get out of here if I wanted to. I'm not so feeble as some might think. But I don't let on. I have too good a time. Besides, everything would run down if I went away. I'm afraid some time they'll find out I'm not a feeb and send me out into the world to earn my own living. I know the world, and I don't like it. The Home is fine enough for me.

You see how I grin sometimes. I can't help that. But I can put it on a lot. I'm not bad, though. I look at myself in the glass. My mouth is funny, I know that, and it lops down, and my teeth are bad. You can tell a feeb anywhere by looking at his mouth and teeth. But that doesn't prove I'm a feeb. It's just because I'm lucky that I look like one.

I know a lot. If I told you all I know, you'd be surprised. But when I don't want to know, or when they want me to do something I don't want to do, I just let my mouth lop down and laugh and make foolish noises. I watch the foolish noises made by the low-grades, and I can fool anybody. And I know a lot of foolish noises. Miss Kelsey called me a fool the other day. She was very angry, and that was where I fooled her.

Miss Kelsey asked me once why I don't write a book about feebs. I was telling her what was the matter with little Albert. He's a drooler, you know, and I can always tell the way he twists his left eye what's the matter with him. So I was explaining it to Miss Kelsey, and, because she didn't know, it made her mad. But some day, mebbe, I'll write that book. Only it's so much trouble. Besides, I'd sooner talk.

Do you know what a micro is? It's the kind with the little heads no bigger than your fist. They're usually droolers, and they live a long time. The hydros don't drool. They have the big heads, and they're smarter. But they never grow up. They always die. I never look at one without thinking he's going to die. Sometimes, when I'm feeling lazy, or the nurse is mad at me, I wish I was a drooler with nothing to do and somebody to feed me. But I guess I'd sooner talk and be what I am.

Only yesterday Dr. Dalrymple said to me, "Tom," he said, "I just don't know what I'd do without you." And he ought to know, seeing as he's had the bossing of a thousand feebs for going on two years. Dr. Whatcomb was before him. They get appointed, you know. It's politics. I've seen a whole lot of doctors here in my time. I was here before any of them. I've been in this institution twenty-five years. No, I've got no complaints. The institution couldn't be run better.

It's a snap to be a high-grade feeb. Just look at Dr. Dalrymple. He has troubles. He holds his job by politics. You bet we high-graders talk politics. We know all about it, and it's bad. An institution like this oughtn't to be run on politics. Look at Dr. Dalrymple. He's been here two years and learned a lot. Then politics will come along and throw him out and send a new doctor who don't know anything about feebs.

I've been acquainted with just thousands of nurses in my time. Some of them are nice. But they come and go. Most of the women get married. Sometimes I think I'd like to get married. I spoke to Dr. Whatcomb about it once, but he told me he was very sorry, because feebs ain't allowed to get married.

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I've been in love. She was a nurse. I won't tell you her name. She had blue eyes, and yellow hair, and a kind voice, and she liked me. She told me so. And she always told me to be a good boy. And I was, too, until afterward, and then I ran away. You see, she went off and got married, and she didn't tell me about it.

I guess being married ain't what it's cracked up to be. Dr. Anglin and his wife used to fight. I've seen them. And once I heard her call him a feeb. Now nobody has a right to call anybody a feeb that ain't. Dr. Anglin got awful mad when she called him that. But he didn't last long. Politics drove him out, and Dr. Mandeville came. He didn't have a wife. I heard him talking one time with the engineer. The engineer and his wife fought like cats and dogs, and that day Dr. Mandeville told him he was damn glad he wasn't tied to no petticoats. A petticoat is a skirt. I knew what he meant, if I was a feeb. But I never let on. You hear lots when you don't let on.

I've seen a lot in my time. Once I was adopted, and went away on the railroad over forty miles to live with a man named Peter Bopp and his wife. They had a ranch. Dr. Anglin said I was strong and bright, and I said I was, too. That was because I wanted to be adopted. And Peter Bopp said he'd give me a good home, and the lawyers fixed up the papers.

But I soon made up my mind that a ranch was no place for me. Mrs. Bopp was scared to death of me and wouldn't let me sleep in the house. They fixed up the woodshed and made me sleep there. I had to get up at four o'clock and feed the horses, and milk cows, and carry the milk to the neighbours. They called it chores, but it kept me going all day. I chopped wood, and cleaned chicken houses, and weeded vegetables, and did most everything on the place. I never had any fun. I hadn't no time.

Let me tell you one thing. I'd sooner feed mush and milk to feebs than milk cows with the frost on the ground. Mrs. Bopp was scared to let me play with her children. And I was scared, too. They used to make faces at me when nobody was looking, and call me "Looney." Everybody called me Looney Tom. And the other boys in the neighbourhood threw rocks at me. You never see anything like that in the Home here. The feebs are better behaved.

Mrs. Bopp used to pinch me and pull my hair when she thought I was too slow, and I only made foolish noises and went slower. She said I'd be the death of her some day. I left the boards off the old well in the pasture, and the pretty new calf fell in and got drowned. Then Peter Bopp said he was going to give me a licking. He did, too. He took a strap halter and went at me. It was awful. I'd never had a licking in my life. They don't do such things in the Home, which is why I say the Home is the place for me.

I knew the law, and I knew he had no right to lick me with a strap halter. That was being cruel, and the guardianship papers said he mustn't be cruel. I didn't say anything. I just waited, which shows you what kind of a feeb I am. I waited a long time, and got slower, and made more foolish noises; but he wouldn't send me back to the Home, which was what I wanted. But one day, it was the first of the month, Mrs. Brown gave me three dollars, which was for her milk bill with Peter Bopp. That was in the morning. When I brought the milk in the evening I was to bring back the receipt. But I didn't. I just walked down to the station, bought a ticket like any one, and rode on the train back to the Home. That's the kind of a feeb I am.

Dr. Anglin was gone then, and Dr. Mandeville had his place. I walked right into his office. He didn't know me. "Hello," he said, "this ain't visiting day." "I ain't a visitor," I said. "I'm Tom. I belong here." Then he whistled and showed he was surprised. I told him all about it, and showed him the marks of the strap halter, and he got madder and madder all the time and

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said he'd attend to Mr. Peter Bopp's case.

And mebbe you think some of them little droolers weren't glad to see me.

I walked right into the ward. There was a new nurse feeding little Albert. "Hold on," I said. "That ain't the way. Don't you see how he's twisting that left eye? Let me show you." Mebbe she thought I was a new doctor, for she just gave me the spoon, and I guess I filled little Albert up with the most comfortable meal he'd had since I went away. Droolers ain't bad when you understand them. I heard Miss Jones tell Miss Kelsey once that I had an amazing gift in handling droolers.

Some day, mebbe, I'm going to talk with Dr. Dalrymple and get him to give me a declaration that I ain't a feeb. Then I'll get him to make me a real assistant in the drooling ward, with forty dollars a month and my board. And then I'll marry Miss Jones and live right on here. And if she won't have me, I'll marry Miss Kelsey or some other nurse. There's lots of them that want to get married. And I won't care if my wife gets mad and calls me a feeb. What's the good? And I guess when one's learned to put up with droolers a wife won't be much worse.

I didn't tell you about when I ran away. I hadn't no idea of such a thing, and it was Charley and Joe who put me up to it. They're high-grade epilecs, you know. I'd been up to Dr. Wilson's office with a message, and was going back to the drooling ward, when I saw Charley and Joe hiding around the corner of the gymnasium and making motions to me. I went over to them.

"Hello," Joe said. "How's droolers?"

"Fine," I said. "Had any fits lately?"

That made them mad, and I was going on, when Joe said, "We're running away. Come on."

"What for?" I said.

"We're going up over the top of the mountain," Joe said.

"And find a gold mine," said Charley. "We don't have fits any more. We're cured."

"All right," I said. And we sneaked around back of the gymnasium and in among the trees. Mebbe we walked along about ten minutes, when I stopped.

"What's the matter?" said Joe.

"Wait," I said. "I got to go back."

"What for?" said Joe.

And I said, "To get little Albert."

And they said I couldn't, and got mad. But I didn't care. I knew they'd wait. You see, I've been here twenty-five years, and I know the back trails that lead up the mountain, and Charley and Joe didn't know those trails. That's why they wanted me to come.

So I went back and got little Albert. He can't walk, or talk, or do anything except drool, and I had to carry him in my arms. We went on past the last hayfield, which was as far as I'd ever gone. Then the woods and brush got so thick, and me not finding any more trail, we followed a cow-path down to a big creek and crawled through the fence which showed where the Home land stopped.

We climbed up the big hill on the other side of the creek. It was all big trees, and no brush, but it was so steep and slippery with dead leaves we could hardly walk. By and by we came to a real bad place. It was forty feet across, and if you slipped you'd fall a thousand feet, or mebbe a hundred. Anyway, you wouldn't fall—just slide. I went across first, carrying little Albert. Joe came next. But Charley got scared right in the middle and sat down.

"I'm going to have a fit," he said.

"No you're not," said Joe. "Because if you was you wouldn't 'a' sat down. You take all your fits standing."

"This is a different kind of a fit," said Charley, beginning to cry.

He shook and shook, but just because he wanted to he couldn't scare up the least kind of a fit.

Joe got mad and used awful language. But that didn't help none. So I talked soft and kind to Charley. That's the way to handle feebs. If you get mad, they get worse. I know. I'm that way myself. That's why I was almost the death of Mrs. Bopp. She got mad.

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It was getting along in the afternoon, and I knew we had to be on our way, so I said to Joe:

"Here, stop your cussing and hold Albert. I'll go back and get him."

And I did, too; but he was so scared and dizzy he crawled along on hands and knees while I helped him. When I got him across and took Albert back in my arms, I heard somebody laugh and looked down. And there was a man and woman on horseback looking up at us. He had a gun on his saddle, and it was her who was laughing.

"Who in hell's that?" said Joe, getting scared. "Somebody to catch us?"

"Shut up your cussing," I said to him. "That is the man who owns this ranch and writes books."

"How do you do, Mr. Endicott," I said down to him.

"Hello," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"We're running away," I said.

And he said, "Good luck. But be sure and get back before dark."

"But this is a real running away," I said.

And then both he and his wife laughed.

"All right," he said. "Good luck just the same. But watch out the bears and mountain lions don't get you when it gets dark."

Then they rode away laughing; pleasant like; but I wished he hadn't said that about the bears and mountain lions.

After we got around the hill, I found a trail, and we went much faster. Charley didn't have any more sign of fits, and began laughing and talking about gold mines. The trouble was with little Albert. He was almost as big as me. You see, all the time I'd been calling him little Albert, he'd been growing up. He was so heavy I couldn't keep up with Joe and Charley. I was all out of breath. So I told them they'd have to take turns in carrying him, which they said they wouldn't. Then I said I'd leave them and they'd get lost, and the mountain lions and bears would eat them. Charley looked like he was going to have a fit right there, and Joe said, "Give him to me." And after that we carried him in turn.

We kept right on up that mountain. I don't think there was any gold mine, but we might 'a' got to the top and found it, if we hadn't lost the trail, and if it hadn't got dark, and if little Albert hadn't tired us all out carrying him. Lots of feebs are scared of the dark, and Joe said he was going to have a fit right there. Only he didn't. I never saw such an unlucky boy. He never could throw a fit when he wanted to. Some of the feebs can throw fits as quick as a wink.

By and by it got real black, and we were hungry, and we didn't have no fire. You see, they don't let feebs carry matches, and all we could do was just shiver. And we'd never thought about being hungry. You see, feebs always have their food ready for them, and that's why it's better to be a feeb than earning your living in the world.

And worse than everything was the quiet. There was only one thing worse, and it was the noises. There was all kinds of noises every once in a while, with quiet spells in between. I reckon they were rabbits, but they made noises in the brush like wild animals—you know, rustle, rustle, thump, bump, crackle, crackle, just like that. First Charley got a fit, a real one, and Joe threw a terrible one. I don't mind fits in the Home with everybody around. But out in the woods on a dark night is different. You listen to me, and never go hunting gold mines with epilecs, even if they are high-grade.

I never had such an awful night. When Joe and Charley weren't throwing fits they were making believe, and in the darkness the shivers from the cold which I couldn't see seemed like fits, too. And I shivered so hard I thought I was getting fits myself. And little Albert, with nothing to eat, just drooled and drooled. I never seen him as bad as that before. Why, he twisted that left eye of his until it ought to have dropped out. I couldn't see it, but I could tell from the movements he made. And Joe just

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lay and cussed and cussed, and Charley cried and wished he was back in the Home.

We didn't die, and next morning we went right back the way we'd come. And little Albert got awful heavy. Dr. Wilson was mad as could be, and said I was the worst feeb in the institution, along with Joe and Charley. But Miss Striker, who was a nurse in the drooling ward then, just put her arms around me and cried, she was that happy I'd got back. I thought right there that mebbe I'd marry her. But only a month afterward she got married to the plumber that came up from the city to fix the gutter-pipes of the new hospital. And little Albert never twisted his eye for two days, it was that tired.

Next time I run away I'm going right over that mountain. But I ain't going to take epilecs along. They ain't never cured, and when they get scared or excited they throw fits to beat the band. But I'll take little Albert. Somehow I can't get along without him. And anyway, I ain't going to run away. The drooling ward's a better snap than gold mines, and I hear there's a new nurse coming. Besides, little Albert's bigger than I am now, and I could never carry him over a mountain. And he's growing bigger every day. It's astonishing.

NOVELISTS AT THE FRONT

BY GRIFFIN MACE

WHEN the first threatening of hostilities in Mexico roused the newspapers of the country to their customary zeal in obtaining direct representation at the front, it is common gossip that one prominent daily cabled Rudyard Kipling a tentative commission of $20,000 down, with additional stipends, to act as its special correspondent. He cabled back the one word "Impossible." Whether this fact is absolutely accurate or not is unimportant; but it illustrates the desire to have prominent names attached to war stories. It is not because a novelist is necessarily a good war correspondent—indeed, the record holds many failures—but the game has lost its old zest when kings like Archibald Forbes, George W. Stevens and even "Bull Run" Russell preformed their adventurous and thrilling exploits. To-day, with the restrictions of modern warfare, the war correspondent must be a good writer who can dress up in a readable form the few facts which the censorship permits him to obtain. It is a fair assumption always that a novelist has this faculty and so no modern war is without such names upon its firing line. To the novelist it is a splendid opportunity, since it affords him new material for a new novel. Besides this, many novelists have graduated from the ranks of newspapers, where they gained the training which enables them to "scent" the real story in any series of events. It is not surprising that Kipling refused this offer; he has achieved a comfortable middle-age and possibly his experiences in the Boer War did not stimulate his imagination as he may have expected.

It is interesting to recall, in a casual manner, the fact that several novelists have embarked on this temporary career. Only the other day the cables recorded the fact that Richard Harding Davis had been imprisoned and subsequently released, with added advertising value to the articles he was writing. Davis is a veteran in this work; in fact, he has sent back special stories from the three recent wars. Jack London has been another venturer in this field, which seems to appeal to his fundamental love of combat. He is equally at home reporting a carnage or a prize fight and it is no surprise

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to see him already in Mexico, which resembles both.

But the American war correspondent is not going to have an easy time if actual hostilities eventuate. An order has already gone out from the War Department which will in a large measure limit his activities, and destroy "free-lancing," which was so picturesque a side to other conflicts. By this regulation a thousand dollars must be paid down. For this the Government supplies equipment, such as tents, a horse and service. This also includes mess. In addition each writer must put up a bond of two thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if certain regulations are violated. These include an oath of loyalty and a necessity of complying with all regulations which may be ordered in the field, as well as submitting to dispatch censorship. The war correspondent is thus a sub-officer with imagination. There will be no venturing unrecorded, which made Richard Barry's exploit in the Russian War such an admirable achievement.

In one particular instance, however, imagination was more potent to correct reporting than an actual observance of fact. It is not so many years since that erratic but powerful young novelist, Stephen Crane, burst on an astonished public with his *Red Badge of Courage*. In this was recorded the terror of war with a minutiæ of detail which even soldiers, who had been under fire, said was a literal transcript of their emotions. Yet Crane had never been in a battle. It was natural then, when war did break out and this book was fresh in the public mind, that he should have been sent to the front. Yet he was a comparative failure. Possibly war was too real.

Conan Doyle added little to his reputation through his letters to the London papers during the Boer War, even though he gained the material for a painstaking book. Of course, so acute an observer could not completely fail, but the subtle battle of a Sherlock Holmes against a criminal brings out what is best in his analytical mind. The letters of Pierre Loti about the Balkan War were not fair records, for ever since *Les Desenchantées* he has been a partisan of Turkey and the odour of Constantinople has intoxicated his vision. But he obtained some delicious sensations, and rare artist that he is in the realm of sensation, we shall no doubt soon have a novel along these themes. How different a story Tolstoy brought back from Crimea in *War and Peace*. But Tolstoy was a participant not a novelist; he became a novelist through the horrors of war.

In connection with a great name in literature one recalls the little known fact that George Meredith acted as correspondent for the *London Post* during the Italian War in 1866. It must be confessed that no matter how much one may admire this novelist, there is nothing to excite admiration in the collected letters he sent back from the front and which are reproduced in the Memorial Edition of his works. They are thoroughly good reports and nothing else. Yet he wrote these while he was serially publishing *Vittoria* in the *Fortnightly*, for which, incidentally, he received 250 pounds. In this war novel—the only one he wrote—there are pages flashing with imaginative insight which his letters, from the same field, do not reveal. Why Meredith entered even temporarily upon a career so foreign to his temperament is a mystery. Perhaps a clue is found in a letter written at this period to his son Arthur: "My novels have been kept back by having to write on newspapers—they are the only things that pay. So take this as a moral: don't think of literature as a profession. I believe you have too much good sense."

Possibly here we have the real secret why novelists go to the front: it pays.

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THE ATHEIST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

Over a scuff of rocks the tide
Wanders inward far and wide,
Lifting the sea-weed's sloven hair,
Filling the pools and foaming there,
Sighing, sighing everywhere.

Merged are the marshes, merged the sands,
Save the dunes with pine-tree hands
Stretching upward toward the sky
Where the sun, their god, moves high:
Would I, too, had a god—e'en I!

For the sea is to me but sea,
And the sky but infinity.
Tides and times are but some chance
Born of a primal atom-dance.
All is but linkèd Circumstance.

In it there is no Heart—no Soul—
No illimitable Goal—
Only wild happenings that wont
Makes into laws no might can shunt
From the deep grooves in which they hunt.

Wings of the gull I watch or claws
Of the cold crab whose strangeness awes;
Faces of men that feel the force
Of a hid thing they call life's course:
It is their hoping or remorse.

Yet it may be that I have missed
Something that only they who tryst,
Not with the sequence of events
But with their viewless Immanence,
Find and acclaim with spirit-sense.

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SUMMER-TIME FICTION

The June Instalment

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

Along with the advent of the straw hat and fluffy parasol, the renewal of interest in bathing-suits and golf sticks, the opening-up of cottages and bungalows, comes the annual revival of the old, vexed question, Is there any distinctive type of summer-time fiction, and if so, what are its characteristics? There is a sort of popular superstition to the effect that there is such a type, and that it differs from other types chiefly in the slightness of its tax upon the brain. Hot-weather reading, it is argued, should demand a minimum of intellectual effort; it should be as light and unsubstantial as a charlotte russe or an ice-cream soda, a mere *soufflé* of words and thoughts, to trick the mental palate into momentary oblivion of breezeless air and baking heat. Indeed, in several recent seasons the publishers themselves have taken this line of reasoning so seriously that the market has been quite flooded with gaudily bound samples of inanity, resplendent with cover designs of gay butterflies of fashion, clad in summer finery of all the blatant hues that modern colour printing makes possible. Hammock Novel was the term coined not many seasons ago to describe this special type of fiction; and many a popular magazine displayed for its midsummer fiction number a girl reclining in a hammock, day-dreaming, with eyes half-closed, while the novel she had been reading was usually depicted, with unconscious irony, lying open, cover upwards, in her lap. Its fluffiness had failed to hold her vagrant fancies.

It would be interesting to know whether there really is any ground at all for this idea that an intelligent human brain will respond more readily to an inferior sort of stimulus at a time when all nature conspires to render it difficult for it to respond at all. Ask yourself, ask your friends and acquaintances, whether a book that you or they would scorn as trivial on a rainy evening in December suddenly becomes by some strange alchemy potent to drive off the insomnia of a sultry August afternoon. Of course, you will not find anything of the kind. There are some perverted mental palates which demand the sweetmeats of fiction all the year around, and naturally they demand an intensification of sugar in the days when the woods and the fields and the skies all call out together, "Throw aside your book and come and play!" But most of us look upon summer reading, so far as there is to be any reading at all during vacation days, as an opportunity to run through the books that have been crying out to be read all winter long, and for which there has been no time. Perhaps the book that we enjoyed most of all last July was an autobiography or an art monograph or a volume of literary essays; perhaps a vivid account of Antarctic exploration sent little sympathetic shivers down our back, despite the fact that the thermometer was at that moment registering ninety odd degrees; perhaps, again, we welcomed the chance to read for the tenth,—or was it the eleventh?—time some old, old fa-

*What Will People Say? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Keeping up Appearances. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Idle Wives. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Milky Way. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Once to Every Man. By Larry Evans. New York: H. K. Fly Company.

The Titan. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company.

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vourite, *The Three Musketeers,* or *David Copperfield,* or *Henry Esmond.* And if we analyse all these perhapses, we find that the whole question sifts down to this simple axiom: that people's tastes do not change radically with the seasons; the books we read in July differ from those we read in January, not in kind but in degree; they must be of our own favourite brand, high or low, good or bad, Tolstoy or Ouida,—but they must be peculiarly good specimens of their own special class.

And this principle, which, after all, is based upon simple logic, is apparently being recognised more and more. The new volumes of the current month give no indication that the publishers are trying to cater to any theoretical vacuity incident to the approaching hot months. On the contrary, the quality most conspicuous in the current fiction is its demand that the reader shall do some thinking. The habit of propounding a problem and expecting the reader to bestir himself, take sides, reason the question out, is becoming more and more general, both in England and America. You want to be entertained? the author seems to say to the reader. Well, so you shall be, only you must work for it. The day for dreaming in a hammock has gone by; you must take a live interest in the questions of the hour, and then, and then only, you will like my book.

There are, of course, a certain proportion of volumes, and well-written ones, too, to which the foregoing remarks do not apply. Certain types of books have enjoyed big successes in the past, and it is inevitable that these types, in more or less inferior form, should reappear from time to time. But there is nevertheless a well-defined tendency in the direction of serious discussion in fiction form of the big, current ethical and social problems, and it is all the more noticeable in this approaching season of hammock idleness.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"

At rare intervals we come across a book which, whatever its other merits or defects, impresses us as possessing an undeniable magnitude of theme and treatment. Every professional reviewer knows the sudden thrill of such discoveries. Sober second thought and the lapse of time naturally lead to some degree of readjustment; yet nothing can rob us of that first vivid impression of power and bigness. In glancing back over a decade or so, one recalls Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread,* Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie,* Robert Herrick's *Together,* Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth,* Frank Norris's *The Octopus,* as a few instances taken more or less at random, of books over which a reviewer could safely give rein to his enthusiasm without the fear that five years later he might regret having put himself on record quite so fervently. *What Will People Say?* by Rupert Hughes, falls under this category. It is a picture of New York of to-day, done relentlessly and with grim irony,—New York in the grip of the latest follies, the insensate, all-day and all-night chase after pleasure. The mad spirit of squandering, the breathless hurry from restaurant to restaurant, theatre to cabaret, the hectic fever of the modern dance, the whole wild, shifting phantasmagoria of sensuous rhythms, swaying bodies, a whole community abandoned to the pursuit of new sensations. There is something so chaotic in the life of the present hour that one would have said off-hand that it would defy the art of the printed page, and that nothing short of the motion picture could mirror it back with anything approaching adequacy. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Hughes has succeeded in doing; and in doing it, he has given us not only scene after scene of photographic vividness, but what is even more difficult, a sense of depth and atmosphere, a suggestion of infinitely varied life, behind and beyond the specific pictures of his immediate story. Perhaps the weakest thing about his book is its title; to a certain extent it expresses his central idea, but it does not express it with sufficient emphasis. The story deals with that ultra-modern class whose lives are in all things keyed to the superlative; nothing is too

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costly, nothing too eccentric, nothing too extreme, provided always that they do not transgress the unwritten code of their own kind. "What will people say?" is the haunting question forever in the back of their minds, stifling the natural affections, forcing loveless marriages, forging the links of a life-long slavery. Mr. Hughes has cleverly chosen to see all this through the unspoiled eyes of a young army officer just back from several years' service in the Philippines. The new dancing craze, among other innovations, is a revelation to him, and a rather unpleasant one, until he meets Persis Cabot, dances with her, and comes under the spell of an unknown intoxication of rhythm. Persis Cabot is an unforgettable figure in contemporary fiction. She is the incarnation of the social orchid of to-day, brilliant, vivid, scintillating, infinitely desirable yet infinitely remote,—that is, if you are a poor army officer whose only resources are two thousand a year. Yet even cold, calculating young women of the orchid type do sometimes kindle into flames; and Persis Cabot has her hour of madness, when she almost forgets what people will say, almost chooses poverty and the man she loves, instead of millions and the wretched, unwholesome, obnoxious little Willie Enslee who goes with them as a necessary part of the bargain. If Lieutenant Forbes could then and there have passed out of the life of Persis Enslee, Mr. Hughes of course would not have had a story to write; but it happened that Forbes lacked the courage to be wise, and that Persis the disillusioned wife was a very different person from Persis the inexperienced young girl, and never once thought of asking, as she did in an earlier chapter, "Help me against myself." Mr. Hughes shows just one structural weakness, he does not know when to stop, the last few chapters of his book are sheer surplusage. But there is one scene that stands out with grim and haunting power, and that is the dinner scene, just after Enslee has learned, beyond the possibility of doubt, his wife's infidelity. He knows that he is going to kill her, and she knows it too, yet they go through the gruesome farce of a formal dinner, course after course, hatred in their hearts, and empty, banal commonplaces on their lips,—for the servants are present and at any cost they must keep up appearances even to the last. The story should have ended as the knife was driven home; yet even the egregious blunder of the inquest and the order for disinterment of the body cannot alter the fact that Mr. Hughes has done a rather big piece of work and has incarnated a certain social aspect which, even though a fleeting one, will not soon be forgotten.

"KEEPING UP APPEARANCES"

Keeping up Appearances, by Maximilian Foster, is a story which naturally comes next in order because, although in a far lighter vein, it deals with analogous conditions. It directly concerns the destinies of a young couple who leave their quiet Western home and come to New York, dazzled with the affluence that seems to be offered them in the form of a salary of five thousand a year in a Wall Street broker's office. Jim Agnew had hitherto been a clerk in a firm that dealt in coal, and he was not only impatient of the plodding life and slow advancement, but ashamed of his job as well; so when his former college chum offers him a position in his New York office, Jim jumps at it, even though he knows that the offer is made in the hope that he can swing a good share of his wealthy uncle's business into the hands of his new employer,—a thing which he cannot possibly do, because he and his uncle quarrelled hopelessly years ago. The purpose of the volume is to show how very small a distance five thousand dollars will go in New York, where a young couple are bent on keeping up appearances, and especially where they have the misfortune to get into the wrong sort of set, the sort that cares primarily only for outward show, and lives on credit, skirting the thin ice of bankruptcy. One becomes a trifle tired of the everlasting domestic account book, the price of meat, the ser-

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vants' unpaid and accumulating wages, the whole sordid story of a foolish young couple whose vaulting ambition overleaps itself, the husband losing his position simultaneously with the departure of indignant servants, and the mounting flood of unpaid bills. A kindly friend helps to tide them over, and with better luck than he deserved, the husband finds the old desk still vacant in his Western town, and goes back to it, wiser if not sadder,—indeed rather elated at the outcome of the venture. On the whole, a readable book, though too obviously written for the sake of the lesson rather than for the story.

"IDLE WIVES"

There is a certain formula that is being rather over-worked recently, averaging at least one example a month throughout the current year. Of course, in these days of feministic agitation the phenomenon is natural enough, but there is a sameness about the theme that becomes irritating. The formula in question may be briefly defined as an object-lesson in woman's right to "self-expression." Sometimes the heroine is already married, perhaps she has one or more children; sometimes she is a young girl striving to know her own mind, and wavering between a husband and a career. But in any case the formula is always worked out in just one way: the girl refuses to marry, or the wife to live with her husband, until the man is willing not only to recognise the woman's right to do her own independent work in the world, but to concede that her work is finer, nobler, altogether more important than his own. Mr. James Oppenheim's new volume, *Idle Wives,* is no exception to this general rule. Technically it is a good piece of work, with the careful finish that we have learned to expect from him. And there is no small amount of truth in the indictment that he brings against a large proportion of the women of the leisure class in New York to-day,—women whose occupation as wives and home-makers and mothers is largely taken from them by trained servants and graduate nurses, and who bore themselves to death over the inanities of bridge and gossip and an endless round of futile gaieties. Anne Wall, like her brother Richard, has scant patience with the conventions that mean so much to her mother, her sister and her husband John. She rebels against the ordered narrowness of routine, she stifles in a home where her own children care more for their German governess than for her, and where her little boy refuses her a good-night kiss because "there's germs in kisses." So, when her brother Richard insists upon marrying his stenographer and adopting the fatherless child that was the penalty of her ignorance of the world, Anne stands by him, in spite of her husband's anger, until their quarrel results in open rupture, and she leaves home, joins Richard and his wife on the lower East Side, and throws herself ardently into settlement work, and more especially the redemption of wayward young girls. This portion of the book is distinctly better material than the chapters dealing with the atmosphere of Riverside Drive; it rings truer. The Shane family especially contains some good portraiture; Mrs. Shane, overworked drudge; impetuous, wilful Mollie Shane, eager for the joys of living, and ready to fall an easy prey to the practiced wiles of "Lefty Larry," and old Shane himself, eating his heart out for his lost daughter, and slowly sinking into an untimely senility; all this is tragedy, sordid perhaps, yet of the kind that sets one's heart to aching. Good also is the psychology of Anne's reawakened longing for her own children, after her trying vigil on the night when Mollie Shane's child is born. But where the machinery of construction shows itself, with a discordant grating of wheels, is when Anne learns that the husband who had so bitterly opposed her claim to the right to follow her own career, has himself readjusted his own business interests in order to give a large part of his time to the same work that his wife is doing, the redemption of unfortunate women. Anne and her husband are

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reconciled, and we leave them doubly happy because they are working hand in hand for a common cause,—all of which is very pretty and idealistic. But it would be a comfort to see this theme handled for once in a perfectly simple and prosaic manner, not on the basis of a woman's right to "self-expression" or her duty to uplift the masses, but merely her right to "have a job," and earn her ten or twenty-five or hundred dollars a week, whether she is married or not. The heroine of the typical feministic novel of to-day is a genius, a philanthropist, a new Jane Addams sent to revolutionise our social system. The argument in these stories seems to be that women of this type are so important to the world that no husband has the right to hamper their usefulness. But why does not some novelist give us the common, average type of the young wife who, perhaps, has no exceptional talent, but plenty of good intentions and energy, and who would rather run a typewriter at fifteen dollars a week than dawdle her days away over fancy-work and a box of chocolates? The woman who can go to her husband and say, "I have the greatest soprano voice since Patti," or "I have written a novel that the publishers think will be a best seller," or "The trustees have offered me the presidency of the State college for women," holds in her hands a lever that will lift a world of prejudice and conservatism. But take your narrow, middle-class little man, making his twelve or fifteen hundred a year, commuting because a distant suburb, which costs him a tedious hour, morning and night, means better social surroundings for wife and children. He is not working for any "up-lift of society;" it is his "job," the only one he knows, and it means bread and butter, neither more nor less; well, supposing that his wife, instead of boring herself to distraction over Ladies' Aid Societies and Rummage Sales, wanted to take some perfectly respectable position on a weekly salary, would he agree to it? Of course not! The traditions of unnumbered middle-class generations would rise up and do battle. That is the theme that some novelist ought to undertake: the equal rights problem on a strict economic basis, shorn of all "uplift" and "self-expression" idealism, and brought right down to a matter of simple dollars and cents.

"VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE"

Those whose privilege it was to know Frank Norris in the few brief transition years between the Nineteenth Century and the Twentieth, and to watch his rare and virile powers slowly find themselves and compel recognition of his brilliant and short-lived promise, find themselves facing a painful duty when asked to review his long lost posthumous novel, *Vandover and the Brute*. One thing seems certain: had Norris lived, this early work might have served him profitably as a source-book of youthful impressions, college-day spontaneity which, when once lost, is gone irretrievably:—but he would never have made the colossal blunder of publishing it in its present form. Until he became known, he, of course, could not have found a publisher for a work so audacious; and by the time that he had made a name and secured his public, his awakened understanding of his art would have forbidden the publishing of a piece of sheer apprentice work,—powerful in streaks, Zolaesque in the sheer surface mannerisms and a startling frankness of theme which he never again sought to attain, and yet revealing, in countless subtle ways, his lack of full understanding of his self-elected model. The briefest and simplest way of defining *Vandover and the Brute* is to say that Norris was gropingly trying to do what Mr. W. B. Maxwell has done of clear purpose and with masterly execution in his much debated volume, *In Cotton Wool*. Both these books tell the life of a man who always chooses the line of least resistance, the man who, starting out with high ideals and brilliant opportunities, finds it easier, month by month and year by year, to yield to the brute side of human nature that is perpetually striving to drag us down. The fatal weakness of *Vandover and the*

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Brute is its lack of explanation: there is nothing to account for the hero's weakness of will. There is no hint of any defective heredity, no evidence that there was anything especially vicious in Vandover's environment. His college course was fairly normal; he had his lapses, but they were comparatively rare. The only abnormal thing about him at this time was an unhealthy super-sensitiveness of conscience, a tendency to magnify out of all proportion his occasional departures from the strait and narrow path. Furthermore, luck played a large part in Vandover's slow disintegration. If he had not lost his mother when a mere boy; if a certain girl had not committed suicide; if he had not been shipwrecked at a crucial moment; if his father had not succumbed to heart-failure; if he had not had a scoundrel for a friend; if,—we might go on indefinitely with the swelling list of "ifs." In real life, the issues are often complicated by apparently wanton intrusions of fate; but the novelist who knows his art tries to keep the issues clear; he says, accidents may happen, but let us work out the problem without their help. Norris had not yet learned this when he was breaking himself in by writing *Vandover and the Brute,* and that is why, for the sake of his reputation, it ought to have been issued for private circulation only and placed in the hands of the few who would have regarded it as a human document and nothing more.

"CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST"

This is a story based upon a glaringly obvious "made" situation, yet so deftly told and with such a delicious appreciation of the little ironies of life, that we not only forgive but welcome it. Imagine two brothers, the one an erratic genius, the other a painfully conservative possessor of a single talent, and content to tread throughout life the narrow foot-path ordained for an assistant tutor in Cambridge University. The genius had a meteoric career, scandalised some narrow souls, wrote one immortal book, went on an errand of noble sacrifice to South America, and died of fever, leaving only one person to mourn him, a broken-hearted girl who was soon to have been his wife. Six years pass, and as luck would have it, this girl chances to meet the assistant tutor of Holy Ghost College during his vacation on the Continent. He has never heard of her; but she, recognising his identity, conceives a sudden strange design. She sees his weakness of character, his monumental narrowness of soul,—and yet there is just enough of the dead brother in him to make her want him as father of the children for whom she dumbly longs,—children who would bear the name of Pontifax. This is all by way of prelude. The story itself deals with the awakening of a weak man from the rut in which he has been content to waste his years; his discovery that there are bigger things in life than the petty, sordid university politics and rivalries; and finally his voluntary resignation, and transference to a wider and higher field of activity. And all this is wrought by the calm, tactful persistence of a woman who knows unerringly what she wants, and who guides the man so subtly that he never fully knows how much he owes her. And best of all, the one thing of which she has long since given up all hope at last comes to her, because little by little she learns that "love can grow for people, grow and get strong in them, become something more than a mere tolerant affection, make for itself a place, a real place, forever in their lives." A keen, discerning book, written in a spirit of blended irony and indulgence.

"THE MILKY WAY"

The Milky Way, by F. Tennyson Jesse, finds the explanation of its title in a Provençal proverb, "He who is light of heart and heels can wander in the milky way." In type, it belongs to the prolific line of pseudo-Borrovian fiction, that includes in its recent annals such various examples as *The Belovèd Vagabond, The Broad Highway,* and *The Happy Warrior.* The accepted formula for this type is a group of eccentrics,

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kindly, lovable people, of course, but the more hopelessly incongruous the better; and they roam the highways and by-ways gypsy-fashion, penniless, ill-fed and carefree, rejoicing in that touch of vagabondage which makes the whole world of bohemia kin. *The Milky Way* is by no means the worst specimen of its type; on the contrary, it has its good points and its moments of real appeal. Yet it is, taken as a whole, rather more preposterous than the majority of its class. The heroine is an unsuccessful illustrator, who out of sheer discouragement is about to make a loveless marriage, when she hears an utter stranger, in rags and tatters, piping tunefully down in the steerage of the tramp freighter on which she chances to be. A shipwreck in mid-channel has the result of burdening the heroine with another woman's baby, and presently she, the baby and the tuneful piper find themselves annexed to a troop of strolling players, doing one-night stands through English country towns. Subsequent events continue to arrive haphazard; people vanish and reappear again with dizzy unexpectedness, and after a good deal of tedious uncertainty, the heroine and her piper find that they love each other and decide to be married. And that is literally all. The characters are some of them quaintly diverting, but the story is sadly lacking in plot interest.

"ONCE TO EVERY MAN"

It is astonishing how a story of such strong appeal could have been wrought out of such simple, homely material. Imagine a little backwater of civilisation, a primitive, almost stagnant little village in a setting of the "everlasting hills." Ask for the substance of the story in briefest possible form, and for the moment one is puzzled how to answer truthfully and yet do the tale justice. After all, it is nothing more nor less than the simple love story of Denny Bolton, Young Denny, and Dryad Anderson, the daughter of pathetic, old, half-witted Anderson, once the cutter of tombstones; but since the day when his fragile child wife died, he has spent his life in a daze, ceaselessly modelling white marble images, always of the same subject,—the beautiful young woman taken from him before her time. Young Denny has his tragedy, too. It is a matter of history that for unnumbered generations the Boltons sooner or later drank themselves to death; and it is freely predicted by the village greybeards, with Judge Maynard as their spokesman, that sooner or later, Young Denny will follow suit. Prejudice is strong in the village, and the tall, lank, massive shouldered lad leads a lonely life, save for his horses and cow and stolen interviews with Dryad. And always in one corner of his lonely cabin stands a jug full of whiskey, a perpetual reminder of the inherited taint and a daily test of his strength of resistance. What the villagers cannot pardon Young Denny for is that he has proved them false prophets; he should have taken to drink long ago; gossip insists scores of times that he has done so, and gossip always proves to have been mistaken. But a day comes when a series of mischances give sudden colour to the rumour that he has at last fallen from grace, Dryad herself loses faith in him, and her loss of faith coincides with Denny's departure from town. But his real reason for going has nothing to do with the little brown jug. He has read in a newspaper the chances of big money awaiting a successful prizefighter, he knows the strength and endurance stored up in his massive bones and muscles, he thinks of Dryad and his hopes, and the slow and painful toil of accumulating dollars from a rocky farm. And when we have said this, we have told the whole simple story. That is, all but the Homeric fight itself in which Denny makes his first appearance in the ring and wins his laurels and a neat little fortune. But it isn't the plot that holds us; it is a trick that the author has learned early, and that cannot be taught,—the trick of making us care for his people, not for what they do, but for what they are. Young Denny is a good lover, a good fighter, and a good all-around human being, and who would be so unreasonable as to ask more?

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"THE TITAN"

Whatever value we may place upon Mr. Theodore Dreiser as a novelist, he is certainly not one whose works may be dismissed lightly. That he is tremendously in earnest, is obvious. That an amount of patient toil and endeavour goes into each and every one of his volumes is evidenced by the crowded detail, the tumultuous activity, the multitudinous sequence of episode, the whole effect of thronging humanity, the ceaseless storm and surge of existence. And yet, in his later books he fails to produce the effects that he secured by far simpler means years ago in *Sister Carrie*. There was no confusion of many characters and many incidents in that volume, no overcrowding of the canvas. It was all quite direct and elemental, and poignantly true. The reader took sides keenly, glowing hot and cold alternately, with the surge of personal sympathy,—because every character in the book was a personality, some one whom we could have loved or hated in real life in a frankly human fashion. The new volumes are vastly more elaborate: one feels that Mr. Dreiser has studied and toiled and striven, before reaching the minute understanding of business and finance, monopoly and graft that makes books like *The Titan* and *The Financier* read like the concentrated extract of a whole world of bribery and corruption. And yet, by the very force of iteration, the wearing action of endless repetition, they deaden their own effect; the sheer volume and extent of the detailed schemes pall upon us and leave us indifferent. In *The Financier,* it will be remembered that Cowperwood, Frank Algernon Cowperwood, having defied gods and men once too often, was borne down under the wreckage of his own vast schemes and landed for some thirteen months in the Eastern District Penitentiary in Philadelphia. *The Titan* takes up his subsequent career from the date of his release, witnesses his achievement of a fresh fortune, his removal to Chicago and his ambitious plans for effecting a consolidation of the city gas companies, with the ulterior design of controlling the monopoly himself. Incidentally, the volume is a detailed, minute and rather sordid secret life of a modern Don Juan. Cowperwood is not content to divorce his patient, long-suffering first wife and marry his mistress in her stead; but he seems temperamentally unable to look upon any woman without desire. Mr. Dreiser spares us none of his many gallantries. They become wearisome, repellent, almost nauseating from the sheer monotony of their endless sameness. It is all, no doubt, true to the actualities of a certain side of life, although one wonders at times how any one man could always have the luck of such seemingly easy conquests; the law of probabilities would point at least to an occasional rebuff. But, be that as it may, Mr. Dreiser might have been content to give us a few specimen cases and let us conjecture the rest. Infidelity following infidelity, discovery following discovery, husband and wife both hiring detectives to spy out their respective rendezvous, hair-pulling, face-scratching and torrential outpourings of billingsgate invective do not make pleasant reading when extended over upward of five hundred closely printed pages. The reviewer's quarrel is not with the author's method, nor with his outlook upon life, but merely with his sense of proportion and quantity, his tendency to overstate his case so vastly. Cowperwood's first few lapses from virtue compel our attention, but the time comes when we merely say wearily, "What, not another one?" And the only relief from this obsession of women is an equally tiresome obsession of monopoly, Gas Company shares, street-railway shares, bills, ordinances, injunctions, the whole machinery of legal and legislative chicanery. Undeniably, the book has a certain bigness, it is cast on broad, bold lines, and incidentally it strips a human soul bare of its last remnant of covering. But it is not enough to tell the reader the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it is necessary also to hold his interest,—and to do that, an author must be careful not to try the reader's patience too far nor too long.

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TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mrs. Evan Nepean's "On the Left of a Throne"*

There was nothing heroic in "King Monmouth," and Mrs. Nepean does not attempt to make him a hero. Her purpose is rather to reveal the human side of him, to set forth that charm of manner and beauty of person which won him popularity everywhere, and to recount the happy and unhappy story of the one great love of his life. She is right in thinking that history has on the whole dealt rather too harshly with the son of Charles II and Lucy Walter. Macaulay makes him almost contemptible, and less partisan writers have cast ridicule upon his hope of succeeding to his father's throne. Yet if we consider the state of public feeling in England when Charles died there is nothing surprising in it. James was widely distrusted for his religion; and although the Tories might try to allay the anxiety of English Churchmen by saying, "We have the word of a king, and a king who was never worse than his word," the attitude of the Protestant party in general remained as it had been when Charles dismissed his brother's fears lest he be assassinated with the characteristically witty remark, "They'll never kill me, James, to make you king." The effort to exclude at that time the last of the Stewarts to wear the crown happily failed, and the Monmouth rebellion was easily suppressed. But the son of Charles had for the moment good reason to believe that he might displace the brother. The love the people felt for him was sincere enough, though it did not suffice to save him from disaster. The end was inevitable, of course; the stain of illegitimacy would doubtless have made it so, even had James then as completely alienated his subjects as he had when William of Orange almost failed in his enterprise.

The might-have-beens of history are not profitable topics of speculation. Whatever the views of Monmouth or his partisans, the kingdom was not ready for revolt. Nor does Mrs. Nepean's favourable account of the most interesting of the royal bastards convince us that it would have been well for England had the time then been ripe. Questions of this kind, indeed, she does not argue. Her chief purpose is to show Monmouth in his habit as he lived. Her volume would be a more interesting footnote to history had she refrained from a too obvious straining after the sentimental and the picturesque. Frankly, it is about as bad as a book of the kind can be. She has disdained the simple art of straightforward narrative. The reader who knew nothing of Monmouth would get from these pages a confused idea of his story. To be sure, she disclaims trying to write a biography. But the "study" which she essays is far from illuminating. She has unquestionably devoted much labour to it, and has used some hitherto imperfectly known material. Many of the portraits, too, are unfamiliar to the public. There are descriptive passages to which a vivid style, and that degree of sympathetic insight which women have more often than men, give genuine value. But too often we cannot see the wood for the trees. Thus nearly a third of the volume is devoted to the Duchess of Monmouth, and to members of her family whose history had nothing to do with that of the Duke. Thus, too, the moving narrative of the Duke's love for Lady Wentworth and her sacrifice for him is interrupted by more or less circumstantial accounts of matters remote from the purpose. These excursions into blind alleys, accompanied by a running fire of exclamation points and question marks, are little less than exasperating.

*On the Left of a Throne. A Personal Study of James, Duke of Monmouth. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. New York: John Lane Company.

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The one mystery in Monmouth's life —if it be still a mystery—is whether he was really a legitimate son of Charles and the rightful heir to the throne. If we could accept this hypothesis it would explain many things. It is true, as Mrs. Nepean says, that he was never treated as illegitimate. Henrietta Maria made much of him; Charles loved him best of all his children and set the example for the respect with which the Court treated him. When foreign royalties died he wore the long purple cloak just as Charles, James and Prince Rupert did—a singular honour for the son of an unmarried mother! It is said that he himself "knew" he was legitimate. If so, he never gave convincing proof of such knowledge. The conclusion which we must reach after balancing all the probabilities of the case is that Charles never married Lucy Walter. The only approach to evidence that he did is a fourth-hand statement that the Duke of Buccleuch found the marriage certificate in the muniment room at Dalkeith and burned it. Against this may be set the unlikelihood that even a king without a throne, as Charles was in 1849, would marry a lady with no reputation to lose and attainable on easier terms. Lucy tried to make a great scandal about it afterward, and sought to keep the child, whether from love or a less worthy motive we need not too curiously inquire. But if any woman were ever without a shred of morality it was she, and she does not deserve our pity.

And what of Monmouth himself? He was no hero surely, or he would not have begged for his life from the justly implacable James. He had a bad heritage in his mother, and his environment at the Court of his father was no school of virtue. He was, besides, one of those handsome men whom women spoil. His emotions were easily stirred, but until he met Henrietta Wentworth he seems to have been capable of no great passion. For her who was married to him while he was still a boy he never cared—or did not care long. She was a cold, hard person, ambitious to be queen, no doubt, but with little concern for the fate of the man who would have made her queen. There are, in truth, but two things in Monmouth's life which are wholly without a touch of the sordid. He loved Henrietta devotedly. In his last hours he refused to acknowledge that it was a sin to love her. He told the bishops who were with him that "this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration." They might refuse him the communion, but he would not repudiate her. This was not the attitude of a weakling or a mere profligate. And he went to his death "with an air of undisturbed courage that was grave and composed." The moment of cowardice when he fell on his knees before James had passed. He had the Stewart blood, after all, and he died like a gentleman. There is something pathetic in his story, something to admire, even though he was no hero. We wish it might have been told with fewer sentimental flourishes.

Edward Fuller.

II

George Henry Nettleton's "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century"*

Professor Nettleton's book provides a history of English dramatic development from the re-opening of the theatres in 1642 to Sheridan. His plan is roughly similar to that of Ward's history of the earlier drama—a brief, detailed study of individual men and plays set in a solid framework of the general evolution of dramatic ideas. The main intention is to furnish a perspective, and the result is thoroughly orderly and competent. Containing little that is new and suggestive, it at the same time avoids the attractive generalisations by which research so often mars its achievements in fitting phenomena to theory.

The period here covered has been ne-

*English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century. By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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glected apparently because it afforded few high lights. But the author finely points out that, whatever the drama, it has importance because it represents the demand of the people. Despite the limitations of the drama of the past two centuries and a half, he says, it has been linked too closely with the lives and interest of the English people to be dismissed as unworthy of serious notice. Whether comedy laughs with the sins of the Restoration or weeps with the sentimentality of the eighteenth century, it bears the form and pressure of the age; and even when tragedy seems most aloof from human hearts, it won the plaudits of the passing day. Furthermore, the comedy of manners came in this period to its fullest development, tragedy learned to speak prose and to find suffering and sorrow in bourgeois life, and stage-craft and acting steadily developed —the latter, at least, rising to noble heights.

The English drama is itself a drama of national life. Even the multiple Gallic graftings on the stock of Restoration drama left its roots still firmly set in English soil. The re-established stage owed neither its origin nor its initial progress to France; and the novelty of English opera itself seems chiefly attributable to native influences. Always, too, there was conflict between Continental example and English practice.

The failure of the Heroic drama lay in its attempt to achieve the impossible, but the effort in spite of much grotesqueness was not ignoble and echoed faintly an earlier faith in chivalry and love. As tragedy, except for Otway, moved further from ordinary life, comedy came nearer to the only life it presented—that of London fashionable society. It held the boards for many years and powerfully influenced eighteenth century drama, though even Sheridan—its final and finest flower—did not attempt to reproduce its traditional license. The attack of Collier against this license has been over and underestimated. Macaulay is wrong when he says that Collier reformed the stage, and so is modern criticism when it dismisses this attack as a failure. The superficial aspect of drama was not largely altered, but there were many signs of reaction against its immorality. The purging came, however, not through the reform of the old but the advent of the new. While Cibber resolutely turned his back on licentiousness, Steele sought for his feeble *vis comica* the new prop of sentiment. Otway and Southerne had already sentimentalised tragedy; and now the rising tide of sentiment invaded comedy, as it was later to sweep away Richardson and Sterne in the novel. Steele's dictum that laughter is but a distorted passion is proof that sentiment became for his generation the link between comedy and tragedy. Rowe's domesticated and moralising tragedies maintained their vitality well into the nineteenth century, pallidly reviving the Elizabethan tradition, whose "native rage," Addison's Cato sought to chill with the classical restraints of the Continental drama. The French influence derived a new and powerful support from Voltaire, who yet borrowed very freely from Shakespeare. Lillo's crude conception of natural dialogue in his domestic tragedies made a step toward modern realism by breaking the old shackles of verse tragedy, the prestige of which was further shaken by the destructive force of Fielding's burlesques. As tragedy was being moralised, comedy was increasingly sentimentalised. Sentimental comedy proved no less artificial than Restoration comedy, and—as so often has happened in this ticklishly-poised world—the hand that led the way to moral reform led the way to moral decay.

It led to dramatic decay also. The stage was too much concerned with an artificial mechanism of morality to represent life. Besides, both comedy and tragedy were wavering flabbily between respect for the old conventions—Elizabethan or classical—and more modern needs; and all the while Italian opera, pantomime and spectacle, burlesque and farce, were pressing them hard. In the decline of the harassed drama the novel found its opportunity. Only a strong

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repertory of stock plays and the genius of some of its actors sustained the theatre. The test of time had already established Shakespeare's supremacy among the earlier dramatists, but Garrick now powerfully confirmed his position. The arbiter of Drury Lane set the fashion decisively. In the tragedies of his era there were few traces of dramatic power; and though the farces of Foote and the comedies of the elder Colman showed glimpses of genuine comic spirit, the players, and not the plays, dominated the Garrick era. As for the sentimental drama, it rose to its height —encouraged by actors who were able to conceal its falsity and mediocrity. It not merely caused the sun to shine on the good and the rain to fall on the unjust, but it made all temporal prosperity the handmaiden of morality. Goldsmith and Sheridan were unable to rid themselves of the sentimentality they attacked. Judged by standards of continued popularity, Sheridan stands second only to Shakespeare.

A. de Vivier.

III

C. Gasquoine Hartley's "The Age of Mother-Power"*

The first questions that occur to the reader of this book is whether it was worth writing; whether it is very useful that we should inquire into the distant period when woman was enthroned above man, a period so remote that no documents prove its existence; whether a full knowledge thereof is of any practical value. Mrs. Gallichan might reply that no knowledge is sterile and would not be quite wrong; but on the other hand experience in, say, pathology, does not help very much a man who wants to learn to carve wood. But, these ill-natured remarks made, the reader very soon discovers that Mrs. Gallichan has not, after all, wasted her time, for she has managed to suggest through the medium of anthropology a good deal that affects what we generally call the Woman Problem.

For the author is not an unreasonable person. She seems to have shed the prejudices supposed to be inherent in her sex and shows herself much fairer than a purely androcratic person, such as Westermark. The story she has to tell is that of the constitution of the early family and of its evolution into the modern form and, in the first half of the book, she has made of it something so romantic that one reads it almost as a utopia by Mr. Wells—with this difference, that it is probably not a utopia. To summarise her theory briefly, according to Mrs. Gallichan, the earliest grouping of human creatures was a fierce, jealous, solitary male surrounded by females who were, without any distinction of consanguinity, subject to his physical appetites. That, at first sight, was a patriarchal system, but Mrs. Gallichan proceeds with remarkable ingenuity to sketch out the probable psychology of the alleged patriarch. Entirely governed by sex-appetites, jealous, pugnacious and solitary in his harem, he seemed to rule, but the author qualifies his position by suggesting that one man is much less likely to feed twenty women than twenty women to feed one man. That is very important, for it does away with the idea of man's early pacha attitude; if he had to be fed he became a dependent, so that his physical power availed him little. Thence springs the conclusion that all government, administration and domestic artistry fell into the hands of women, who formed a sort of Socialistic republic under the sway of a purely constitutional head.

Mrs. Gallichan then leads us further; she shows that the sons, expelled by the jealous patriarch, formed similar and hostile communities by stealing wives—or being stolen by them, for Mrs. Gallichan will not have it that woman is passive in love, as to which the writer will not commit himself in this short article. But she conceives, and she is probably right, that at some period mother-love gained for sons the right to remain within the

*The Age of Mother-Power. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. W. M. Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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community, provided they mated outside its boundaries. That was presumably the origin of exogamy to which every civilised race and almost every savage tribe attaches to-day so much importance. Arguing from mythology, folk-lore and the probability that basic humanity does not vary much, she shows that this group-marriage in no wise amounted to promiscuity and that thereto must be ascribed the complicated systems of taboos and totems familiar to all who study savage races. Lastly comes the revolt of man, who by purchase acquires slave-women, until little by little women pass within his power, until the mother-age vanishes into the patriarchal period of fist and sword.

The book is extraordinarily interesting and subtle. Mrs. Gallichan shows that it was quite natural to trace descent through the mother, not because the father was unknown but because woman represented property; that women must have become civilised because they had an interest in combining against the lonely man. And she must be commended especially for not allowing herself to be deluded by the current practice of animals, in which direction the writer believes error to lie. Sometimes, however, she is carried away by her belief in her case. Thus when Andromache says to Hector (after the destruction of her father's house and its inmates): "Thou art my father and gracious mother, thou art my brother . . . ," Mrs. Gallichan considers that this implies transfer to the husband of all the old mother-right relationships. The writer would rather look upon it as a poetic flight akin to that in Francis Thompson's "Arab Lore Song." And to see signs of mother-right in the seven years that Jacob served Laban to gain Leah is sheer prejudice; Laban's *wife* does not seem to have profited much by the transaction!

Still Mrs. Gallichan has made a fine case for the matriarchy, and it follows that woman should still be potentially able to organise the State. Whether she actually is capable to do so alone, whether it is desirable she should is very doubtful. We have passed the time when men must work and women must weep, but the time is not upon us when women must work and men must fight, for there is nothing to fight except men. Mrs. Gallichan does not wish to prove that women and not men must control the State; she is far too wise to commit herself, but one feels all through her book two impulses: one is Socialist and the other is Feminist. Now we are beyond doubt becoming socialised, and it will not matter much if we call our next system "Empire," for it will be a Socialism of sorts; believing as does Mrs. Gallichan that all communism is good, the writer cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that in the midst of savagery the communism of woman was the only good thing. As for Feminism, that is vaguer of course, but it is permissible to say that the relation between woman and man cannot so much have changed that woman cannot take her share in State affairs. For this reason it is impossible to say that this study of the matriarchy is useless; it says, more or less: "What woman has done, woman can do," and if we turn the old saying into "What man has done, woman can do," we shall be expressing something well in accord with the feeling that to-day inspires the feminine revolt.

W. L. George.

IV

Dean C. Worcester's "The Philippines"*

In approaching the two large volumes which Mr. Worcester has just written, supplementing his exhaustive observations contained in *The Philippine Islands and Their People,* it is well to bear in mind that he writes somewhat as a controversialist. There is about the entire study an air of indignation at the aspersions cast upon the government which the United States have been forced to put upon our Western possessions, a government in which the author himself has been an important factor. It seems at

*The Philippines. By Dean C. Worcester. 2 Vols. New York: Macmillan.

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times as though this newer work has been written as a complete refutation of these aspersions, and at the same time as a plea that the direction in which our Government has pointed its energies should not be altered. In fact, Mr. Worcester makes little attempt throughout to avoid partisanship both in praise and in blame. It is well to call attention to this fact, by way of warning, since an occasional splenetic note mars the calm and massive accumulation of data, which, it must be confessed, seem to prove the main contention of the book. For the author has set upon himself the task of examining in detail all charges of mal-administration and the like, and also to place quite clearly before the uninformed reader the actual work as accomplished and the actual conditions under which that work has been pursued. Though Mr. Worcester does not write with much humour or variety he has none the less achieved a contribution which is, without doubt, the most exhaustive and informing that has been published on the subject. Exactly how accurate are all his deductions it is impossible to say—since facts are easily coloured by the temperament and point of view through which they are sifted—but, on the whole, his contentions are buttressed with documentary evidence which seems to clinch his case.

The early chapters are devoted to an episodic history of the part which the United States have played in the Islands, particularly in reference to our relations with Aguinaldo and the Insurgents under him. Mr. Worcester vehemently denies that independence was ever promised the Filipinos. As this has been an important contention of the opponents of our recent policy, Mr. Worcester gives much space to an examination of the government files as well as the Tagalog correspondence—written exclusively by the Filipinos for their own people—which was captured by our officials. In these there is nothing to prove that our officials co-operated on any such basis of promised independence with the Filipinos. The only co-operation was against the common enemy before Spain surrendered. The contention has also been made by various critics that Aguinaldo had established a Republic and that we upset it. This, too, Mr. Worcester shows to be a bit of rhetorical imagination; for, in great detail, he reveals the terrible anarchy which existed in the very territory alleged to have enjoyed the benefits of a sound rule under Aguinaldo. The author minces no words in depicting the treachery and cruelty of this celebrated Filipino. Even when technical peace had been proclaimed between him and the United States, Mr. Worcester brings much evidence to bear upon his continued treachery and double-dealing. In fact this suggests the main contention of these elaborate volumes: the Filipinos are not qualified for independence. This opinion is based upon the manner in which they tried to govern themselves, and on the author's wide experience as an official dealing with them. It is not a pleasant picture which he draws of this period, and he feels, in spite of great advances which have been made under American rule, there is nothing as yet to warrant the demand of many of the Filipino politicians and American sentimentalists that they could govern themselves. All this is, of course, controversial.

To the lay reader, merely interested in obtaining information, the many chapters devoted to an exposition of what the United States have accomplished is of great importance. First of all stress is laid upon the tremendous strides which have been made in the health of the particular islands where the Government has directed its efforts. Sanitation and medical supervision have made a complete change in the lives of the people. Not only has success attended the elimination of the great scourges which have inflicted the inhabitants for centuries, but there has been encouraging if not complete betterment in the diseases which periodically affected the cattle and beasts of burden. Indeed, one gathers from Mr. Worcester's facts that this is one of our proudest achievements—for sewerage and sanitation were practically unknown in Manila itself. Scientific studies have also

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been carried on to improve certain districts which were pest laden. A number of chapters are also devoted to the spread of education in the islands which are still weighted with the superstitions of many anti-Christian beliefs. No field of human activity, in fact, has remained untouched and the statistical record which Mr. Worcester gives will do much to explain the manner in which we have met our obligations as an agent of civilisation.

Throughout the two volumes there are many fascinating descriptions of the islands themselves; and here the author is at his best. The reader detects a real love for the tangled forests rich in lumber, the broad fields awaiting scientific and systematic cultivation, and the mountains full of unmined ore. However one may choose to doubt Mr. Worcester's main contentions on matters of governmental policy, one will readily linger on these chapters for their charm and information. Especially absorbing are the pages in which he describes the first visits made by white men in districts controlled by savage head-hunters. These add a touch of adventure amid the heralding of iterated fact. Among the lighter and more graceful observations those devoted to a description of the abundant game and fish will attract the sportsman. For the Philippines are a very Paradise in the variation of wild life. Especially alluring to the followers of Izaak Walton, it is recorded that there are over fourteen hundred species of fish already reported—many of which are ferocious fighters of size and power. Deer shooting is very common and the tamarau —a true buffalo which appears nowhere in the world except on the island of Mindoro—is one of the most formidable of antagonists. Mr. Worcester makes a curious comment about the crocodiles, which are also very common. It seems that in many pools and rivers the children bathe without apparent fear, even though these animals are resting in plain sight below. Yet individual crocodiles gain evil reputations, and their fame becomes a by-word in the Province.

One conclusion can be safely made from this book: that the present Administration, whatever policy it may develop toward the government of these islands, cannot afford to ignore the mass of material which Mr. Worcester has gathered together. The individual hostilities among the various tribes, as well as the fundamental distrust between the Mahomedan and Christian groups complicate the question. Mr. Worcester feels very strongly that before they can ever approximate independence these various groups must be amalgamated into a people. At present he sees no such possibility and his opinions, backed by his facts, should warrant the strongest consideration.

George Middleton.

V

Hugo Münsterberg's "Psychology and Social Sanity"*

No word carries to the modern mind a more complete suggestion of disfavour than the word Academic. It implies a person who, indeed, knows; but whose knowledge is incapable of practical application. The somewhat superstitious reverence for "book-learning" has pretty well disappeared from a society where every one can read what books he will and esteems himself therefore sufficiently learned. Thus the scholarly study of the Drama has for some time been a joke along Broadway; but recently a number of young men have proceeded straight from the drama courses of the universities to the production of plays that succeed. And this case is already one of many. Scholarship and science are attending more and more to the application of their theories, and are teaching the practical man (to his intense surprise) undeniable improvements in his own business. We are breeding a new sort of specialist whose first concern is the use of his specialty. The scholar who did this used to be rather looked down upon by his colleagues as a "populariser."

*Psychology and Social Sanity. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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He who devoted his learning plainly to the understanding of the people was, to their thinking, somehow unprofessional: at best a smatterer, at worst a charlatan.

Professor Münsterberg is absolutely above either of these obsolescent reproaches. As a leader in that New Psychology which has moved from metaphysics to science, which studies mental action through physical reactions by scientific experiment and induction, and which applies its results as practically as biology or chemistry, his position is recognised beyond question. He is a leading authority, one of the few most learned and best known specialists in his field. And he is about as academic as Mr. Edison. A mere glance at his table of contents is refreshing to such of us as had considered psychology a sort of abstruse mental solitaire. Telepathy, the quackery of the supernatural, even the mind of the juryman, are not surprising subjects; but to find psychology dealing with investment, advertising, and the modern dance gives the whole subject a queer new air of reality; and when it comes to Socialism, to the Sex Education question, to the probable value in cold cash of psychological science on the modern farm, we realise that something has been happening in the laboratories. Nor is all this a by-product or recreation of the new science, but its main line of research and application. Many of us indeed had already been made aware, from sources as diverse as sundry recent detective stories and the press reports of Professor Münsterberg's own work, that some such thing was going on; yet his book none the less quickens and clarifies the impression. It is before all else practical, and about practical things; there is not a word nor a sentence in it but the veriest layman may understand; and many a native writer might envy this German scholar's clear and easy command of English. There is the sense, too, that in such chapters as that on Sex Education and Modern Dancing, a wiser and better balanced mind than heretofore, as well as one deeplier informed and as thoroughly abreast of events, has here spoken something like an authoritative last word on the subject. He knows: you cannot question his facts, and his reasoning defends itself; nor is there any pedantry on which to hang a doubt of his human fairness and common-sense.

Just because the book is at once so practical and so authoritative, it is the more worth while to object at any point where it fails to convince. Professor Münsterberg is never academic nor uninformed: he is fallible not as a professor but as a scientist. By virtue indeed of being thoroughly scientific he is not untouched by the great Scientific Fallacy, which may be shortly defined as the application of scientific method where it cannot, in the nature of the case, apply. There is just one thing that you cannot prove by experiment: and that is whether experimental conditions alter the natural facts. The scientist knows that all the water in the world must act precisely like the water in his test tube. The scientist does not know how far all the humanity in the world will act like his few chosen subjects. He cannot prove that the man at liberty and the man even unconsciously under observation do not react differently to the same circumstances; and to take this for granted begs that whole question of telepathy which he is attempting scientifically to solve. What we learn about the man in the laboratory may not apply to the man in the street. How accurately it applies we can only guess by recording many natural cases, under the dilemma that the most normal case can be least accurately recorded, and the case most carefully observed may be least natural. This is not to say that the human sciences are futile, but that they are necessarily inexact. So much no one realises more clearly than the scientist himself; but the habit of postulating for the sake of experiment a validity which truly does not exist tends to lead even so sane a human being as Professor Münsterberg aside from the mark. It would be merely impertinent for the layman to attack the precision of his data or the scope of his inductions. But in the field of normal, uncontrolled human

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events, the layman is as it were a specialist; and the scientist has here a blind spot in his mental retina.

Professor Münsterberg (for example) is irritated, as many of us have been, by the new magazine practice of running reading matter through the advertising pages. Unlike many of us, he therefore goes to work to find out, scientifically and without prejudice, whether the practice is really good advertising. He prepares a number of specimen pages, half of them filled with clipped advertisements and the rest with advertisements and comic pictures together. He then mixes up the pages, and has a number of people look them over, thirty seconds to a page; after which a carefully managed test shows that the advertisements on those pages which contained no other matter are decidedly the better remembered. It does not apparently occur to Professor Münsterberg that he may unconsciously have selected better or more familiar advertising for his solid pages. But a far deeper flaw is that he consciously and intentionally excludes the question whether an uncontrolled reader spends more time and attention upon the mixed pages. That, from the advertiser's point of view, is the whole question; and by insisting upon thirty seconds to each page, the experiment is practically vitiated.

Another abstraction of the same kind occurs in the experiment upon the correctness of jury decisions. Cards are prepared having slightly different numbers of round spots, the spots varying in size and in arrangement. Two such cards having been shown to an experimental jury, a ballot is taken as to which card contains the greater number of spots; then there is a vote by hands; then follow alternate votes and periods of discussion, until the greatest probable unanimity is attained. It is found that fifty-two per cent. of the jurors decided correctly on the first ballot; whereas seventy-eight per cent. voted correctly after the discussion. These results are for men. Juries of women show forty-five per cent. of correctness before discussion, and precisely the same percentage after discussion; which fact is hereby respectfully offered to the attention of all Feminists. Now, it is evident to any rational mind that this experiment has no flaw within itself. It proves what it sets out to prove: it is an absolutely sound and typical test of the probable accuracy of a jury in determining a purely abstract question. But that is precisely the trouble with it. The life or liberty or oppression of a human being is not merely an abstract question. And that is why we have juries. The equable chance of emotional bias, the idea that the jury feels humanly what the judge would decide too intellectually upon sheer fact and law, is not only a practical characteristic of the jury system; it is its *raison d'être*. The bare truth (if that were all) would be much better left to the decision of an expert; just as a trained observer like Professor Münsterberg himself, would doubtless have given better results in his own experiment. But its human fallibility is absolutely the only logical ground upon which the jury can be defended.

But these two cases are far from being typical of Professor Münsterberg's thinking or of his book. They are worth noting thus in detail only as exceptions proving the rule of his general sanity and soundness. He has the authority of the expert and the judicial caution of the scientist, who tests everything, seeks impartially to know, and is not to be led into partisan extremes. The thing to notice is the nature of the uncertainty when he does for once in a way appear less than certain. For the error is not in his personal equation, but is the characteristic error of science itself; which tends now and then in this day of its supremacy to let its reach exceed its grasp. Because we owe to modern science almost the whole rise and power and promise of our civilisation, it is the more needful to realise that some human knowledge is forever outside the field of science, just as some human conduct is beyond the scope of law. And the reason for seeking out this fallibility in the work

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of Professor Münsterberg is only that the weakness of all human nature is to be sought for at the roots of its strength.

Brian Hooker.

VI

Mme. Waddington's "My First Years as a Frenchwoman"*

The period covered by these recollections—1876 to 1879—is that of the struggle of the young Republic in France, the third, toward something like stability, under the able leadership of Marshal MacMahon who had been elected President after the forced resignation of Thiers. Party feeling ran even higher than normally. The National Assembly sat at Versailles, the temper of the "man in the street" in Paris being considered even more uncertain than usual. The old society, that of the Faubourg St. Germain, was divided into Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists. On one point only were they united: in their hatred and contempt for the new republic.

Mme. Waddington, first as the wife of the Minister of Public Instruction, to which post M. Waddington was appointed in 1876 and which he held for two years, until he became Minister of Foreign Affairs and finally Prime Minister under President Grévy, had unusual opportunities for intelligent observation of affairs both political and social during this stormy period. That she has availed herself to the utmost of the advantages which were hers as the wife of an able and patriotic statesman, no one who has enjoyed her earlier books will doubt for a moment. Here is no dry chronological recapitulation, but a vivid and graphic picture of the times further illuminated by timely anecdote. In addition to that valuable possession which painters describe as the "seeing eye," she has that even greater gift of projecting what must be a personality of unusual charm onto the printed page. Throughout her narrative, she herself moves, a graceful, cultured and witty figure, giving one the intimate feeling of being "personally conducted" through the scenes she so vividly describes, without ever once becoming intrusive. In sharp contrast to two other American women who, having risen to positions of eminence on the smaller stages dedicated to the tragic and the lyric drama, have within the last few years given the world their recollections, Mme. Waddington never indulges in ill-natured personalities: always she is good humoured, always she is well bred.

The position of the wife of a man in public life in those early days of the Republic was not always easy. On one occasion, when the author was paying a formal visit upon a countess with Legitimist affiliations, she was astonished to have her hostess address her by name every time she made an observation. Upon returning home, she commented on the fact to her husband: "Mme. de B—— must have said 'Waddington' at least twenty times; is it an old French custom?" He explained that it was so that all the other people present might know who she was and not say things about the *infecte gouvernment,* or make slighting remarks about the Republic, "which no gentleman could serve." On one point, of course, all parties were united, hatred of Germany and everything German. For many years after the war, the German military attaché had to return from the annual review at Longchamps in a closed carriage to guard against being insulted by the crowd. Once, at a dinner given at the German embassy to the President and the Maréchale MacMahon, a small bear made its appearance in the drawing-room with the coffee. When Mme. MacMahon was asked afterward if she was frightened, she said: "Yes, I was very much frightened, but I would not show it before those Germans!"

A large variety of interesting figures are presented to the reader, many of whom were in Paris during the International Exposition of 1878. By some timely anecdote or by some little graphic

*My First Years as a Frenchwoman. By Mme. Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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touch, every one is made vivid. During the exposition year the President and Mme. MacMahon gave a state dinner to Ex-President and Mrs. Grant. Mme. Waddington's account of Mrs. Grant's natural dismay on discovering that her host on whose right she was placed neither spoke nor understood a word of English and her own difficulties with the Chinese ambassador who sat next her is most amusing. The ambassador was credited with a fluent knowledge of English. Apparently he had learned a few phrases which he used in rotation with all the spontaneity of a phonograph. Among them, "Yes, yes, very hot, very cold, very hot, very cold," seemed to be the one in which he had most confidence. One gathers that, conversationally, at least at the end of the table at which Mrs. Grant and Mme. Waddington found themselves, the dinner was hardly a success.

One has little glimpses of life away from Paris during occasional holidays when this very cosmopolitan family were united. M. Waddington's mother was Scottish by birth, his sister-in-law an English woman, while his sister had married the German diplomatist, de Bunsen, and his wife was an American. French, English, Italian and German were used with equal ease and facility. The elder Mme. Waddington did not at all approve of the careless habit of mixing their languages. She made it a rule that they should keep to one language at least at meals. She did not care which one they chose, as she spoke all four fluently herself. But whichever one the repast began with, had to be held to throughout.

In the author's opinion, none of the celebrities she met ever surpassed the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, for kindly tact and charm of manner. As a sort of footnote to history, the reviewer recalls reading in the *Figaro* a few weeks before the late king's death, that on his return to Paris from what was to be his last journey to the south of France, the only engagement he made was to attend a breakfast at the house of Mme. Waddington. The author devotes a paragraph to recording a protest against the modern craze of Bridge which she complains has destroyed all real conversation and has opened the doors to many people who formerly knocked vainly at the portals of good society. It would be interesting to hear her opinion of the more recent craze for dancing and of the people who have tangoed their way into that once exclusive region!

Edmond L. Coubert.

VII

Mary Antin's "They Who Knock at Our Gates"*

The one fundamental criticism which could be made against *The Promised Land* rested in that it may have led readers to feel it was America and not Mary Antin who made Mary Antin. Indeed that remarkable human document, written with so much eloquence, was primarily the story of a very exceptional woman who had the power to make America give her the things which lay waiting but are undiscoverable to many other immigrants. Seldom has there been written a more moving story of personal experience and, as such, it has already taken its very definite place in the literature of the decade. But one could not help feeling that the flush of gratitude with which the author faced the country where she was able to achieve so much, had blinded her vision somewhat as to actual conditions here. In her latest little volume there is the same lyrical note, touched at times with rhapsodical rhetoric; but one gains a sense of deeper study of the problem as it faces the sordid facts confronting the immigrant. This is not said in deprecation of the earlier volume: merely to point out that as a discussion of the general problem this later book has a distinct and somewhat different contribution.

In the three sections into which she divides the problem the first seems the less convincing. For in it she endeavours to discuss the large problem as to whether

*They Who Knock at Our Gates. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

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we have the right to restrict immigration at all. Most of her arguments are based upon abstract principles of brotherhood and liberty as voiced in our Declaration. Here we have the familiar analogies drawn between pioneer immigration and present day immigration. Mary Antin feels very strongly, indeed, that the inalienable rights of a common humanity should bid us pause if we are to restrict what was formerly unrestricted.

A little attention to the principles involved would have convinced us long ago that an American citizen who preaches wholesale restriction of immigration is guilty of political heresy. The Declaration of Independence accords to *all* men an equal share in the inherent rights of humanity. When we go contrary to that principle, we are not acting as Americans; for, by definition, an American is one who lives by the principles of the Declaration. . . . We shall have to recall officially the Declaration before we can lawfully limit the application of its principles to this or that group of men. . . . If under that authority the immigrant appears to have rights in our land parallel to our own rights, we shall not lightly deny his claims, lest we forfeit our only title to national glory.

When it comes to a closer analysis of the restrictionist theory the authoress takes up with much vigour and emotion the various arguments with which this question is usually faced and gives the answers out of her own rich experience. It is here we detect the new note which did not appear in the earlier volume: a note of just criticism of social abuses which are not caused by the immigrant, but of which he is the victim. With a sustained utterance, she cumulatively shows the exploitation to which the immigrant is submitted and over which he has no control; yet because of which he is so unjustly blamed. Mary Antin urges that we look to our own civic housekeeping and see whether many of the exploitations are not our own social sins. Her argument is that we should scrape off the parasites that feed on immigration and unjustly exploit it, rather than put the bars up upon those to whom America is an ideal and a "promised land."

Mount guard in the name of the Republic, if the health of the Republic requires it, but let no such order be issued until her statesmen and philosophers and patriots have consulted together. Above all, let the voice of prejudice be stilled, let not self-interest chew the cud of envy in full sight of the nation, and let no syllable of wilful defamation mar the oracles of state. For those who are excluded when our bars are down are exiles from Egypt, whose feet stumble in the deserts of political and social slavery, whose hearts hunger for the bread of freedom. The ghost of the *Mayflower* pilots every immigrant ship, and Ellis Island is another name for Plymouth Rock.

This book is highly compressed with fact and feeling: it is moving to a degree because of the author's eloquent sincerity. It is essentially a plea for the immigrant, an exposition of what this country means to him and what he means to it. Colouring all the pages is a belief in an idealistic conception of our destiny which bids the cynic shame. Some may feel that much of it is sentimental—the resort of the cynic; but no student of the problem can ignore the passion of its utterance. In fact, this book does for the immigrant what Olive Schreiner has done for woman in *Woman and Labour;* both have expressed with a broad epic touch the inner cry of a group. If all the immigrants were endowed as Mary Antin how simple the problem would be. One leaves the book with a sense of wonder, for she has humanised the problem better than any other writer who has tried to express it. *Geoffry Monmouth.*

VIII

George Lincoln Burr's "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases"*

This is one of the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. It includes all contemporary American

*Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases. Edited by George Lincoln Burr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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contributions to this subject that can be counted classical. Most of them are now costly or unprocurable in their original form. The documents are thirteen in number, and each is placed and discussed as far as is necessary by a brief introduction. They include various court-records of cases, four essays of the Mathers and several others written in the same tenour, the Letters of Governor Phips to the Home Government on the Salem Witch Panic, the extraordinary attack against witch-hysteria by Calef, and Hale's *Modest Inquiry Into the Nature of Witchcraft*—a manly attempt by one of the witch-mongers to make amends for what he now felt to be a malevolent error which had shed much innocent blood. Thus every attitude of mind is laid bare. The book is wisely planned and ideally serves its purpose.

Weird though these narratives of witchcraft seem to us, says Professor Burr in his admirable and judicious preface, they were to thousands of men and women in seventeenth-century America the intensest of realities. To count withchcraft a local panic or even a passing madness of the Christian world is to take a narrow view of history. While witchcraft belongs only to Christian thought and to centuries called modern —theologians not having worked out their theory of human relations with Satan until late in the thirteenth century —still it took possession of entire Christendom for some hundreds of years.

The circumstantial quality of these papers must have been indeed convincing in an age when even the most scientific of minds and tempers were content with the loosest of deductions from physical phenomena. It is not surprising that people could not discern the absurdity of Ollendorfian devils who were perpetually offering to furnish pen, ink, and paper to sign a material contract with their victims, when one remembers that a scientist gravely explained the migration of birds by announcing that they flew straight up into the air until they got beyond the pull of the earth and there waited until the globe had sufficiently revolved beneath them. Increase and Cotton Mather, as well as the rest of men less soberly inclined, state repeatedly that they set down only what they themselves do know. "This story of Goodwin's children, all made up of marvels," wrote Cotton Mather in *Memorable Providences,* "I was myself an eye-witness to a large part. I am resolved after this never to use but just one grain of patience with any man that shall go to impose upon me a denial of devils or witches. I shall count that man ignorant who shall suspect, but I shall count him downright impudent if he assert the non-existence of things which we have had such palpable convictions of." Add to scientific attitude the perennial ability of moralists sincerely to falsify life for didactic purposes, and convictions become doubly palpable. Increase Mather records in his *Remarkable Providences* that a man wished if he had stolen a sheep that God would cause the horns of a sheep to grow on him—whereupon a horn grew out of the corner of his mouth, from which he had cut seventeen inches, but was yet forced to keep it tied by a string to his ear to prevent its growing up to his eye. Probably the moralist never lived who could have resisted so delectable and tidy an illustration of the maxim Be sure your sin will find you out. "Her first familiarity with the Devil came by discontent," wrote Cotton, "and wishing the Devil to take That and 'Tother thing; whereupon a Devil appeared unto her, tendering her the best service he could do for her." As for the victims themselves, their state of mind is even more easily explained. "As long as the pretended afflicted shall be received as more valid to condemn than the plea of not-guilty by the supposed witches to acquit." Robert Calef concluded his celebrated attack in which he brought satire and common sense to bear upon the panic —"and as long as the accused be forced to undergo torments for not confessing and have their lives and liberties confirmed on doing so, so long will God be daily dishonoured."

This famous pamphlet, which the vol-

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ume includes in entirety was written in 1697 and, unable to find a printer in New England, was printed in London in 1700. Cotton Mather's diary, eloquent with vexation against the author, notes that he had prayed God in vain to let this cup of bitterness pass from him—"the volume of invented and notorious lies which a sort of Sadducee in this town hath raked together, a creel of libels wherein I am the chief butt of his malice, written on purpose to damnify my precious opportunities of glorifying my Lord."

What witch-trials the New York colony had, came as a result of the New England occupation. The early scepticism of sensible and practical Holland, which was throughout the seventeenth century a refuge for the victims of witch-persecution, showed in her colony. When New England asked her opinion, she sagely replied that if there was anything the matter it had arisen through Indian medicine men. As for the early Friends, though they did not formally differ from the Puritans as to witchcraft, their gentle mysticism had at bottom no place for the arch-fiend of Orthodoxy. Penn's writings show scarce a trace of the current demonology, and a witch meant to him a fortune-teller and a diviner merely. The only action for witchcraft in the Pennsylvania records was brought by the Swedish peasants on the further bank of the Delaware. The witch-terrors of the Cavalier colony found their source in folk-lore and not in theology.

The history of man's monstrous folly in support of the prevailing religious idea is not yet complete, and it may be possible that a coming generation will marvel at the depth of it in us as do we at these narratives. More often to support religion than to destroy it has the devil appeared as an angel of light. "Who that peruses these praeternatural Occurrences," thunders Mather, "can possibly be so much an Enemy to his own Soul, and irrefutable Reason, as obstinately to oppose himself to, or confusedly fluctuate in, the opinion and doctrine of Daemons, or Spirits and Witches! Certainly he that does so must do two things more: He must temerariously unhinge or undermine the fundamentals of the Best Religion in the world; and he must disingenuously quit and abandon that of the Three Theologick Virtues or Graces through his unchristian and uncharitable Incredulity."

Graham Berry.

IX

H. G. Wells's "Social Forces in England and America"*

We do not really know Mr. H. G. Wells here in America. We think of him generally as the contemporary Jules Verne, author of a few wild super-scientific fantasies in which men go to war with the Martians, invent a food that breeds up giant bugs, or turn backward the course of time. Somewhat fewer of us recognise him also as a realistic novelist of merit whose creed of revelation and discussion is not too rigidly restrained by spiritual modesty. All this does not quite explain why England takes him so seriously as a social and political thinker, a diagnostician of civil disease and a prophet not without honour in his own country. When we hear him spoken of in the same breath with Chesterton and Bernard Shaw, we do not quite know what to make of it: we think of *The War of the Worlds* and take the comparison as being on the fantastic side. But it is not as jesters that the three men are comparable, but as serious thinkers. Their comic masks have little in common; and of the three Mr. Wells wears that mask the least.

Mr. Wells may be roughly described as the sanest living Socialist. If that phrase be vague, its very vagueness suggests the point of his superior sanity. For the chief trouble with modern Socialism is that, like Mrs. Quickly, a man knows not where to have it. Socialists as a whole are busy building Babel amid a confusion of tongues: they prefer "tendencies" and "viewpoints" to anything

*Social Forces in England and America. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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like a definite ideal; perhaps because this saves them the trouble of defining their desires, with its prerequisite agony of actual thought. At any rate, they will by no means agree upon what they want, but only upon some things they do not want: which is somewhat too negative a propaganda. That all Presbyterians dislike toothache, murder, and debauchery, hardly suffices as a statement of their creed. The result is that most of us have only a confused notion of Socialism, and that our confusion breeds contempt. That is just where Mr. Wells is different. He knows precisely what he means by Socialism, and he is both ready and able to explain: he has a perfectly sharp and detailed vision of the Ideal State. And he devotes a good deal of conscious cerebration to expounding this ideal and fighting for it, instead of talking nebulously about inevitable evolution or conducting a propaganda without a programme.

He does not want Communism; he does not want equality of income; he does not propose to abolish private property, nor to abolish anything whatever without providing a rational substitute; and he disposes of Syndicalism by the pertinent question whether a railway porter is primarily a man or a railway porter. As to social panaceas, he observes that nobody in his senses expects a panacea for the comparatively simple difficulties of the game of Chess; such as "rely wholly upon your pawns," for instance, or "give us a third knight and all will be well." He does want a collective State in charge of every enterprise powerful enough to be turned in private hands against the community; a Democracy made really representative by a system which gives the voter practical elective power by giving him actual nominating power; an industrial organisation scientifically centralised and efficient, in which every citizen shall serve as a conscript for a certain time, and then be retired on a pension; in fine, a community without classes, toward which the individual shall hold himself unselfishly, a subordinate and a beneficiary. I wrong him in thus attempting to summarise; for where condensation crushes detail into a phrase, Mr. Wells himself explains what he thinks ought to be done and by what means it is to be achieved. That he is too sensible to deem his Utopia perfect or final does not in the least prevent him from presenting plainly and practically his present view of it. "The land and all sorts of great common interests must be, if not owned, then at least controlled, managed, checked, redistributed by the State. State or plutocrat, there is really no other practical alternative before the world at the present time. Either we have to let the big financial adventurers, the aggregating capitalist and his Press, in a loose informal combination rule the earth, either we have got to stand aside from preventive legislation and leave things to work out on their present lines, or we have got to construct a collective organisation sufficiently strong for the protection of the liberties of the someday-to-be-jolly common man." You may disagree with that, but you may at least have the pleasure of knowing with what you disagree; nowadays a rather rare pleasure. It may be perniciously untrue, but it is at least not nonsense.

In fact, the shortest way of conveying the real content and character of Mr. Wells's book is by a few scattering, almost random quotations; for these will show more sharply than much comment the temper and the content of the man's mind. Hear him now speak for himself:

> The old-ashioned strike was a method of bargaining, clumsy and violent perhaps, but bargaining still; the new-fashioned strike is far less of a haggle, far more of a display of temper.

> All patriotic vehemence does not serve one's country. The essence of success is in the ability to develop those qualities which make action effective, and without which strenuousness is merely a clumsy and noisy protest against inevitable defeat.

> We do not have Elections any more; we have Rejections. What really happens is that the party organisations appoint about

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twelve hundred men to be our rulers, and all that we, the so-called self-governing people, are permitted to do is, in a muddled, angry way to strike off the names of about half of these selected gentlemen.

It is Everyman who must be the saviour of the State in a modern community; we cannot shift our share in the burthen.

We cannot put Humanity into a museum, or dry it for examination; our one single still living specimen is all history, all anthropology, and the fluctuating world of men.

Divorce, as it is known in most Christian countries, has a punitive element, and is obtained through the failure of one of the parties to observe the conditions of the bond, and the determination of the other to exact suffering. Divorce as it exists at present is not a readjustment but a revenge.

That is more or less the real Mr. H. G. Wells; a penetrating, but unprejudiced, observer of things as they are; with a scepticism just acid enough to dissolve gush without corroding enthusiasm, and a curious tendency to actual thought. One does not immediately recognise the author of *The Food of the Gods* and *The New Macchiavelli*. Yet both of these, and especially the earlier spirit of scientific extravaganza, are alive in him nevertheless. Those first wild science-stories were only his dreams. But dreams (as we have lately learned) are no bad index to the suppressed desires, the subconscious flaws and scars and leanings of a man otherwise in reasonable health. There is a mad spot in the mind of every one of us, as there is a blind spot in every eye. And when this very sane and human thinker does unbalance for a moment, he goes mad upon science and organisation. You will find him using undefined such words as "broad" and "progress" whose presence is a tuberculin test for the white plague of modern thought. He forgets occasionally that The State is a vain abstraction except as composed of you and me and Smith; and sets up as actually desirable that collective consciousness which we choose to impute to ants and bees. He plots the social and scientific future along the curve of the immediate past, in defiance of the plain showing of all history that civilisation moves in a spiral with a very small pitch. And he bows down to a locomotive or an aeroplane as idolatrously as ever a Fijian kowtowing before the work of his own hands. Nevertheless, while he remains so generally saner than most of us, we need not feel very superior to him for showing some tincture of our own pet fallacies. His ways are pretty much our ways, and his thoughts (except for their greater frequency) our thoughts.

Bernard Keith.

X

Gordon Le Sueur's "Cecil Rhodes"*

Cecil Rhodes was both human and great to his secretaries, and for this reason Mr. Le Sueur's gossipy reminiscences of his chief are full of frank and intimate interest. We have had a good deal about the political side of the Colossus of South Africa; here is the revelation of the man as he ate, walked, rode, talked and showed his temper and his genius. Like most of his calibre, he was an amazing contradiction. He would reject the most piteous appeal with brutal bluntness, but no sooner was the suppliant out of his sight than he ordered a handsome cheque sent to him. His many-sidedness made him fascinating. Indeed, when one has finished this very satisfying volume one feels that Rhodes was more of an institution than a man.

Since he was a man who clung tenaciously to his ideas it followed that he literally followed suit with his clothes. Though his valet bought him all manner of apparel, he clung to the same garments year in and year out. He had one favourite old coat which he wore day after day. Once he burned a large hole in it. Rhodes was in dismay. In vain the valet brought forth many others. He demanded that the inseparable garment be sent to the tailor's and repaired,

*Cecil Rhodes. By Gordon Le Sueur. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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whereupon the valet received the following note:

DEAR SIR: Herewith the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes's coat uncleaned and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons.

Rhodes had a habit of giving away all the clothes belonging to his associates. As a result more than one Matabele or Zulu chief adorned himself with Bond Street dress coats.

So much has been said and written about Rhodes's alleged intemperance that it is interesting to see just what the real facts were. The Great Man did drink a good deal, but he was no drunkard. Le Sueur says that his favourite drink was champagne, which he took in a tumbler. After his meals he had Russian kummel. His system required stimulant and he was fond of a mixture of champagne and stout. When very thirsty, however, he would take a long draught of pure water. On one occasion when he had slaked his thirst with a fine brand of South African water he said, as he wiped his chin with the palm of his hand:

"By Jove, if people had to pay five shillings a bottle for that, I don't believe they would drink anything else."

Rhodes, of course, was not without vanity. There was a strong facial resemblance between him and the Roman Cæsars (his was rather the physiognomy of Nero, however), and he was rather proud of it. Personally, he considered himself like the Emperor Hadrian and he was once surprised by a friend standing and stroking his chin before a portrait of that august gentleman. In apparently small instances he was constantly revealing his bigness of outlook, as this incident shows: He was on terms of great intimacy with General "Chinese" Gordon, who once told him of having been offered a roomful of silver in China. "What would you have done?" asked the soldier.

"Why, taken it, to be sure," replied Rhodes. "And as many more as they liked to give me, for what is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?"

A little-known fact that is revealed in this book shows that for years there was a friendly rivalry for careers between Rhodes and Kitchener. It was an amazing combination too; both men were big, grim, aloof and taciturn. Neither married; each wrought a vast conquest. After Atbara Kitchener sent Rhodes a telegram which showed that he was thinking of their race for world-glory, for the wire read: "Have smashed the Mahdi—if you don't hurry up I will be through before you."

Rhodes had no illusions about the great, and he treated royalty almost with scant courtesy. His experience with the Kaiser illustrates this to an amusing degree. Naturally the ruler of the Germans and this South African constructor had much in common, and their conversation became rather prolonged. Suddenly Rhodes glanced at the clock; got up and without waiting to be dismissed (a formality which Court etiquette strictly demands) held out his hand and said, to the Emperor's great amusement: "Well, good-bye; I've got to go now, as I have some people coming into dinner."

When he visited the Sultan of Turkey he arrived at the Palace with his overcoat buttoned up. Fearful of allowing him into the Presence with a topcoat on under which deadly weapons might be concealed the attendants advanced to take it off. But Rhodes insisted upon keeping the coat on. In fact, he declared with vehemence that if he could not approach the Sultan with the overcoat buttoned up he would leave the place. As usual he had his way. Later he explained the reason, which was characteristic. He had not taken the trouble to put on court clothes, and wore a wrinkled old lounging suit under the overcoat that had caused so much discussion.

Rhodes's attitude toward women has been the subject of much comment. He

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was generally regarded as an incorrigible bachelor with a deep-seated hatred of the other sex. Once when discussing this subject with his biographer he said: "Women! Of course I don't hate women. I like them, but I don't want them always fussing about." He preferred the society of men, but when the occasion required he could say and do the graceful thing. Once when he was talking to Queen Victoria, that prim old lady remarked that she had heard that he was a woman-hater, whereupon Rhodes made reply: "How could I possibly hate a sex to which Your Majesty belongs?"

Once some one asked Rhodes why he never married and he said: "You ask why I never married and do you know? I answer you very fairly that I have never yet seen the woman whom I could get on in the house with."

Rhodes used to say that the greatest of all life's pleasures was the faculty of creation. The man who had the genius of creation he regarded as the person who could contemplate his handiwork with the keenest satisfaction. "Creative genius; that's what I've got," he used to say. His method of work was interesting. Best described as "thorough," he gave matters his undivided personal attention. Le Sueur says that the widespread belief that Rhodes was no stickler for details is a mistake. As a matter of fact, he never neglected the slightest thing. He had an immense power of concentration; he believed in maintaining the utmost secrecy until all danger of check was gone; his sense of organisation amounted to genius and his memory was a marvel.

But best of all his qualities was his vision, a vast and thrilling outlook that added a whole empire to British Dominion. Nothing could more eloquently sum up this phase of Rhodes than the remark he once made to a native king when he was showing his famous house, Groote Schuur. When they came to his bedroom, he pointed to his bed and said to the dusky chief: "This is where I lie and think in continents."

The great and compelling force that swung Rhodes through the darkest and most troubled years of his life was the desire of conquest. Even in his earlier days he would stroke the map of Africa and say, "Africa all Red; that is my dream." The red ink betokened the British territory. He always carried a map of Africa with him, and in those many long and brooding hours of meditation he marked it up with the plans of his restless conquest. In this he had a double in our own E. H. Harriman, who stood every day before a huge map of the United States on which he traced the path of his militant railroad way.

Rhodes loved silence; it fitted his masterful mood and he was much alone. Mountains fascinated him with their bigness, vastness and solemn sense of infinity. His house was so built that he could see the great peaks from nearly every room. He had a special back porch, where he sat for hours wraped in solitary contemplation. Here he worked out some of his most pressing problems. Though he was blunt and brutal Rhodes had warm affection. Perhaps he lavished most on Doctor Jameson, hero of the famous "Raid." They were great pals. Rhodes showed how much he cared for him when he received the news that Groote Schuur had been burned. He was away up country at the time and the word came by wire. The secretary who brought the message said that he was the bearer of bad news. Rhodes snatched the envelope; tore it open and then said with the utmost relief: "Thank God, I thought something had happened to Jameson."

Perhaps nothing that Rhodes said during his whole trouble-studded life was so eloquent as his last words: "So little done; so much to do." He had sadly under-rated his own worth, for he left a name at which a whole empire flushed with pride. Nothing is more in harmony with the man and his splendid vision than his place of burial, for it is high up amid the grim and solitary mountains where he loved to sit and think in terms of hemispheres. Here "the immense and brooding Spirit" was caged in

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granite mould, but its influence remains, for, as his friend Kipling wrote of him:

> Living he was the land and dead
> His soul shall be her soul.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

XI

Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country"*

"The years when women are in the making—that land of glamour—are the hardest thing for grown-up people to understand." Most grown people realise the truth of this observation which the author makes in her prologue, particularly those of us who have at any time tried to feel again in their real poignancy the emotions of our youth. Values and prospectives change with the added years. It is a rare gift to be able to re-capture even for ourselves the forgotten angle of our earlier point of view. Mrs. Vorse has not only achieved this, but has been able to place it before her readers, a far more difficult task. And she has done so with simplicity and charm.

Ellen Payne is a delicious figure, full of life and colour, standing out clearly in her grey New England setting. It is her love story that one follows with absorbing interest. And if at times she seems wayward, one can follow her with the patient eyes of Alec Yorke and realise with him that she was well worth waiting for and winning in the end. All the characters are well drawn: the outwardly harsh Miss Sarah Grant and her "doless" sister, Ellen's mother who, when the day was too beautiful, subsisted on bread and milk so as not to lose a moment of its beauty in cooking; Roger Byington, sorry figure that he is, is finely done; last of all, Alec Gay, brave and tender, but never unmanly, he prepares to make the sacrifice of marrying a woman he does not love once he is convinced that his own love is not returned, on the principle that he can save another heart from unhappiness. The whole story is so human, so sympathetic, so full of understanding that it will live long in the memory of the reader.

Alfred Curran Petrie.

*The Heart's Country. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

XII

Rowland Thomas's "Felicidad"*

Once more Mr. Thomas transports his readers to the land of nodding palm trees and perpetual sunshine which he knows so well. This time, his story has to do with the subjugation of a hardened and confirmed bachelor who believes that he has left romance behind him for good. The reader will readily recognise the type and know that he is only the more ripe for the picking because lulled into a feeling of fancied security. One awaits the arrival of the Destined Woman. This time, she is called Pepita. And with her coming, the interest of the story is more concerned with her particular method than with the result, a foregone conclusion, of course.

The author knows how to create his atmosphere. One feels the lazy charm of the tropics and shares the hero's inclination to postpone indefinitely the consideration of any really serious matter. One sympathises with his dilemma when, having set up a bachelor establishment in the Island of the Cane, he found that he had unknowingly apparently engaged a horde of servants. Although realising that such a scale of living was of course ruinous, he confessed to rather liking it after all. Anyway, it was too much trouble in that land where it was always afternoon, to make the exertion necessary to dismiss them. What he would have eventually done if Pepita had not rescued him, is a matter of speculation. But one is sure that Pepita would know how to arrange things with feminine skill and understanding. There is not much body to this little tale, but it fills the purpose of the author in that it is gracefully told in a light and pleasant manner.

Robert Linton.

*Felicidad. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

I—The First Freewoman in Fiction

BY EDNA KENTON

When Mary Wollstonecraft died, in 1797, she left an unfinished novel, called *The Wrongs of Woman; or, Maria.* It is a quaint little book, with a flavour of the stilted epistolary formality of the earliest letter romances, with a savour of the "horror" school in its absurd madhouse setting, made up of scraps and fragments, never completely planned, for it carries, with its abrupt discontinuance, a dozen or more jotted suggestions for endings tragic and triumphant or propagandic and commonplace. It would never have been a great literary achievement, for Mary Wollstonecraft was too much the propagandist to be the artist. Even in her title, *The Wrongs of Woman*—that grave abstraction—preceded in importance its mere personification, *Maria.* And her preface frankly admits this:

"In writing this novel," she says, "I have rather endeavoured to portray passions than manners. In many instances I could have made the incidents more dramatic would I have sacrificed my main object, the desire of exhibiting the misery and oppression peculiar to women that arise out of the partial laws and customs of society. In the invention of this story, this view restrained my fancy, and the history ought rather to be considered as of woman than of an individual."

Nevertheless, *Maria,* as a creation, is interesting, not only because it sums up undoubtedly the conclusions of Mary Wollstonecraft's own adventures, but because in *Maria* is seen an attempt to portray in a heroine of the eighteenth century a woman with individuality, honesty, frankness, definite desires, an attitude to life, a personality in process of realisation through thought and action, a perfectly clear attitude toward the world's opinion and society, and a recognition of the only possible basis upon which women in general might hope to achieve freedom to express themselves.

But it is a quaint, even absurd, old book, opening with an English madhouse setting, and Maria's incarceration there, the victim of her husband's tyranny, separated from her child, meeting through the connivance of Jemima, a keeper, another victim of unjust imprisonment, Darnford, whom she loves. To him, therefore, before their love is consummated, she gives a series of letters written by her to her daughter, in the hope that they may eventually reach their destination. It is with these letters, and not with the book's first third, that *The Wrongs of Woman; or, Maria,* really begins:

"The tenderness of a father who knew the world might be great," she writes, "but could it equal that of a mother, labouring under a portion of the misery which the constitution of society seems to have entailed on all her kind?" Later she adds:

> I would . . . lead you very early in life to form your grand principle of action, to save you from the vain regret of having, through irresolution, let the spring-tide of existence pass away unenjoyed. Gain experience while experience is worth having, and acquire sufficient fortitude to pursue your own happiness; it includes your utility by a direct path. . . . Had I not wasted years in deliberating, after I ceased to doubt how I ought to have acted, I might now be useful and happy.

Having laid down the hedonistic philosophy as a guide of conduct to an eighteenth century woman, and having intimated that thinking one way and acting another constitutes perhaps the greatest immorality, Maria writes, with considerable frankness, of her father's home. She had a brother, Robert, whose rear-

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ing differed greatly from hers. "Such is the force of prejudice," she writes, "that what was called spirit and wit in him was cruelly repressed as forwardness in me." Then she adds this general observation:

> Though boys may be reckoned the pillars of the house without doors, girls are often the only comfort within. They but too frequently waste their health and spirits attending a dying parent who leaves them in comparative poverty. After closing with filial piety a father's eyes, they are chased from the paternal roof to make room for the first born, the son, who is to carry the empty name down to posterity.

Maria married a man well born, wealthy, charming, and a rake. She soon perceived that she could not "become the friend or confidant" of her husband, whose temper toward her changed distressingly after marriage; and she perceived also that in her haste to escape a temporary dependence on her family and submission to the men of her home, she had been "caught in a trap and caged for life." Again she says: "Marriage had bastilled me for life. I discovered in myself a capacity for the enjoyment of the various pleasures existence affords, yet, fettered by the partial laws of society, this fair globe was to me a universal blank."

Maria's husband was slovenly, a glutton, a good deal of a brute, with but one idea of all women, and his wife rated considerably below that low idea. At first, Maria admits, she was happy in an ideal, but, that shattered once for all, her sense of justice overcame the conventional teachings of wifely duty, and she permits herself this bit of honest talk to her daughter:

> Those who support a system of what I call false refinement, and will not allow great part of love in the female as well as male breast to spring in some respects involuntarily may not admit that charms are as necessary to feed the passion as virtues to convert the mellowing spirit into friendship. To such observers I have nothing to say, any more than to the moralists who insist that women ought to and can love their husbands because it is their duty. To you, my child, I may add, with a heart tremblingly alive to your future conduct, some observations dictated by my present feelings, on calmly reviewing this period of my life. When novelists or moralists praise as a virtue a woman's coldness of constitution and want of passion, and make her yield to the ardour of her lover out of sheer compassion or to promote a frigid plan of future comfort, I am disgusted. They may be good women in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, and do no harm, but they appear to me not to have those "finely fashioned nerves" which render the senses exquisite. They may possess tenderness, but they want that fire of the imagination which produces *active* sensibility and *positive* virtue. . . . Truth is the only basis of virtue, and we cannot, without depraving our minds, endeavour to please a lover or husband but in proportion as he pleases us.

Maria, by the way, happened to be the favourite niece of a wealthy uncle, who left her five thousand pounds under a trusteeship, which she fancied was still not under her husband's control. Firm in this belief that she still possessed her own money, she went from her husband's home, leaving her wedding ring behind her, resolved upon taking back her own name, and eager to provide for herself and the child she was to bear, without making claims on him, or permitting him to make settlements on her. Only when this was resolved upon and acted upon did she feel, through action following upon conviction, "the perfect emancipation of her mind." Divorce, under the English law, was impossible for her, but she held herself free, self-divorced; and later, when her husband brought suit against Darnford, charging him with seduction and adultery, Maria, while admitting adultery under the law, vehemently denied that Darnford had seduced her. "I met the man charged with seducing me," she says, in court. "We became attached. I deemed, and ever shall deem, myself free. . . . I vol-

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untarily gave myself. . . . I protest equally against any charge being brought to criminate the man whom I consider as my husband. . . . I acted with deliberation. . . . (When I left my husband) from that moment I believed myself in the sight of heaven free, and no power on earth shall force me to renounce my resolution."

It is all amusingly propagandic, and as literature very crude indeed. Its plot is absurd and not new. The Wrongs of Woman had been rehearsed in hundreds of romances antedating this one, where the cruel husband, the devoted lover, the submerged wife played all their parts. However, most of them were in the end what Maria calls, casually, "good women," loving their husbands because it was "duty," and loving their lovers "compassionately," who, being in the end absolutely at the mercy of their male relatives, or husbands or lovers, however far they had violated the legal code, were more than willing to take final refuge under the passive, hoary, "chivalrous" status of the one who had been "seduced." Maria stands on the Wollstonecraftian plane of self-ownership and personal responsibility, in admitting, with honour, her personal share in the pleasures and the pains of love, while she spurns the degrading, infantile classification as the passive instrument, and, proclaiming proudly her voluntary participation in what the world called crime, she as proudly proclaims her refusal to participate, without desire, in what the world called duty. She does this in a period of society when all the laws were against women's self-expression, and when ways for their self-support were non-existent, and yet, realising these social and economic disabilities, she writes her daughter again, after this manner:

I am far from thinking that a woman once married ought to consider the engagement as indissoluble (especially if there be no children to reward her for sacrificing her feelings) in case her husband merits neither her love nor esteem. Esteem will often supply the place of love and prevent a woman from being wretched, though it may not make her happy. The magnitude of a sacrifice ought always to bear some proportion to the utility in view, and for a woman to live with a man for whom she can cherish neither affection nor esteem, nor even be of any use to him excepting in the light of a housekeeper, is an abjectness of condition the enduring of which no concurrence of circumstances can ever make a duty in the sight of God or just men. *If, indeed, she submits to it, merely to be maintained in idleness, she has no right to complain bitterly of her fate, or to act as a person of independent character might, as if she had a title to disregard general rules.*

This was written before such a thing as the economic independence of women was visioned, though all through folk-tales and romances had sounded the complaints of unhappy women, rebelling against the conventions that held them captive in the homes and to the laws of men. Almost always submission followed their murmurings; if, indeed, they rebelled actively, they either died, living, or lived, dead. This was written years before the beginning of the industrial age that drove the first hordes of stolid, unvisioning women from their homes into the factories; before machinery was; and before there was a sign that the domestic exploitation of women was to change in less than a century into a world-wide capitalistic exploitation of women along with men. But, fired by the need of women for a share in the wealth of the world, and unstaggered by the lack of any indication that they could ever get it for themselves, Mary Wollstonecraft flung down this ringing coin, whose obverse tore away the whining cant of inactive parasites by denying them the right to complain against their masters. "If you are servants, you are servants," she tells them tersely. And the reverse of this coin is stamped as clearly in an age in which it was more visionary as thought and more revolutionary as action, than the wildest pronouncement today: "If you are to hold yourselves free to act upon what you think, you must

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have your own money with which to support your own life while you live it."

She develops this idea further, a little later, when, speaking of a favourite sister, she says:

> She was pretty, yet had never had an opportunity to marry, excepting to a very old man. She had abilities sufficient to have shone in any profession, had there been any professions for women, though she shrunk at the name of milliner or mantua-maker as degrading to a gentlewoman. I would not term this feeling false pride to any one but you, my child, whom I fondly hope to see . . . possessed of that energy of character which gives dignity to any station, and with that clear, firm spirit that will enable you to choose a situation for yourself, or submit to be classed in the lowest, if it be the only one in which you can be mistress of your own actions.

Again the new-minted coin is thrown down; the clear realisation of the necessity for the economic freeing of women from the untrammelled power of men over their bodies, before their attempts at self-freeing could amount to anything beyond the silent thinking of a prisoner, or the futile complaining of a creature too weak to do more than rebel in words! How, neither Maria nor Mary Wollstonecraft could forecast, though even then the skeletons of machines were in men's minds that were, in a few brief years, to make the age-long vaunted physical strength of men a comparatively unessential thing in all the future civilising of the earth, and was to break forever the old barriers that had divided man's work in the world from women's work within four walls and the world shut out.

How little the really revolutionary part of this single novel of Mary Wollstonecraft's was understood is evidenced by the publication of another book, six years after her death, called *Adeline Mowbray; or, The Mother and Daughter,* written by Amelia Opie, a moral and religious woman and the wife of the painter Opie, who did a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft some years before. Mary Wollstonecraft's life suggested the story, which is far more highly finished than *Maria,* and was written as a protest against Mary Wollstonecraft and her unfinished novel. Briefly, it is the story of Adeline, whose mother was a woman given to abstruse studies; for whom "history, biography, poetry and discoveries in natural philosophy had few attractions, while she poured with still unsatisfied delight over abstract systems of morals and metaphysics. That inclination for study, which, had it been directed to proper objects, would have been the charm of her life and the safeguard of her happiness, proved to her, from the unfortunate direction which it took, the abundant cause of misery and disappointment." Adeline naturally followed her mother's reading, and one author, Glenmurray, made of her a delighted convert to his theories, which proved marriage a tyranny and profanation of love, "and prepared her young and impassioned heart for the practice of vice by filling her mind, ardent in the love of virtue, with new and singular opinions on the subject of moral duty." Adeline, in brief, made up her mind solemnly to act upon what her mother merely theorised about, and, meeting Glenmurray, was the deciding one in favour of theory put into practice. Glenmurray demurred strenuously, and Adeline gave him back clinching argument for objection until he was silenced, although Mrs. Opie exclaims, at the tender moment of betrothal: "Who had seen her countenance and gesture at that moment could have imagined she was calling on heaven to lead a life of infamy!" From which Mrs. Opie's attitude is clear, and it is made clearer, as Adeline's servants, Glenmurray's friends, and Glenmurray himself insult her and her mode of life. The curious thing about this protesting novel is this: that, despite the author's plain purpose, what she succeeds in doing is diverting sympathy from the virtuous to the oppressed. Adeline really outargues, and certainly outlives, her censors. But she calls herself free, while she is dependent upon the bounty of her

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lover, and her claim upon him is made all the greater because her life with him has made her, conventionally and socially, an outcast—this was in 1804. By so little did Mrs. Opie understand Mary Wollstonecraft's first rule of freedom: "If you are to consider yourselves free to act upon what you think, you must have your own money with which to support your own life while you live it," preached at a time when the trades of milliner and mantua-maker were all that were open to women.

It is a long time since then, and the untrammelled economic opportunity for women, of which Mary Wollstonecraft dreamed, is not yet in sight. It is possible now for women to exchange a personal for an impersonal master, and to become, instead of servants to men, servants with men to the industrial age today. But a woman may save alive now, not only her soul, but her body. When *Maria* was written, the tragic end was sure. In the dozen suggested endings, that were never sifted out or written, her spirit lived, but her body died a dozen deaths. By so much—or so little—have we crept on in one hundred and seventeen years of the Christian era of the world.

SECOND-RATE CLASSICS

BY EDWARD FULLER

There are not a few books in English literature—mainly novels, though "Proverbial Philosophy" and "Festus," for example, might be added to the list—that come within the category of second-rate classics. They have been, often justly, the scorn of critics, and yet they have maintained a hold upon fame which better books have lost. "East Lynne" is a typical illustration. It is full of crudities, even absurdities, and it is easy to turn its sentimental plot to ridicule. Yet its popularity after fifty years is testimony to its vital human qualities. Nor do it and others of its class appeal to uneducated readers only. Many highly intelligent persons have had a real affection for these second-rate classics, partly, perhaps, because of early associations. Macaulay and Gladstone were among their admirers. There must be some virtue in them, or they would not thus survive. What is their charm? Mr. Fuller's article attempts to discover it.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VI—Shifting Scenes

Lord Clarendon also told the Queen that the Princess was appreciated and beloved by all classes. Every member of the Royal Family, he said, had spoken of her to him in terms of admiration, and through various channels he had had opportunities of learning how strong was the feeling of educated and enlightened people toward her.

There is significance in the English statesman's reference to "educated and enlightened" people. He must have been aware that the majority of Prussians of that day were neither educated nor enlightened in his sense of the words, and that the Princess was really only appreciated by the small intellectual group who were flattered by the recognition which she and the Crown Prince bestowed on them. But Lord Clarendon was perhaps disposed to see everything *en beau*. The Crown Princess mentions that the King and Queen showed a marked cordiality to him, contrasting with the stiff etiquette observed in their reception of the other Ambassadors.

To return to the Crown Princess's account of the coronation. She contrives to give in comparatively few words an unforgettable picture of the *coup d'œil* in the chapel—the Knights of the Black Eagle in their red velvet cloaks, the various colours of the uniforms, and the diamonds and Court dresses of the ladies, all harmonised by the sun pouring in through the high windows. The Princess says that she herself was in gold with ermine and white satin, while one of her ladies wore blue and the other red velvet. "Dearest Fritz was in a great state of emotion and excitement, as we all were." The King looked so handsome and noble with the crown on, and the moment when he put the crown on the Queen's head was so touching that there was hardly a dry eye in the chapel.

The Princess's keen sense of humour was stirred by the large assemblage of princes and other notables. "Half Europe is here, and one sees the funniest combinations in the world. It is like a happy family shut up in a cage!" and she mentions as an example the Italian Ambassador sitting close to a Cardinal. There is also a young prince of Hesse who nearly dies of fright and shyness among so many people; he at once excites the sympathy of the warm-hearted Princess, though she herself had no experience of the agonies of shyness.

But the Princess was even more diverted by a compliment which the King paid her:

"The King gave me a charming little locket for his hair, and only think—what will sound most extraordinary, absurd, and incredible to your ears—made me second *Chef* of the 2nd Regiment of Hussars! I laughed so much, because really I thought it was a joke—it seemed so strange for ladies; but the Regiments like particularly having ladies for their *Chefs!* The Queen and the Queen Dowager have Regiments, but I believe I am the first Princess on whom such an honour is conferred."

Possibly the Princess thought at first that she was being appointed honorary cook to the regiment! In any case it is curious that she should not have known of the custom of conferring such distinctions on Royal ladies, which obtains in the British Army as well as on the Continent.

We have no means of knowing how the Crown Prince and Crown Princess regarded the new King's declaration at Königsberg — that declaration which amounted to an explicit assertion of the divine right of Kings. But in Queen Victoria's Letters there is a curious revelation of the anxiety with which her Majesty regarded the constant at-

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tacks of the *Times* on everything German, and particularly everything Prussian. She even wrote to Lord Palmerston about it, suggesting that he might see his way to remonstrate with the conductors of the journal. "Pam" did see his way, and he got an entertaining answer from the great Delane, then at the zenith of his power, which he forwarded to her Majesty. The editor says that he would not have intruded advice on the Prussians during the splendid ceremonies of the coronation "had not the King uttered those surprising anachronisms upon the Divine Right."

We learn from a letter written by Lord Clarendon to Queen Victoria that the Crown Princess was much alarmed at the state of affairs in Berlin at this time. The King saw democracy and revolution in every symptom of opposition to his will. His Ministers were mere clerks, content to register his decrees, and there was no one from whom he sought advice, or indeed who was capable or would have the moral courage to give it. The King would never accept the consequences of representative government or allow it to be a reality, though at the same time he would always religiously keep his word and never overturn the institutions he had sworn to maintain. Such was this experienced statesman's diagnosis of the situation, arrived at after an audience of the Crown Princess.

The Princess celebrated her twenty-first birthday on November 21, 1861. In the letter which she received from her father, almost the last which he was ever to write to her, one detects a pathetic note, as if the Prince, wearied and out of health, actually foresaw his approaching death and wished to give her his parting counsel and blessing:

"May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind! True inward happiness is to be sought only in the internal consciousness of effort systematically directed to good and useful ends. Success indeed depends upon the blessing which the Most High sees meet to vouchsafe to our endeavours. May this success not fail you, and may your outward life leave you unhurt by the storms, to which the sad heart so often looks forward with a shrinking dread! Without the basis of health it is impossible to rear anything stable. Therefore see that you spare yourself now, so that at some future time you may be able to do more."

The death of Prince Albert on December 14, 1861, at the age of forty-two, profoundly affected the lives of both his widow, on her now lonely throne, and his idolised daughter in Berlin. It is evident from Queen Victoria's correspondence that she was quite unprepared. Her letters to King Leopold almost up to the last are full of the most pathetic hopefulness, and she certainly wrote in the same vein of cheery optimism to Berlin. The blow fell therefore with all the more stunning effect on both mother and daughter—indeed, it is hard to say which of the two felt more utterly crushed and broken-hearted.

The Crown Princess, as we have seen, was much more her father's child than is usual in family life in any station. The tie between them was something deeper and stronger even than the natural affection of parent and daughter; he had sedulously formed her mind and tastes, and he had become the one counsellor to whom she felt she could ever turn in any perplexity or trouble, sure of his helpful understanding and sympathy. Very soon after her marriage, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, she dwelt on their father as the master and leader ever to be respected: "You don't know," she wrote, "how one longs for a word from him when one is distant."

Nor did the Princess, like many daughters, allow her marriage to weaken this tie; indeed, the thought of the physical distance between them seemed to bring them, if possible, spiritually nearer. For her mother, the Princess felt the tenderest and most filial affection, writing to her every day, sometimes twice a

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day, about the little details of her personal life. But though she and her father only wrote to one another once a week, it was to him that she poured out her full self, the total of her varied interests in politics, literature, science, art, and philosophy. The citations already made in the preceding pages from the Prince's letters to her show, not only the many fields over which their correspondence ranged, but also the singular charm of their mutual confidence. It would be difficult to find in history a more touching and beautiful example of spiritual and intellectual communion between father and daughter.

And now this great solace and stay of the Princess's life is suddenly withdrawn from her, practically without any warning. If only she had known, even suspected, that there was danger, how she would have hurried to him! No one with any imagination and human sympathy can think of it without profound pity.

During the first weeks which followed the receipt of the telegram announcing his death, the Crown Princess fell into a silent, listless state, only rousing herself to bursts of grief which were terrible to witness. The simple religious faith to which her mother turned could not bring her the same consolation. In her extremity it was on her husband that she leaned. He was untiringly patient and tender, though it must have been most painful for him to be told that she felt as if her life was over and she could never be happy again.

It is surely true to say that in these difficult days the Crown Prince revealed the essential nobility of his character quite as much as he did in the great spectacular moments of his life—on the stricken field and in the glory of conquest. Many a husband would have shown a certain resentment at his wife's absorption in her father, but it is clear that the Crown Prince, far from feeling any such petty jealousy, brought his wife the truest consolation by understanding and himself sharing in her sorrow. He knew what a really remarkable man Prince Albert was, he had felt the charm of his personality and of his intellectual gifts; and so we find him looking back on this bereavement, in a letter written some months later to his old tutor, M. Godet:

"Our whole life is, if such a thing be possible, increasing in happiness daily. All the tribulation, all the bitterness, of my outside life, and of what I may call my practical life, I am able to leave behind me when I reach the door which leads to my 'home.' We had the great grief of losing my dear father-in-law, the most intimate and tender friend of my wife, and to me a true second father. It came like a clap of thunder on our peaceful, happy life. We are now deprived of him whom we thought would help to guide us during many, many years, and now the British Sovereign is bereft of her only help, while Europe is deprived of one of her most brilliant and most distinguished minds."

It may reasonably be doubted whether to the Crown Princess the prolongation of her father's life would have been of great service. We cannot feel at all sure that in her critical relations with Bismarck, for instance, his counsel would always have been of the safest kind. He had not brought her up to be the wife of an autocratic sovereign, still less that of the wife of an Heir Apparent; she was brought up as might have been a Prince of Wales in a constitutional country.

By an unfortunate irony of fate, all those who warmly and sincerely sympathised with the point of view of the Prince Consort, and of herself and the Crown Prince, were not Prussians; they were—in the phrase then generally used—Coburgers. This was preëminently the case with Stockmar, and in a less degree with Bunsen and other Liberal Germans. The mere fact that they were not Prussians discounted any value their opinions might otherwise have had, both with the then King of Prussia and with those who surrounded him.

Fortunately for the Crown Princess, the course of public events soon came to rouse her from her apathy and grief.

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Early in that same December which saw the death of the Prince Consort, the Prussian elections had resulted in large democratic gains, thus considerably weakening the Ministry. In a memorandum addressed to the Crown Prince just before he left for England to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, Duncker prophesied the fall of the Ministry, and for the first time suggested the plan of calling Bismarck to office. In his reports during the Ministerial crisis which followed, Duncker warned both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of the danger of trying to govern at one time with the Liberals and at another with the Conservatives. He advocated a Ministry composed of business rather than party men, who would know how to govern as Liberals on a Conservative basis; and he again urged that Bismarck should be utilised to strengthen the Ministry.

The Crown Princess after her bereavement seemed to cling the more closely to the ties which bound her to the land of her birth and of her father's adoption, and this, as we shall see later, provoked a good deal of criticism in Berlin. She went to England as often as she could, or perhaps it would be truer to say as often as her father-in-law could be induced to give his permission.

Her first visit after the Prince Consort's death was in March, 1862. Princess Mary of Cambridge went to Windsor especially to see her cousin. She says: "We fond her well, and better in spirits than we expected." But it must have been a very sad and mournful time, for the Queen was "rigid as stone, the picture of desolate misery"; and everything reminded the Crown Princess of the father she had lost.

In the following May, the Crown Prince, at the special request of Queen Victoria, represented his father at the Great Exhibition of 1862, but the Crown Princess, much to her regret, could not accompany him. He had served as chairman of the committee appointed to secure an adequate representation of German arts and industries, and had thus greatly promoted the success of the enterprise.

The Crown Princess, however, went to England at the end of June to be present at the quiet wedding of her favourite sister, Princess Alice, to Prince Louis, afterward Grand Duke of Hesse. It was solemnised at Osborne on July 1st.

On August 14, 1862, a second son, Prince Henry, destined to be Germany's Sailor Prince, was born. The choice of his name seems to have troubled his grandmother, Queen Augusta. She wrote to her son from Baden: "My dear Fritz, your first letter moved me deeply, because of your affectionate heart, and because of all the particulars it contained about our beloved Vicky. I certainly anticipated that your son would be called Albert, for that name, no matter whether it is more or less German, really ought to be handed down as a legacy from the never-to-be-forgotten grandfather—and I believe that Queen Victoria expected it too."

As a matter of fact the baby was christened Albert William Henry, but probably what Queen Augusta meant was that he ought to have been generally known as Prince Albert instead of Prince Henry.

It might have been expected that the birth of three healthy children, two of whom were boys, would have, at least in a measure, disarmed the hostility with which the Crown Princess was regarded by a powerful section in Prussia. But these people were dissatisfied because the arrival of the children naturally strengthened the position of the Princess, and they also feared that the Princes in the direct line of succession to the throne would be brought up under English rather than Prussian influence.

There was, it must be admitted, a certain justification for the belief that the Crown Princess had never really ceased to be an Englishwoman.

In 1855 there had been presented to Prince Albert a remarkable young Englishman who was destined to play a con-

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siderable part in the life of the Crown Princess. This was Robert Morier, already well and affectionately known to Baron Stockmar, who even styled him his "adopted son." It was natural that Prince Albert should take a warm interest in the young man who came to him with such credentials—indeed, Morier was quickly made to understand that the Prince wished him to prepare himself in every way for diplomatic work in Germany. And in January, 1858, at the time of the Royal marriage, Prince Albert did everything in his power to have Morier appointed an attaché to the British Embassy in Berlin.

Morier had another good friend in the Princess of Prussia, the Princess Royal's mother-in-law. She had known, not only Morier but his distinguished father, for many years, and it was her personal wish, which she expressed to Lord Clarendon, that the young man should be sent to Berlin in order that he might be of use to her son and her daughter-in-law. It need hardly be said that Morier was also on intimate terms with Ernest von Stockmar, who at the same time was appointed private secretary to the Princess.

Morier obtained the appointment, and it was the beginning of a lifelong intimacy with Prince Frederick William and the Princess Royal. He became and remained one of their most trusted friends and advisers, a fact which undoubtedly injured his diplomatic career. When, many years later, it was proposed that Sir Robert Morier, as he had then become, should be appointed Ambassador in Berlin, his name was the only one which was absolutely vetoed by the then all-powerful Bismarck.

Probably because Morier had a remarkably strong and original personality, he at once aroused jealousy, dislike, and suspicion; he was even said to influence the then dying King, as afterwards he was supposed to influence King William through Queen Augusta, and the Crown Prince through the Crown Princess.

When one now reads the very frank letters written by Morier to English relations and friends, one cannot help feeling an uncomfortable suspicion that the contents of some of them may have gone back to Germany, perhaps in exaggerated and distorted versions, in spite of the great precautions taken to keep their contents secret. One observation in one of his letters certainly leaked out—namely, that his long experience of German little statesmen had taught him that "like certain plain middle-aged women, they delight in nothing so much as to talk with pretended indignation of attacks supposed to have been made upon their virtue!" Such judgments, when barbed with a sufficient measure of truth, are apt to rankle.

It must not be thought for a moment that Morier was incorrect in his official relations in Berlin, but his remarkable ability and strength of character gave importance to his known Liberal and Constitutional sympathies. Had he been a diplomatist of merely ordinary qualifications, there would have been hardly need to mention him at all, but as a matter of fact he was an important factor in the complex situation of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at this period.

A passage in Theodor von Bernhardi's diary, written in November, 1862, exhibits the feeling in Berlin aroused by the Crown Princess's visits to England:

"Conversation with Frau Duncker. I showed myself very impatient and discontented over the repeated long visits the Crown Princess made to England. 'She has nothing to do there and nothing to seek,' I exclaimed. Frau Duncker replied: 'The Crown Princess has her own views and her own will; her views and resolutions are very quickly formed —but when formed, there is nothing to be done against them.' Further conversation showed me that the Crown Princess cannot distinguish between our Three-thaler Diets and the English Parliament; that she thinks everything here must be just as in England; the Government must ever be by majority, the Ministry always chosen by the majority

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—that she tries to force these views on her husband, and that Max Duncker fights against it as much as he can. Max Duncker let me see that he is ever trying to set this young couple by the ears; their ideas cannot be acted upon here."

The formation in the spring of a new Prussian Cabinet composed entirely of Conservatives placed the Crown Prince in a considerable difficulty, because he had openly given his support to the late Liberal Ministry. Duncker's advice to him was that he should absent himself for a time, and that he should thereafter be present at the Ministerial councils without himself taking part in the discussions. This advice was accepted, and when the Ministry endeavoured to remove Duncker to an appointment at Bonn University, the Crown Prince prevented it by emphatically declaring that he did not wish to lose his counsellor.

The events which followed—the crisis on the subject of military reforms, and the accession of Bismarck to office—were regarded by the Crown Prince with something like dismay, but he was disarmed by the King's threats of abdication. The Crown Princess's secretary, the younger Stockmar, in particular, strongly urged that the Crown Prince should not intervene, as it was essential that he should preserve his position removed from party strife.

The Crown Prince saw the wisdom of this advice, and on October 15, 1862, he started with his wife on a long visit to Italy. As the guests of the Prince of Wales, they joined the English Royal Yacht *Osborne* at Marseilles, and went to Sicily and the coast of Africa, including Tunis, where they visited the Bey at his castle, and the ruins of Carthage. At Naples the Crown Princess enjoyed herself particularly, sketching and taking long walks and excursions in all the delights of *incognito*. November 21st, the Princess's twenty-second birthday, was spent by her in Rome, where the party made a long stay. After visiting other Italian cities, they returned to Berlin by way of Trieste and Vienna, having been away altogether rather more than three months.

It was this tour which laid the foundation of the great love for Italy and for Italian art which henceforth was a marked characteristic of the Crown Princess.

In the December of 1862 the Crown Prince and Princess made a short stay in Vienna. The American historian, Motley, was visiting Austria at the time, and it was characteristic of the Princess that the only person, outside the Imperial family, whom she desired to see was this brilliant writer. He gives a charming account of the interview in a letter to his mother:

"She is rather *petite,* has a fresh young face with pretty features, fine teeth, and a frank and agreeable smile and an interested, earnest and intelligent manner. Nothing could be simpler or more natural than her style, which I should say was the perfection of good breeding."

The Crown Princess told Mr. Motley that she had been reading Froude with great admiration, and she was surprised to find that, though Motley admired Froude and had a high opinion of him as an historian, he had been by no means converted to Froude's view of Henry VIII. "The Princess was evidently disposed to admire that polygamous party, and was also a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth." The Princess also spoke of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great,* which she had just read, but we are not told whether she agreed with Motley's view that Carlyle was a most immoral writer, owing to his exaggerated reverence for brute force, so often confounded by him with wisdom and genius.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Downtown)	The Devil's Garden	Overland Red
New York (Uptown)..	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Albany, N. Y.....	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Woman's Law	The Light of Western Stars
Baltimore, Md.....	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Birmingham, Ala.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Boston, Mass.....	The Fortunate Youth	Chance
Boston, Mass.	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Penrod	What Will People Say?
Chicago, Ill.....	Diane of the Green Van	Ariadne of Allan Water
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Diane of the Green Van	On the Seaboard
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Fortunate Youth	Black is White
Denver, Colo.....	Barnabetta	The Way of All Flesh
Des Moines, Iowa	Diane of the Green Van	Home
Detroit, Mich.....	Diane of the Green Van	Penrod
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Penrod	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Jacksonville, Fla.	What Will People Say?	Overland Red
Kansas City, Mo.....	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Louisville, Ky.....	What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van
Memphis, Tenn.....	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Pollyanna	Sunshine Jane
New Haven, Conn.....	The Fortunate Youth	Quick Action
New Orleans, La.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
Norfolk, Va.....	What Will People Say?	Black is White
Omaha, Neb.....	Diane of the Green Van	Chance
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Fortunate Youth	The Light of Western Stars
Portland, Me.....	Chance	Diane of the Green Van
Portland, Ore.....	Overland Red	Penrod
Providence, R. I.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Richmond, Va.....	Miss Billy Married	What Will People Say?
Rochester, N. Y.....	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
St. Louis, Mo.....	Diane of the Green Van	T. Tembarom
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
St. Paul, Minn.....	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Devil's Garden	Penrod
Seattle, Wash.....	The Fortunate Youth	North of Fifty-three
Spokane, Wash.....	Penrod	Pollyanna
Toledo, Ohio.....	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Toronto, Canada.....	The Rocks of Valpré	T. Tembarom
Waco, Tex.....	What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van
Washington, D. C.....	Overland Red	What Will People Say?
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	Cap'n Dan's Daughter

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Quick Action	Pidgin Island
The Sale of Lady Daventry	Dodo's Daughter	World's End	Overland Red
Pidgin Island	North of Fifty-three	Ariadne of Allan Water	Pollyanna
The Devil's Garden	The Substance of His House	Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth
Penrod	Chance	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Devil's Garden	Light of Western Stars	Ariadne of Allan Water
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Peacock Feather	Fortitude	Pollyanna
The Women We Marry	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane
Black is White	World's End	Pollyanna	Daddy-Long-Legs
Penrod	Overland Red	The Red Emerald	Peter Piper
Penrod	The Best Man	Making Over Martha	Darkness and Dawn
Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Light of Western Stars	Laddie	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Devil's Garden
Chance	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Diane of the Green Van	World's End	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Pollyanna
The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Things He Wrote to Her
When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Devil's Garden	Chance	Overland Red
The Fortunate Youth	Penrod	Overland Red	Pollyanna
Overland Red	The After House	Light of Western Stars	The Forester's Daughter
Chance	Penrod	The Passionate Friends	The Fortunate Youth
Penrod	What Will People Say?	Barnabetta	The Last Shot
Laddie	Diane of the Green Van	T. Tembarom	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Witness for the Defense	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Dark Hollow	The Salamander
The Devil's Garden	Cleek of Scotland Yard	Pollyanna	Pidgin Island
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The World Set Free	World's End
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	World's End
The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Dark Hollow	Chance
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water
The Devil's Garden	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Penrod	Miss Billy Married	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water
The Fortunate Youth	Rung Ho	Pollyanna	The Treasure
Overland Red	The Devil's Garden	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
The Fortunate Youth	Horace Blake	Pollyanna	Laddie
The Devil's Garden	Black is White	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The World Set Free
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
Overland Red	Kazan	Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van
Penrod	Home	Overland Red	Sunshine Jane
Light of Western Stars	Laddie	The After House	Barnabetta
Black is White	Quick Action	Overland Red	What Will People Say?
Diane of the Green Van	Black is White	What Happened in Egypt	Sunshine Jane
Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	Ariadne of Allan Water	The Woman's Law
Peter Piper	The Mask of Love	The Congress Woman	The Marryers
T. Tembarom	Overland Red	What Will People Say?	The Women We Marry

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending April 1st:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. John Barleycorn. London.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
4. The House in Good Taste. DeWolfe.
5. The Call of the Carpenter. White.
6. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
7. Plays. Shaw.

For the week ending April 8th:
1. Paris Nights. Bennett.
2. Crowds. Lee.
3. Motion Picture Book. Richardson.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Poems. Tagore.
6. Plays. Schnitzler.

For the week ending April 15th:
1. Gentle France. Bazin.
2. Poems. Tagore.
3. Life in Ancient Athens. Tucker.
4. Stained Glass Tour in Italy. Sherrill.
5. Our Common Road. Edwards.
6. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
7. Meccas of the World. Warwick.

For the week ending April 22d:
1. Creative Evolution. Bergson.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicism. Benson.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. How France is Governed. Poincare.
5. Poems. Tagore.
6. Life in Ancient Athens. Tucker.

For the week ending April 29th:
1. A Bookman's Letters. Nicoll.
2. The Gospel Story in Art. LaFarge.
3. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
4. Fires and Fire Fighters. Kenlon.
5. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
6. Modern Dancing. Castle.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Modern Dancing. Castle.
Notes of a Son and Brother. James.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
The Carpenter and the Rich Man. White.
Poems. Tagore.
Poems. Noyes.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
European Cities at Work. Howe.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various city (see chart, pages 478 and 479) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " " "		8
" " "	3d	" " " "		7
" " "	4th	" " " "		6
" " "	5th	" " " "		5
" " "	6th	" " " "		4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	223
2. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	194
3. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	146
4. Overland Red. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	108
5. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	100
6. What Will People Say? Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35	94

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